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THE NEWCOMES.

CHAPTER I.

AMONGST THE PAINTERS.

WHEN Clive Newcome comes to be old, no doubt he will remember his Roman days as amongst the happiest which fate ever awarded him. The simplicity of the student's life there, the greatness and friendly splendour of

wards, should make the Art students the happiest of youth, did they but know their good fortune. Their work is for the

most part delighfully easy. It does not exercise the brain too much, but gently occupies it, and with a subject most agreeable to the scholar. The mere poetic flame or jet of invention needs to be lighted up but very seldom—namely, when the young painter is devising his subject or settling the composition thereof. The posing of figures and drapery the dexterous copying of the line, the artful processes of cross-hatching, of stumping, of laying on lights, and what not juth earnagement of coloru, and the pleasing operations of glazing and the like, are labours for the most part merely manual. These, with the smoking of a proper number of

time advance with his labour. In every city where Art is

THE NEWCOMES.

tised there are old gentlemen who never touched cil in their lives, but find the occupation and compar rtists so agreeable that they are never out of the studio ow one generation of painters after another; sit by wit fect contentment while Tack is drawing his pifferaro, n designing his cartoon, and years afterwards when Jac stablished in Newman Street, and Tom a Royal Academ 1, shall still be found in their rooms, occupied now l ih painters and pictures, telling the youngsters the cessors what glorious fellows Jack and Tom were. et must retire to privy places and meditate his rhymi secret; a painter can practise his trade in the compar friends. Your splendid chef d'école, a Rubens or a Horac rnet, may sit with a secretary reading to him, a troop niring scholars watching the master's hand, or a compar court ladies and gentlemen (to whom he addresses a fe id words now and again) looking on admiringly; while humblest painter, be he ever so poor, may have a frier. tching at his easel, or a gentle wife sitting by with he ork in her lap, and with fond smiles or talk or silent eering his labour. Amongst all ranks and degrees of painters assembled : ome Mr. Clive found companions and friends. everest man was not the best artist very often, the able tist not the best critic nor the best companion. Man man could give no account of the faculty within hin it achieved success because he could not help it, an

ome Mr. Clive found companions and friends. The verest man was not the best artist very often, the ablestist not the best critic nor the best companion. Man man could give no account of the faculty within hin achieved success because he could not help it, and, in an hour and without effort, that which another could teffect with half a life's labour. There were young sculp its who had never read a line of Homer, who took companied the hero reek art. There were young painters with the stronge atural taste for low humour, comic singing, and Cide ellar jollifications, who would imitate nothing under Michangelo, and whose canvases teemed with tremendous allories of fates, furies, genii of death and battle. There were non-haired lads who fancied the sublime lay in the Perugis sque manner, and depicted saintly personages with critical raperies, crude colours, and halos of gold-leaf. Our frier narked all these practitioners of Art with their various

oddities and tastes, and was welcomed in the attiliers of all of them, from the grave dons and seniors, the senators of the French and English Academy, down to the jovial students who railed at the elders over their cheap cups at the Lepte. What a gallant, starving, generous, kindly life many of them led! What fun in their grotesque airs, what friendship and gentleness in their poverty! How splendidly Carlo talked of the marquis his cousin and the duke his intimate friend! How great Federigo was on the subject of his wrongs from the Academy at home, a pack of tradesmen who could not understand high art, and who had never seen a good picture! With what haughtiness Augusto swaggered about at "With what haughtiness Augusto to have borrowed"

If one or the othcompanions flocke-

sick man through nights of fever, contributed out of their slender means to help him through his difficulty. Max. who loves fine dresses and the carnival so, gave up a costume and a carriage so as to help Paul. Paul, when he sold his picture (through the agency of Pretro, with whom he had quarrelled, and who recommended him to a patron), gave a third of the money back to Max, and took another third portion to Lozaro, with his poor wife and children, who had not got a single order all that winter; and so the story went on. I have heard Clive tell of two noble young Americans who came to Europe to study their art, of whom the one fell sick, whilst the other supported his penniless comrade, and out of sypence a day absolutely kept but a penny for himself, giving the rest to his sick companion. "I should like to have known that good Samaritan, sir," our Colonel said, twirling his mustachios, when we saw him again, and his son told him that story.

J. J., in his steady, silent way, worked on every day, and for many hours every day. When Clive entered their studio of a morning, he found J. J. there, and there he left him. We have the Life Academy was over at night, and Clive went out to his soiries, J. J. highted his Lamp, and continued his happy labour. He did not care for the brawking suppersities of his comrades; liked better to tay at home, than

go into the world, and was seldom abroad of a night except during the illness of Luigi before mentioned, when J. J. spent constant evenings at the other's bedside. J. J. was fortunate as well as skilful: people in the world took a liking to the modest young man, and he had more than one order for pictures. The Artists' Club, at the Lepre, set him down as close with his money; but a year after he left Rome, Lazaro and his wife, who still remained there, told a different tale. Clive Newcome, when he heard of their distress, gave them something—as much as he could spare; but J. J. gave more, and Clive was as eager in acknowledging and admiring his friend's generosity as he was in speaking of his genius. His was a fortunate organization indeed. Study was his chief amusement. Self-denial came easily to him. Pleasure, or what is generally called so, had little charm for him. ordinary companions were pure and sweet thoughts, his outdoor enjoyment the contemplation of natural beauty; for recreation, the hundred pleasant dexterities and manipulations of his craft were ceaselessly interesting to him: he would draw every knot in an oak panel, or every leaf in an orange-tree, smiling, and take a gay delight over the simple feats of skill; -whenever you found him he seemed watchful and serene, his modest virgin-lamp always lighted and trim. No gusts of passion extinguished it; no hopeless wandering in the darkness afterwards led him astray. farers through the world, we meet now and again with such mity, and salute it, and hush whilst it passes on.

We have it under Clive Newcome's own signature that he intended to pass a couple of years in Italy, devoting himself exclusively to the study of his profession. Other besides professional reasons were working secretly in the young man's mind, causing him to think that absence from England was the best cure for a malady under which he secretly laboured. But change of air may cure some sick people more speedily than the sufferers ever hoped; and also it is on record that young men with the very best intentions respecting study do not fulfil them, and are led away from their scheme by accident, or pleasure, or necessity, or some good cause. Young Clive worked sedulously two or three months at his vocation at Rome, secretly devouring, no

doubt, the pangs of sentimental disappointment under which he laboured; and he drew from his models, and he sketched round about everything that suited his pencil on both sides of Tiber; and he laboured at the Life Academy of nights—a model himself to other young students. The symptoms of his sentimental maledy began to abate. He took an interest in the affairs of Jack, and Tom, and Harry round about him; Art exercised its great healing influence on his

interest in the affairs of Jack, and Tom, and Harry round about him; Art exercised as great healing influence on his wounded spint, which to be sure had never given in. The meeting of the pamters, at the Caffe Green and at their private houses, was very joval, pleasant, and lively. Chre smoked his pipe, drank his glass of Marsala, sang his song, and took part in the general chorus as gaily as the jolliest of the boys. He was the cock of the whole painting school, the favourite of all; and to be liked by the people, you may be pretty sure that we for our parts must like them.

Then, beades the painters, he had, as he has informed us,

Then, besides the painters, he had, as the has informed us, the other society of Rome. Every winter there is a gay and pleasant English colony in that capital, of course more or less remarkable for rank, fashion, and sgreeability with every varying year. In Clive's year some very pleasant folks set

that a hundred and twenty years ago the same quarter, the same streets and palaces, scarce changed from those days, were even then polite foreigners' resort. Of one of two of the gentlemen Citive had made the ocquaintance in the huntingfield; others he had met during his brief appearance in the London world. Being a youth of great personal agility, fitted thereby to the graceful performance of polkas, etc.; having good manners, and good looks, and good credit with Prince Polonia or some other banker, Mr. Newcome was thus made very welcome to the Anglo-Roman society, and as kindly received in gented houses, where they drank tea and danced the galop, as in those dusky taverns and ertired lodgings where his bearded countades, the painters,

held their meetings.

Thrown together every day and night after night, flocking to the same picture-galleries, statue-galleries, Pincian drives,

and church functions, the English colonists at Rome perforce become intimate, and in many cases friendly. They have an English library, where the various meets for the week are placarded: on such a day the Vatican galleries are open; the next is the feast of Saint So-and-so; on Wednesday there will be music and vespers at the Sistine chapel; on Thursday the Pope will bless the animals—sheep, horses, and what not—and flocks of English accordingly rush to witness the benediction of droves of donkeys. In a word, the ancient city of the Cæsars, the august fanes of the Popes, with their splendour and ceremony, are all mapped out and arranged for English diversion; and we run in a crowd to high mass at St. Peter's, or to the illumination on Easter-day, as we run when the bell rings to the Bosjesmen at Cremorne or the fireworks at Vauxhall.

Running to see fireworks alone, rushing off to examine Bosjesmen by one's self, is a dreary work; I should think very few men would have the courage to do it unattended, and personally would not prefer a pipe in their own rooms. Hence if Clive went to see all these sights, as he did, it is to be concluded that he went in company; and if he went in company and sought it, we may suppose that little affair which annoyed him at Baden no longer tended to hurt his peace of mind very seriously. The truth is, our countrymen are pleasanter abroad than at home-most hospitable, kindly, and eager to be pleased and to please. You see a family half a dozen times in a week in the little Roman circle, whom you shall not meet twice in a season afterwards in the enormous London round. When Easter is over and everybody is going away at Rome, you and your neighbour shake hands, sincerely sorry to part; in London we are obliged to dilute our kindness so that there is hardly any smack of the original milk. As one by one the pleasant families dropped off with whom Clive had spent his happy winter; as Admiral Freeman's carriage drove away, whose pretty girls he had caught at St. Peter's kissing St. Peter's toe; as Dick Denby's family ark appeared with all Denby's sweet young children kissing farewells to him out of window; as those three charming Miss Baliols with whom he had that glorious day in the Catacombs; as friend after friend quitted the great city with kind greetings, warm pressures of the banks of the Thames, young Clive felt a depression of spint. Rome was Rome, but it was pleasanter to see it in company. Our painters are smoking still at the Caffé Greco, but a society all smoke and all painters did not suit him. If Mr. Clive is not a Michael Angelo or a Beethoven, if his genius is not gloomy, solutary, gigantic, shining alone, like a lighthouse, a storm round about him, and breakers dashing at his feet, I cannot help myself; he is as Heaven made him—brave, honest, gay, and friendly—and persons of a gloomy turn must not look to him as a hero.

So Clive and his companion worked away with all their hearts from November until far into April when Easter came, and the glorious gala with which the Roman Church celebrates that holy season. By this time Clive's books were full of sketches. Ruins, imperial and mediæval; peasants and bagpipemen; Passionists with shaven polls; Capuchins and the equally hairy frequenters of the Caffe Greco; painters of all nations who resort there; Cardinals and their queer equipages and attendants; the Holy Father himself (it was Gregory, sixteenth of the name); the dandified English on the Pincio and the wonderful Roman members of the hunt -were not all these designed by the young man and admired by his friends in after-days? I. L's sketches were few, but he had painted two beautiful little pictures, and sold them for so good a price that Prince Polonta's people were quite civil to him. He had orders for yet more pictures, and having worked very hard, thought himself authorized to accompany Mr. Clive upon a pleasure trip to Naples, which the latter deemed necessary after his own tremendous labours. He for his part had painted no pictures, though he had commenced a dozen and turned them to the wall: but he had sketched, and dined, and smoked, and danced, as we have seen. So the little britzska was put behind horses again, and our two friends set out on their tour, having quite a crowd of brother artists to cheer them, who had assembled and had a breakfast for the purpose at that comfortable osteria near the Lateran Gate. How the fellows flung their hats up, and shouted, "Lebewohl," and "Adieu," and

"God bless you, old boy," in many languages! Clive was the young swell of the artists of that year, and adored by the whole of the jolly company. His sketches were pro nounced on all hands to be admirable; it was agreed tha

if he chose he might do anything.
So with promises of a speedy return they left behind then

the noble city, which all love who once have seen it, and of which we think afterwards ever with the kindness and the regard of home. They dashed across the Campagna and over the beautiful hills of Albano, and sped through the solemn Pontine Marshes, and stopped to roost at Terracin (which was not at all like Fra Diavolo's Terracina at Coven Garden, as J. J. was distressed to remark); and so, gallopin onward through a hundred ancient cities that crumble of the shores of the beautiful Mediterranean, behold, on the second day as they ascended a hill about noon, Vesuviu came in view, its great shape shimmering blue in the distart haze, its banner of smoke in the cloudless sky. And about

over the shining moats.

"Here is Capua," says J. J.; and Clive burst out laughing thinking of his Capua which he had left—how many montl—years it seemed ago. From Capua to Naples is a fir straight road, and our travellers were landed at the latter place at supper-time; where, if they had quarters at the

five o'clock in the evening (as everybody will who starts from Terracina early and pays the post-boy well) the travelled came to an ancient city walled and fortified, with drawbridge

Vittoria Hotel, they were as comfortable as any gentleme painters need wish to be in this world.

The aspect of the place was so charming and delightful Clive—the beautiful sea stretched before his eyes who waking; Capri a fairy island in the distance, in the amethy rocks of which Sirens might be playing; that fair line cities skirting the shore glittering white along the purp water; over the whole brilliant scene Vesuvius rising wi cloudlets playing round its summit, and the country burstin out into that glorious vegetation with which sumptuo nature decorates every spring—this city and scene of Napl were so much to Clive's liking that I have a letter from his dated a couple of days after the young man's arrival,

which he announces his intention of staying there for ever, and gives me an invitation to some fine lodgings in a certain palazzo on which he has cast his eye. He is so enraptured with the place, that he says to die and be buried there even would be quite a treat, so charming is the cemetery where the Neapolitan dead repose.

The Fates did not, however, ordain that Clive Newcome should pass all his life at Naples. His Roman banker presently forwarded a few letters to his address—some which had arrived after his departure, others which had been lying at the Poste Restante, with his name written in perfectly legible characters, but which the authorities of the post, according to their custom, would not see when Clive sent for them.

It was one of these letters which Chue clutched the most cagerly. It had been lying since October actually, at the Roman post, though Clive had asked for letters there a hundred times. It was that hitle letter from Ehel, in reply to his own, whereof we have made mention in a previous chapter. There was not much in the little letter—nothing, of course, that Virtue or Grandmamma might not read over the young writer's shoulder. It was affectionate, simple, rather melancholy; described in a few words Sir Brian's selaure and present condition; spoke of Lord Kew, who was mending rapidly—as if Clive, of course, was aware of his accident; of the children; of Clive's father; and ended with a hearty "God bless you" to Clive, from his sincere Ethel.

"You boast of its being over. You see it is not over," say Clive's monitor and companion; "elsa why should you have dashed at that letter before all the others, Clive's J. J. had been watching, not without interest, Clive's blank

have you such a tell-tale face, Clive?"

"It is over; but when a man has once, you know, gone through an affair like that," says Clive, looking very grave, "he—he's anxious to hear of Alice Gray, and how she's

getting on, you see, my good friend." And he began to shout out as of old,-

"Her heart it is another's, she-never-can-be-mine,"-

and to laugh at the end of the song. "Well, well," says he, "it is a very kind note, a very proper little note; the expressions is elegant, J. J., the sentiments is most correct. All the little t's is most properly crossed, and all the little i's have dots over their little heads. It's a sort of a prize note, don't you see? and one such as, in the old spelling-book story, the good boy received a plum-cake for writing. Perhaps you weren't educated on the old spelling-book, J. J.? My good old father taught me to read out of his-I say, I think it was a shame to keep the old boy waiting whilst I have been giving an audience to this young lady. Dear old father!" and he apostrophized the letter. "I beg your pardon, sir; Miss Newcome requested five minutes' conversation, and I was obliged, from politeness, you know, to receive. There's nothing between us, nothing but what's most correct, upon my honour and conscience." And he kissed his father's letter, and calling out again, "Dear old father!" proceeded to read as follows:-

"'Your letters, my dearest Clive, have been the greatest comfort to me. I seem to hear you as I read them. I can't but think that this, the modern and natural style, is a great

ogress upon the old-fashioned manner of my day, when we d to begin to our fathers, "Honoured Father," or even Honoured Sir" some precisians used to write still from Mr. Lord's Academy, at Tooting, where I went before Grey Friars; though I suspect parents were no more honoured in those days than nowadays. I know one who had rather be trusted than honoured; and you may call me what you

please, so as you do that.

"'It is not only to me your letters give pleasure. Last week I took yours from Baden-Baden, No. 3, September 15, into Calcutta, and could not help showing it at Government House, where I dined. Your sketch of the old Russian Princess and her little boy, gambling, was capital. Colonel Buckmaster, Lord Bagwig's private secretary, knew her, and says it is to a T. And I read out to some of my young

Silver what you said about play, and how you had given it corn. I very much fear some of the years are it own. I very much test some of the young region are at the and branch parwise before them. What you say of your Riday I take care grane. His detected I thought your Riday I take care grane. His describe granemarks were assentially, but to compare them to a service granemark and the property of the branch to well with the property of himself. I kissed dear Ethel's hand in your letter. I

on the a very sener up this main will Paul de Florae in any way resembles his mether, be-will pour any him there orant to be a very warm regard. I was a boy, long before you were born or knew her when I was a boy, long before you were born or

counts of; and in wandering forty years through the world nce. I pare seen to noman in the ches so food at so permitted in t not, a cure seen no woman in my eyes so good or so occur.

I. Your comin Eithel reminded one of her—as hundred, at not so levely. Yes, it was that pale lady you saw at not so levely. Yes, it was that pale lady you saw at not so levely. Yes, it was that pale lady you saw at not so levely have a find of care and hair streaked with gray as the my level. So I will be the turn of you young folks come eiths more butters, and you bends will be bald like mine or guy like butters, and your bends will be bald like mine or guy like Making de Fiorac's, and bending over the ground where we are lying in quee. I understand from you that some Paul is not in very formshing ortunataness. If he still is in the tool and be his banker, and I will be years. Any child of hers must never want when I have a space guines. Let not mind thing you, sir, that I cared for her more than a colora mino tening jun, so, mai e carea so mer mare men millions of general crock, and ball broke my heart about her when I went to Irolin, as a young chap. So, if any such

misforements happen to you, consider, my boy, you are not the " Elemie writes me word that he has been aring. I hope you are a good correspondent with him. What made me only conturn to him put after speaking of traceky lore affairs? Could I be thinking about linle Rosey Mackersie? She is a sweet link lass, and James will leave ber a pretty piece of money.

Worker say, I should like you to marry; but God forbid

you should many for a million of gold mobiles.

you should many tor a minor or goto morning which. Do "And gold moburs bring me to another subject. Do you know, I narrowly mixed loving hill a lish of rupes which I had at an arrest berr? And who do you think which I had at an arrest berr? And who do you think warned me about him? Our friend Rumann Lell, who has leady been in England, and with whom I made the voyage

a history of Clive Newcome, Esquire, and his most respectable family, we shall offer to give no description. The young man had read Sir Bulwer Lytton's delightful story, which has become the history of Pompeii, before they came thither, and Pliny's description, apud the Guide Book. Admiring the wonderful ingenuity with which the English writer had illustrated the place by his text, as if the houses were so many pictures to which he had appended a story, Clive the wag, who was always indulging his vein for caricature, was proposing that they should take the same place, names, people, and make a burlesque story. "What would be a better figure," says he, "than Pliny's mother, whom the historian describes as exceedingly corpulent, and walking away from the catastrophe with slaves holding cushions behind her, to shield her plump person from the cinders! Yes, old Mrs. Pliny shall be my heroine!" says Clive. A picture of her on a dark-grey paper, and touched up with red at the extremities, exists in Clive's album to the present day.

As they were laughing, rattling, wondering, mimicking, the cicerone attending them with his nasal twaddle, anon pausing and silent, yielding to the melancholy pity and wonder which the aspect of that strange, sad, smiling, lonely place inspires, behold they come upon another party of English—two young

men accompanying a lady.
"What, Clive!" cries one.

"My dear, dear Lord Kew!" shouts the other; and as each young man rushes up and grasps the two hands of the other, they both begin to blush.....

Lord Kew and his family resided in a neighbouring hotel on the Chiafa at Naples, and that very evening, on returning from the Pompeian excursion, the two painters were invited to take tea by those friendly persons. J. J. excused himself, and sate at home drawing all night. Clive went, and passed a pleasant evening, in which all sorts of future tours and pleasure-parties were projected by the young men. They were to visit Pæstum, Capri, Sicily; why not Malta and the East? asked Lord Kew.

Lady Walham was alarmed. Had not Kew been in the East already? Clive was surprised and agitated too. Could

lew think of going to the East and making long journeys then he had—he had t ite his return home? lew's mother avowed

uring the summer a

nust come and paint their portraits there-all their portraits. he would like to have an entire picture-gallery of Kews, if

er son would remain at home during the sittings.

At an early hour Lady Walham retired to rest, exacting live's promise to come to Castellamare, and George Barnes isappeared to array himself in an evening costume, and o pay his round of visits as became a young diplomatist. This part of diplomatic duty does not commence until after he opera at Naples, and society begins when the rest of the

orld has gone to bed.

Kew and Clive sate till one o'clock in the morning, when he latter returned to his hotel Not one of those fine parties it Prestum, Sicily, etc., was carried out. Clive did not go to he East at all, and it was J. J. who painted Lord Kew's porrait that summer, at Castellamare. The next day Clive vent for his passport to the embassy; and a steamer departng direct for Marseilles on that very afternoon, behold Mr. Newcome was on board of her-Lord Kew and his brother ind J. J. waving their hats to him as the vessel left the shore.

Away went the ship, cleaving swiftly through the azure raters, but not swiftly enough for Clive. J. J. went back with a sigh to his sketch-book and easels. I suppose the other young disciple of Art had heard something which caused um to forsake his sublime mistress for one who was much nore capricious and earthly.

CHAPTER II.

RETURNS FROM ROME TO PAUL MALL.

ONE morning in the month of July, when there was actually sunshine in Lamb Court, and the two gentlemen who occu-pied the third-floor chambers there in partnership were ingaged, as their custom was, over their pipes, their manuscripts, and their Times newspaper, behold a fresh sunshine burst into their room in the person of young Clive, with a bronzed face, and a yellow heard and mustachios, and those bright, cheerful eyes the sight of which was always so welcome to both of us. "What, Clive I What, the young one I What, Benjamin I" shout Pendennis and Warrington. Clive had obtained a very high place indeed in the latter's affections—so much so that if I could have found it in my heart to be jealous of such a generous brave fellow, I might have grudged him his share of Warrington's regard. He blushed up with pleasure to see us again. Pidgeon, our hoy, introduced him with a jubilant countenance; and Flanagan, the laundress, came smirking out of the hedroom, eager to get a nod of recognition from him, and hestow a smile of welcome upon everybody's favourite, Clive.

In two minutes an arm-chair full of magazines, slips of copy, and hooks for review was emptied over the neighbouring coal-scattle, and Clive was in the seat, a cigar in his mouth, as comfortable as if he had never been away. When did he come? Last night. He was back in Charlotte Street, nt his old ludgings; he had been to breakfast in Fitzray Square that morning; James Binnie chirped for jay at secing him. His father had written to him desiring him to come back and see James Binnie. Pretty Miss Rosey was very well, thank you. And Mrs. Mack? wasn't Mrs. Mackenzie delighted to hehold him? "Come, sir, on your honour and conscience, didn't the widow give you a kiss on your return?" Clive sends an uncut number of the Pall Mall Gazette flying across the room at the head of the inquirer, but blushes so sweetly that I have very little doubt some such pretty meeting had taken place.

What a pity it is he had not been here a short while since for a marriage in high life, to give away his dear Barnes, and sign the book along with the other dignitaries! We described that ceremony to him, and announced the promotion of his friend Florac, now our friend also, Director of the Great Anglo-Gallic Railway, the Prince de Montcontour. Then Clive told us of his deeds during the winter; of the good fim he lad had at Rome, and the jolly fellows he had met there. Was he going to astonish the world by some grand

victures? He was not. The more he worked, the more iscontented he was with his performances somehow. But I, I, was coming out very strong; I. I, was going to be a tunner. We turned with pride and satisfaction to that very number of the Pall Mall Gazette which the youth had flung it us, and showed him a fine article by F. Bayham, Esq., in which the picture sent home by J. J. was enthusiastically auded by the great critic.

So he was back amongst us, and it seemed but yesterday ~ i. he had quitted .

appened but v

our who goes mign, or on a

with a wife and two or three children, and we fancy it was only the other day they left us, so engaged is every man in ils individual speculations, studies, struggles; so selfish does our life make us-selfish but not ill-natured. We are glad o see an old friend, though we do not weep when he leaves as. We humbly acknowledge, if fate calls us away likewise, hat we are no more missed than any other atom.

After talking for a while, Mr. Clive must needs go nto the city, whither I accompanied him. His interview with Messrs. Jolly and Bames, at the house in Fog Court, must have been very satisfactory: Clive came out of the natiour with a radiant countenance, "Do you want any money, old boy?" says he; "the dear old governor has placed a jolly sum to my account, and Mr. Baines has told me how delighted Mrs. Baines and the girls will be to see me at dinner. He says my father has made a lucky escape out of one house in India, and a famous investment in another. Nothing could be more civil, how uncommonly kind and friendly everybody is in London-everybody!" Then bestowing ourselves in a Hansom cab, which had probably just deposited some other capitalist in the City, we made for the West End of the town, where Mr Clive had some important business to transact with his tailors. He discharged his outstanding little account with easy liberality. blushing as he pulled out of his pocket a new cheque-book, page 1 of which he bestowed on the delighted artist. From Mr. B.'s shop to Mr. Truefitt's is but a step. Our young

friend was induced to enter the hairdresser's, and leave behind him a great portion of the flowing locks and the yellow beard which he had brought with him from Rome. his mustachios he could not be induced to part-painters and cavalry officers having a right to those decorations. why should not this young fellow wear smart clothes, and a smart moustache, and look handsome, and take his pleasure, and bask in his sun when it shone? Time enough for flannel and a fire when the winter comes, and for grey hair and cork-soled boots in the natural decline of years.

Then we went to pay a visit at a hotel in Jermyn Street to our friend Florac, who was now magnificently lodged there. A powdered giant lolling in the hall, his buttons emblazoned with prodigious coronets, took our cards up to the Prince. As the door of an apartment on the first floor opened, we heard a cry as of joy; and that nobleman, in a magnificent Persian dressing-gown, rushing from the room, plunged down the stairs and began kissing Clive, to the respectful astonishment of the Titan in livery.

"Come that I present you, my friends," our good little Frenchman exclaimed, "to Madame la-to my wife!" We entered the drawing-room. A demure little lady of near sixty years of age was seated there, and we were presented in form to Madame la Princesse de Montcontour, née Higg, of Manchester. She made us a stiff little curtsy, but looked not ill-natured; indeed, few women could look at Clive Newcome's gallant figure and brave, smiling countenance and keep a frown on their own very long.

"I have 'eard of you from somebodys else besides the Prince," said the lady, with rather a blush. "Your uncle has spoke to me hoften about you, Mr. Clive, and about your good father."

"C'est son Directeur," whispers Florac to me. I wondered which of the firm of Newcome had taken that office

upon him.

"Now you are come to England," the lady continued (whose Lancashire pronunciation being once indicated, we shall henceforth, out of respect to the Princess's rank, generally pretermit)-"now you are come to England, we hope to see you often. Not here in this noisy hotel, which I can't bear, but in the country. Our house is only three miles from Newcome—not such a grand place as your uncle's; but I hope we shall see you there a great deal, and your finend, Mr. Pendennis, if he is passing that way." The invitation to Mr. Pendennis, I am bound to say, was given in terms by no means so warm as those in which the Princess's hospitality to Clive were professed.

"Shall we meet you at your fluncle Obson's?" the lady continued, to Clive; "his wife is a most charming, well-informed woman, has been most kind and civil, and we dine there to-day. Barnes and his wife is gone to spend the honeymoon at Newcome. Lady Clara is a sweet, dear thing, and her pa and ma most affable, I am sure. What a thing and the pa and has most allowed; and restricted by pity Sit Brian couldn't attend the marriage! There was everybody there in London, a'most. Sir Harvey Diggs says he is mending very slowly. In life we are in death, Mr. Newcome! Isn't it sad to think of him in the midst of all his splendour and prosperty, and he so infirm and unable to enjoy them! But let us hope for the best, and that his health will soon come round!"

With these and similar remarks, in which poor Florac took but a very small share (for he seemed dumb and melancholy in the company of the Princess, his elderly spouse), the visit sped on—Mr. Pendennis, to whom very little was said, having leisure to make his sitent observations upon the person

having leisure to make his sizent observations upon in a proto whom he had been just presented.

As there lay on the table two next hitle packages, addressed "The Princess de Monteontour," an envelope to
the same address, with "The Prescription, No. 9396,"
further inscribed on the paper; and a sheet of notecupier,

of that most

led to believe

d herself, in a an errest, in a delicate state of health. By the side of the physic for the body was medicine for the soul—a number of pretty little bods in Middle Age bindings, in antique type many of them, adorned with pictures of the German School, representing demure ecclesisates, with their heads on one side, children in long starched nightgowns, virgins bearing hil nd o forth; from which it was to be concluded that tures at his return and delight at seeing him, were going in the evening to his aunt. Their talk was about the Princess all dinner-time. The Prince and Princess were to dine in Bryanston Square. The Princess had ordered such and such things at the jeweller's; the Princess would take rank over an English earl's daughter-over Lady Ann Newcome, for instance. "Oh dear! I wish the Prince and Princess were smothered in the Tower," growled James Binnie; "since you have got acquainted with 'em I have never heard of anything else."

Clive, like a wise man, kept his counsel about the Prince and Princess, with whom we have seen that he had had the honour of an interview that very day. But after dinner Rosey came round and whispered to her mamma, and after Rosey's whisper mamma flung her arms round Rosey's neck and kissed her, and called her a thoughtful darling. "What do you think this creature says, Clive?" says Mrs. Mack, still holding her darling's little hand. "I wonder I had not thought of it myself."

"What is it, Mrs. Mackenzie?" asks Clive, laughing.

"She says, why should not you come to your aunt's with us? We are sure Mrs. Newcome would be most happy to

see vou."

Rosey, with a little hand put to mamma's mouth, said, "Why did you tell, you naughty mamma!—Isn't she a naughty mamma, Uncle James?" More kisses follow after this sally, of which Uncle James receives one with perfect complacency; mamma crying out as Rosey retires to dress, "That darling child is always thinking of others—always!"

Clive says "he will sit and smoke a cheroot with Mr. Binnie, if they please." James's countenance falls. "We have left off that sort of thing here, my dear Clive, a long time,"

cries Mrs. Mackenzie, departing from the dining-room.

"But we have improved the claret, Clive, my boy!" whispers Uncle James. "Let us have another bottle, and we will drink to the dear Colonel's good health and speedy return-God bless him! I say, Clive, Tom seems to have had a most fortunate escape out of Winter's house—thanks to our friend Rummun Loll-and to have got into a capi tal good thing with this Bundelcund bank. They speak nong elengman likewise. It is because Augustus has cared. Their eyes only meet for one semi-second, but hat is enough for Miss Fanny. Go on, captain, with your waddle—Troceed, my reverend friend, with your smirking commonplaces! In the last two minutes the would has thanged for Miss Fanny. That moment has come for which he has been fudgeting and longing and scheming all day! flow different an interest, I say, has a meeting of people for a philosopher who knows of a few such filtle secrets, to that which your vulgat looker-on feels, who comes but to cat the ..., and stare at the ladee' dresses and beauty! There are straines of mind under which London society is bearable man—to be an actor in one of those sentimental perabove hinted at; or to be a speciator and watch as for the mere desirate—would not an and the dullest of books be better than that dull

'p became Clive's confidant in this affar, but in extracting the young fellow's secrets from encouraging him to pour them forth. Thus of the previous tale revealed to me; thus encourage, of the first part of which we have a faster, after has elder torther's w's secret history came into my the public's future delectation, advantage. And many a night has poor Clive stamped his; his story out to me, his griefs wild young way, recollections; with control of the cruckly which she exhibited.

ertd the name of the young ice, he endeavoured if ame as a small such a confident; the confident, the last three lioness in

ministerial réunion. At first he was too shy to tell what the state of the case was, and took nobody into his confidence

regarding his little tendre.

There he was, riding through Queen Street, May Fail attired in splendid raiment; never missing the Park actually going to places of worship in the neighbourhood and frequenting the opera-a waste of time which one would never have expected in a youth of his nurture. At length certain observer of human nature remarking his state, rightlyconjectured that he must be in love, and taxed him with the soft impeachment: on which the young man, no doub anxious to open his heart to some one, poured out all that story which has before been narrated; and told how he thought his passion cured, and how it was cured; but when, he heard from Kew at Naples that the engagement was over-between him and Miss Newcome, Clive found his own flame, kindle again with new ardour. He was wild to see her. He dashed off from Naples instantly on receiving the news that she was free. He had been ten days in London without getting a glimpse of her. "That Mrs. Mackenzie bothers me so I hardly know where to turn," said poor Clive, "and poor little Rosey is made to write me a note about something twice a day. She's a good dear little thing—little Rosey—and I really had thought once of—of—oh never mir. that! O Pen! I'm up another tree power and I really had thought once of—of—oh never mir. O Pen! I'm up another tree now! and a poor miserable! young beggar I am!" In fact Mr. Pendennis was installed as confidant vice J. J., absent on leave.

This is a part which, especially for a few days, the present biographer has always liked well enough. For a while at least, I think almost every man or woman is interesting when in love. If you know of two or three such affairs going on in any soirée to which you may be invited, is not the party straightway amusing? Yonder goes Augustus Toinkins, working his way through the rooms to that far corner where demure Miss Hopkins is seated, to whom the stupid grinning sits Miss Fanny distraite, and yet trying to smile as the captain is talking his folly, the parson his glib compliments. And see, her face lights up all of a sudden—her eyes beam with delight at the captain's stories, and at that delightfui

parti than Lord Farintosh presents himself, then it will be Farintosh's turn to find that Lady Kew is not at home. Is there any young man in the Peerage unmarried and richer than Farintosh! I forget. Why does not some one publish a list of the young male nobility and baronetage, their names, weights, and probable fortunes? I don't mean for the matrons of May Fari-they have the list by heart and study it in secret—but for young men in the world, so that they may know what their chances are, and who naturally has the pull over them. Let me see: there is young Lord Gaunt, who will have a great fortune, and is desirable because you know his father is locked up, but he is only ten years old —no—they can searcely bring him forward as Farintosh's rival.

fival.

"You look astonished, my poor boy? You think it is wicked in me to talk in this bratal way about bargain and sale, and say that your heart's dailing, as, at this minute, being paced up and down the May Fair market to be taken away by the best bidder. Can you count purses with Sultan Faintoish? Can you compete even with Si John Fobsby of the North? What I say is sucked and worldly, is it? So it is, but it is true, as true as Tattersall's—as true as Creassia or Virginia. Don't are proud of their bringin.

the prices which they fetch

some new clothes, and a fifty-pound horse, and put a penny rose in your hutton-hole, and ride past her window, and think to win this prize? O you sdiot! A penny rosebud! A but money in your purse. A fifty-pound hack, when a butcher rides as good a one! Put money in your purse. A brate young heart, all courage and love and honour! Put money in thy purse; tother com don't pass in the

market—at least where old Lady Kew has the stall."

By these remonstrances, playful though serious, Chre's adviser south to teach him wisdom about his love affair; and the advice was received as advice upon those occasions.

usually is.

After calling thrice, and writing to Miss Newcome, there came a little note from that young lady, saying, "Dear Clive,—We were so sorry we'vere out when you called. We

London-the reigning beauty, the winning horse, the first favourite out of the whole Belgravian harem. No young woman of this year has come near her; those of past seasons she has distanced, and utterly put to shame. Miss Blackcap, Lady Blanche Blackcap's daughter, was (as perhaps you are not aware) considered by her mamma the great beauty of last season; and it was considered rather shabby of the young Marquis of Farintosh to leave town without offering to change Miss Blackcap's name. Heaven bless you! this year Farintosh will not look at Miss Blackcap. He finds people at home when (ha! I see you wince, my suffering innocent!)—when he calls in Queen Street; yes, and Lady Kew, who is one of the cleverest women in England, will listen for hours to Lord Farintosh's conversation, than whom the Rotten Row of Hyde Park cannot show a greater booby. Miss Blackcap may retire, like Jephthah's daughter, for all Farintosh will relieve her. Then, my dear fellow, there were, as possibly you do not know, Lady Hermengilde and Lady Yseult, Lady Rackstraw's lovely twins, whose appearance created such a sensation at Lady Hauthois' first -was it her first or was it her second?-yes, it was her second—breakfast. Whom weren't they going to marry? Crackthorpe was mad, they said, about both. Bustington, Sir John Fobsby, the young baronet with the immense Northern property - the Bishop of Windsor was actually said to be smitten with one of them, but did not like to offer, as her present M-y, like Qu-n El-z-b-th, of gracious memory, is said to object to bishops, as bishops, marrying. Where is Bustington? Where is Crackthorpe? Where is Fobsby, the young Baronet of the North? My dear fellow, when those two girls come into a room now, they make no more sensation than you or I. Miss Newcome has carried their admirers away from them. Fobsby has actually, it is said, proposed for her; and the real reason of that affair between Lord Bustington and Captain Crackthorpe of the Royal Horse Guards Green, was a speech of Bustington's hinting that Miss Newcome had not behaved well in throwing Lord Kew over. Don't you know what old Lady Kew will do with this girl, Clive? She will marry Miss Newcome to the best man. If a richer and better

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Fifth NEWCOMES. 29
April than Lord Farintosh presents himself, then it will be Farintosh's turn to find that Lady Ker is not at home. It there any young man in the Pecange unmarried and richer than Farintosh'? I forger. Why does not some one publish a list of the young male nobility and baronetinge, their names, weights, and probable fortunes? I don't mean for the mattons of May Fair—they have the list by heart and study it in sected—but for young men in the world, so that they may know what their chances are, and who naturally has the pill over them. Let me see: there is young Lord Gaunt, sho will have a great fortune, and is desirable because you more his father is focked up; but he is only ten years old—no—they can searcely bring him forward as Farintosh's rival. rival.

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window, and

... punny rosebud! I'ut money in your purse. A fifty-pound hack, when a butcher rides as good a one! Put money in your purse. A brare joung heart, all courage and love and honour!
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market—at least where old Lady Kew has the stab!

By these remonstrances, playful though serious, Clive's
adviser sought to teach him wisdom about his love affair;

and the advice was received as advice upon those occasions usually is.

After calling thrice, and writing to Miss Newcome, there came a little note from that young lady, saying, "Dear Clire,—We were so sorry we were out when you called. We shall be at home to-morrow at lunch, when Lady Kew hopes

you will come, and see yours ever, E. N."

Clive went—poor Clive! He had the satisfaction of shaking Ethel's hand, and a finger of Lady Kew; of eating a mutton-chop in Ethel's presence; of conversing about the state of art at Rome with Lady Kew, and describing the last works of Gibson and Macdonald. The visit lasted but for half an hour. Not for one minute was Clive allowed to see Ethel alone. At three o'clock Lady Kew's carriage was announced, and our young gentleman rose to take his leave, and had the pleasure of seeing the most noble Peer, Marquis of Farintosh and Earl of Rossmont, descend from his lord-ship's brougham, and enter at Lady Kew's door, followed by a domestic bearing a small stack of flowers from Covent Garden.

It befell that the good-natured Lady Fareham had a ball in these days, and meeting Clive in the Park, her lord invited him to the entertainment. Mr. Pendennis had also the honour of a card. Accordingly Clive took me up at Bays's,

and we proceeded to the ball together.

The lady of the house, smiling upon all her guests, welcomed with particular kindness her young friend from Rome. "Are you related to the Miss Newcome, Lady Ann Newcome's daughter? Her cousin? She will be here to-night." Very likely Lady Fareham did not see Clive wince and blush at this announcement, her ladyship having to occupy herself with a thousand other people. Clive found a dozen of his Roman friends in the room, ladies young and middle-aged, plain and handsome, all glad to see his kind face. The house was splendid; the ladies magnificently dressed; the ball beautiful, though it appeared a little dull until that event took place whereof we treated two pages back (in the allegory of Mr. Tomkins and Miss Hopkins), and Lady Kew and her grand-daughter made their appearance.

That old woman, who began to look more and more like the wicked fairy of the stories, who is not invited to the Princess's Christening Feast, had this advantage over her likeness, that she was invited everywhere; though how she, at her age, could fly about to so many parties, unless she was a fairy, no one could say. Behind the fairy, up the mable stairs, came the most noble Farintosh, with that vacuous lear which distinguishes has lordship. Elbel seemed to be carrying the stack of flowers which the marquis had sent to her. The noble Bustington (Viscount Bustington, I need scarcely tell the reader, is the heir of the house of Podbury), the Baronet of the North, the gallant Crackthorpe, the first men in town, in a word, gathered round the young beauty, forming her court; and luttle Dick Hitchin, who goes everywhere, you may be sure was near her with a compliment and a smale. Ere this arrival, the twins had been giving themselves great airs in the norm—the poor twins! when Ehd appeared they sank into shuddering insignificance, and to put up with the conversation and attentions of secondrate men, belonging to second-rate clubs, in heavy dragoon regiments. One of them actually wallzed with a danning barrister; but he was related to a duke, and it was expected the Lord Chancellow would give him something very good.

Before he saw Ethel, Clive vowed he was awate of her. Indeed, had not Lady Fareham told him Miss Newcome was coming? Ethel, on the contrary, not expecting him, or not having the prescience of love, exhibited signs of surprise when she beheld hims—her eyebrows arching, her eyes darting looks of pleasure. When grandmamma happened to be in another toom, she becknowd Clive to her, dismissing Crickthorpe and Fobsby, Farintosh and Bustington, the amount youth who around her bowed, and summoning Mr. Clive up to an audience with the air of a young princess.

And so she was a princess, and this the region of her special dominion. The wittiest and handsomest, she described to reign in such a place, by night of merit and by greard election. Clive felt her superiority, and his own shortcomings; he came up to her as to a superior person. Perhaps she was not scriy to let hum see how she ordered eavy grandees and splendid Bustingtons, informing them, with a superb manner, that she wished to speak to her teasin—that handsome young man with the light mustachio proder.

"Do you know many people? This is your first appearance in society? Shall I introduce you to some race girls to dance with? What very pretry buttons?"

"Is that what you wanted to say?" asked Clive, rather

bewildered.

"What does one say at a ball? One talks conversation suited to the place. If I were to say to Captain Crackthorpe, 'What pretty buttons!' he would be delighted. But you—you have a soul above buttons, I suppose."

"Being, as you say, a stranger in this sort of society, you see I am not accustomed to—to the exceeding brilliancy of

its conversation," said Clive.

"What! you want to go away, and we haven't seen each other for near a year," cries Ethel, in quite a natural voice. "Sir John Fobsby, I'm very sorry—but do let me off this dance. I have just met my cousin, whom I have not seen for a whole year, and I want to talk to him."

"It was not my fault that you did not see me sooner. I wrote to you that I only got your letter a month ago. You never answered the second I wrote you from Rome. Your letter lay there at the post ever so long, and was forwarded to me at Naples."

"Where?" asked Ethel.

"I saw Lord Kew there." Ethel was smiling with all her might, and kissing her hand to the twins, who passed at this oment with their mamma. "Oh, indeed, you saw—how do n do?—Lord Kew."

"And, having seen him, I came over to England," said

Clive.

Ethel looked at him gravely. "What am I to understand by that, Clive?—You came over because it was very hot at Naples, and because you wanted to see your friends here, n'est-ce pas? How glad mamma was to see you! You know she loves you as if you were her own son."

"What, as much as that angel, Barnes!" cried Clive

bitterly; "impossible!"

Ethel looked once more. Her present mood and desire was to treat Clive as a chit, as a young fellow without consequence—a thirteenth younger brother. But in his looks and behaviour there was that which seemed to say not too many liberties were to be taken with him.

"Why weren't you here a month sooner, and you might have seen the marriage? It was a very pretty thing. Every-

body was there. Clara, and so did Barnes really, looked quite handsome," "It must have been beautiful," continued Clive: "quite a

touching sight, I am sure. Poor Charles Belsize could not be present because his brother was dead; and--"

"And what else, pray, Mr. Newcome?" cries Miss, in great wrath, her pink nostrils beginning to quiver. "I did not think, really, that when we met after so many months. I was to be-insulted; yes, insulted, by the mention of that name."

"I most humbly ask pardon," said Clive, with a grave bow, "Heaven forbid that I should wound your sensibility, Ethell It is, as you say, my first appearance in society. I talk about things or persons that I should not mention. I should talk about buttons, should 17 which you were good enough to tell me was the proper subject of conversation. Mayn't I even speak of connections of the family? Mr. Belsize, through this marriage, has the honour of being connected with you, and even I, in a remote degree, may boast of a sort of an ever-so-distant cousinship with him. What an honour for me 1"

"Pray what is the meaning of all this?" cries Miss Ethel, surprised, and perhaps alarmed. Indeed, Clive scarcely knew. He had been chafing all the while he talked with her; smothering anger as he saw the young men round about her; revolting against himself for the very humility of his obedience, and angry at the eagerness and delight with

which he had come at her call.

"The meaning is, Ethel," he broke out, seizing the opportunity, "that when a man comes a thousand miles to see you, and shake your hand, you should give it him a little more cordially than you choose to do to me; that when a Linsman knocks at your door, time after time, you should try and admit him; and that when you meet him, you should treat him like an old friend; not as you treated me when my Lady Kew vouchsafed to give me admittance; not as you treat these fools that are fribbling round about you

Mr. Clive, in a great rage, folding his arms, and round on a number of the most innocent young swel he continued looking as if he would like to knock . of their heads together. "Am I keeping Miss Newcome's admirers from her?"

"That is not for me to say," she said quite gently. He was; but to see him angry did not displease Miss New-

come.

"That young man who came for you just now," Clive

went on-"that Sir John-"

"Are you angry with me because I sent him away?" said Ethel, putting out a hand. "Hark! there is the music. Take me in and waltz with me. Don't you know it is not my door at which you knocked?" she said, looking up into his face as simply and kindly as of old. She whirled round the dancing room with him in triumph, the other beauties dwindling before her; she looked more and more beautiful with each rapid move of the waltz, her colour heightening and her eyes seeming to brighten. Not till the music stopped did she sink down on a seat, panting, and smiling radiant—as many, many hundred years ago I remember to have seen Taglioni after a conquering pas seul. She nodded a thank you to Clive. It seemed that there was a perfect reconciliation. Lady Kew came in just at the end of the dance, scowling when she beheld Ethel's partner; but in reply to her remonstrances Ethel shrugged her fair shoulders, with a look which seemed to say je le veux, gave an arm to her grandmother, and walked off, saucily protecting her.

Clive's friend had been looking on observingly and curiously as the scene between them had taken place, and at the dance with which the reconciliation had been celebrated. I must tell you that this arch young creature had formed the object of my observation for some months past, and that I watched her as I have watched a beautiful panther at the Zoological Gardens, so bright of eye, so sleek of coat, so

slim in form, so swift and agile in her spring.

A more brilliant young coquette than Miss Newcome, in her second season, these eyes never looked upon, that is the truth. In her first year, being engaged to Lord Kew, she was perhaps a little more reserved and quiet. Besides, her mother went out with her that first season, to whom Miss Newcome, except for a little occasional flightiness, was invariably obedient and ready to come to call. But when

Lady Kew appeared as her Duenna, the girl's delight seemed to be to plague the old lady, and she would dance with the very youngest sons merely to put grandmamma in a passion. In this way poor young Cubley (who has two hundred a year

ound more next year, would be enough for them to keep ouse on? Young Tandy of the Temple, Lord Skibbereen's ounger son, who sat in the House for some time on the rish Catholic side, was also deeply smitten, and many a ight in our walks home from the parties at the other end of he town, would entertain me with his admiration and passion or ber.

"If you have such a passion for her, why not propose?"

was asked of Mr. Tandy. "Propose I propose to a Russian Archduchess," cries

oung Tandy. witty.

have never see rild-wild," says id me under

35

Cemple Bar - "but a more audacious little first never existed

ince the days of Cleopatra." With this opinion likewise in my mind, I had been looking

m during Cline's proceedings with Miss Ethel-not, I say, rithout admiration of the young lady who was leading him uch a dance. The waltz over, I congratulated him on his wn performance. His Continental practice had greatly mproved him. "And as for your partner, it is delightful to ce her," I went on. "I always like to be by when Miss sewcome dances. I had sooner see her than any body since l'aghoni. Look at her now, with her neck up, and her little oot out, just as she is preparing to start! Happy Lord Justington 1"

"You are angry with her because she cut you," growis "You know you said she cut you, or forgot you, and

four vanity's wounded, that is why you are so satirical." "How can Miss Newcome remember all the men who tre presented to her?" says the other. "Last year she alked to me because she wanted to know about you. This

E NEWCOMES. year she doesn't talk-because I suppose she does not want year sile doesn't tark—because I suppose sile does not many to know about you any more." cries Clive, as a schoolboy "Hang it. Do—on't, Pen," cries Clive, as a schoolboy 36

"She does not pretend to observe, and is in full convercries out to another not to hit him. sation with the amiable Bustington. Delicious interchange of noble thoughts! But she is observing us talking, and 1-nows that we are talking about her. If ever you marry her, Thows that we are taking about her. If ever you many her, live, which is absurd, I shall lose you for a friend. You will infallibly tell her what I think of her, and she will order you to give me up." Clive had gone off in a brown study, as his interlocutor continued. "Yes, she is a flirt. She can't help her nature. She tries to vanquish every one who comes near her. She is a little out of breath from waltzing, and so she pretends to be listening to poor Bustington, who is out of breath too, but puffs out his best in order to make himself agreeable. With what a pretty air she appears to listen! Her eyes actually seem to brighten."

I could not comprehend the meaning of the start—nor did I care much to know, supposing that the young man was waking up from some lover's reverie; and the evening sped away, Clive not quitting the ball until Miss Newcome and the Countess of Kew had departed. No further communication appeared to take place between the cousins that evening. I think it was Captain Crackthorpe who gave the young lady an arm into her carriage; Sir John Fobsby having the hapan arm mo ner carrage, on joint 1000, and carrying the pink piness to conduct the old Countess, and carrying the pink bag for the shawls, wrappers, etc., on which Her Ladyship's coronet and initials are emblazoned. Clive may have made a movement as if to step forward, but a single finger from Miss Newcome warned him back.

Clive and his two friends in Lamb Court had made an angagement for the next Saturday to dine at Greenwich; but n the morning of that day there came a note from him to ay that he thought of going down to see his aunt, Miss Aoneyman, and begged to recall his promise to us. Saturlay is a holiday with gentlemen of our profession. We had invited F. Bayham, Esquire, and promised ourselves a merry evening, and were unwilling to balk ourselves of the pleasure on account of the absence of our young Roman.: So we three went to London Bridge Station at an early hour, proposing to breathe the fresh air of Greenwich Park before dinner. And, at London Bridge, by the most singular coincidence, Lady Kew's carriage drove up to the Brighton entrance, and Miss Ethel and her maid stepped out of the brougham.

When Miss Newcome and her maid entered the Brighton station, did Mr. Clive, by another singular coincidence, happen also to be there? What more natural and dutiful than that he should go and see hes aum, Miss Honeyman? What more proper than that Miss Ethel should pass the Saturday and Sunday with her sick father, and take a couple of wholesome mights rest after those five weary past evenings, for each of which we may reckon a couple of sorries and a ball? And that relations should travel together, the young lady being protected by her femmed-echambre—that surely, as

between two lovers, seems perfectly absurd: not that grave historians do not pretend to the same wonderful degree of knowledge—reporting meetings the most occult of conspirators; private interviews between monarchs and their ministers, even the secret thoughts and monives of those personages, which possibly the persons themselves did not know. All for which the present writer will pledge his known character for veracity is, that on a certain day certain parties had a conversation, of which the upshot was so and so. He guesses, of course, at a great deal of what took place, knowing the characters, and being informed at some time of their meeting. You do not suppose that I bribed the fommedechamber, or that those two City gents, who sate in the same carriage with our young finends, and could not hear a word they said, reported their talk to me? If Cline and Ehel had a couff to themselves, I would yet boldly tell what took place; but the campe was taken by other three young complete their talk to be the control of the country to the control of the control of

City gents, who smoked the whole way.
"Well, then," the bonnet begins close up

me, sir, is it true that you were so very much épris of the Miss Freemans at Rome; and that afterwards you were so wonderfully attentive to the third Miss Baliol? Did you draw her portrait? You know you drew her portrait. You painters always pretend to admire girls with auburn hair, because Titian and Raphael painted it. Has the Fornarina red hair? Why, we are at Croydon, I declare!"

"The Fornarina," the hat replies to the bonnet—"if that picture at the Borghese Palace be an original, or a likeness of her—is not a handsome woman, with vulgar eyes and mouth, and altogether a most mahogany-coloured person. She is so plain, in fact, I think that very likely it is the real woman; for it is with their own fancies that men fall in love—or rather every woman is handsome to the lover. You

know how old Helen must have been."

"I don't know any such thing, or anything about her. Who was Helen?" asks the bonnet; and indeed she did not know.

"It's a long story, and such an old scandal now, that there

is no use in repeating it," says Clive.

"You only talk about Helen because you wish to turn away the conversation from Miss Freeman," cries the young

lady—"from Miss Baliol, I mean."

"We will talk about whichever you please. Which shall we begin to pull to pieces?" says Clive. You see, to be in this carriage—to be actually with her—to be looking into those wonderful lucid eyes—to see her sweet mouth dimpling, and hear her sweet voice ringing with its delicious laughter—to have that hour and a half his own, in spite of all the world-dragons, grandmothers, convenances, the future—made the young fellow so happy, filled his whole frame and spirit with a delight so keen, that no wonder he was gay, and brisk, and lively.

"And so you knew of my goings-on?" he asked. Oh me! they were at Reigate by this time; there was Gatton Park

flying before them on the wings of the wind.

"I know of a number of things," says the bonnet, nodding with ambrosial curls.

"And you would not answer the second letter I wrote to you?"

"We were in great perplicity. One cannot be always answering young gentlemen's letters. I had considerable doubt about answering a note I got from Charlotte Street, Firtroy Square," says the ladys chapeau. "No, Clive, we must not write to one another," she continued more gravely, "or only very, very seldom. Nay, my meeting you here today is by the merest chance, I am sure; for when I mentioned at Lady Farcham's the other evening that I was going to see papa at Brighton today, I never for one moment

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going to see papa at Brighton to-day, I never for one moment thought of seeing you in the train. But as you are here, it can't be helped, and I may as well tell you that there are obstacles." "What, other obstacles?" Clive gasped out. "Nonsense-you silly boy! No other obstacles but those which always have existed, and must. When we partedthat is, when you left us at Baden-you knew it was for the best. You had your profession to follow, and could not go on idling about-about a family of sick people and children. Every man has his profession, and you yours, as you would have it. We are so nearly allied that we may-we may like each other like brother and sister almost. I don't know what Barnes would say if he heard me! Wherever you and your father are, how can I ever think of you but-but you know how? I always shall, always. There are certain feelings we have which I hope never can change; though, if you please, about them I intend never to speak any more. Neither you nor I can alter our conditions, but must make the best of them. You shall be a fine clever painter; and I-who knows what will happen to me? I know what is going to

"I wish the tunnel would fall in and close upon us, or that we might travel on for ever and ever."

quite close to say .--

Here there was a great jar of the carriage, a the lady's

maid, and I think Miss Ethel, gave a sh

CHAPTER IV.

INJURED INNOCENCE.

from clive newcome, esq , to lieut.-col newcome, c.e.

"BRIGHTON, June 12, 18-"My DEAREST FATHER .- As the weather was growing very bot at Naples, and you wished I should come to England to see Mr. Binnie, I came accordingly; and have been bere three weeks, and write to you from Aunt Honeyman's parlour at Brighton, where you ate your last dinner before embarking for India. I found your splended remettance on calling in Fog Court, and have invested a part of the sum in a good horse to ride, upon which I take my diversion with other young dandles in the park. Florac is in England, but he has no need of your kindness. Only think! he is Prince de Montcontour now—the second title of the Duc d'Ivry's family: and M. le Comte de Florac is Duc d'Ivry in consequence of the demise of t'other old gentleman. I believe the late duke's wife shortened his life. Oh what a woman! She caused a duel between Lord Kew and a Frenchman, which has in its turn occasioned all sorts of evil and division in families, as you shall hear.

"In the first place, in consequence of the duel and of uncompatibility of temper, the match between Kew and E. N. has been broken off. I met Lord Kew at Naples with his mother and brother, nice quiet people as you would like them. Kew's wound and subsequent illness have altered him a good deal. He has become much more surrout than he used to be; nrth ludicrously so at all, but he says he thinks his past life has been useless and even crummal, and he wishes to change it. He has soled his horses, and sown his wild oats. He has turned quite a sober, quet gentleman his wild oats. He has turned quite a sober, quet gentleman

"At our meeting he told me of what had happened between him and Ethel, of whom he spoke most kindly and generously, but avowing his opinion that they never could have been happy in married life. And now I think my dear old father will see that there may be another reason besides my desire to see Mr. Binniew which has brought me tumbling

above was so dim that the carriage was almost totally dark. No wonder the lady's-maid was frightened! but the daylight came streaming in, and all poor Clive's wishes of rolling and rolling on for ever were put an end to by the implacable sun in a minute.

Ah, why was it the quick train? Suppose it had been the parliamentary train?—even that too would have come to an end. They came and said, "Tickets, please," and Clive held out the three of their party—his, and Ethel's, and her maid's. I think for such a ride as that he was right to give up Greenwich. Mr. Kuhn was in waiting with a carriage for Miss Ethel. She shook hands with Clive, returning his pressure.

"I may come and see you?" he said.
"You may come and see mamma—yes."

"And where are you staying?"

"Bless my soul—they were staying at Miss Honeyman's!" Clive burst into a laugh. Why, he was going there too! Of course Aunt Honeyman had no room for him, her house being quite full with the other Newcomes.

It was a most curious coincidence their meeting; but altogether, Lady Ann thought it was best to say nothing about the circumstance to grandmamma. I myself am puzzled to

y which would have been the better course to pursue under the circumstances, there were so many courses open. As they had gone so far, should they go on further together? Suppose they were going to the same house at Brighton, oughtn't they to have gone in the same carriage, with Kuhn and the maid of course? Suppose they met by chance at the station, ought they to have travelled in separate carriages? I ask any gentleman and father of a family, when he was immensely smitten with his present wife, Mrs. Brown, if he had met her travelling with her maid, in the mail, when there was a vacant place, what would he himself have done?

CHAPTER IV.

INTURED INNOCENCE.

FROM CLIVE NEWCOME, ESQ, TO LIEUT. COL. NEWCOME, C.B.

"My DEAREST FATHER,—As the weather was growing very hot at Naples, and you wished I should come to England to the Naples, and you wished I should come to England to the Naples.

Fog Court, and have invested a part of the sum in a good horse to ride, upon which I take my diversion with other young dandles in the park. Florae is in England, but he has no need of your kindness. Only think he is Prance de Montcontour now—the second tule of the Duc d'Ivry's family; and M. le Comte de Florae is Duc d'Ivry in consequence of the demise of tother old gentleman I believe the late duke's wife shortened his hie. Oh what a woman! She caused a duel between Lord Kew and a Frenchman, which has in its turn occasioned all sorts of evil and division in families, as you shall hear.

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his past life has been useless and even crammit and no
without in the same of the same and the same of the same o

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generously, but avowing his opinion that the next which have been happy in married life. And now I have seen old father will see that there may be another more been my desire to see Mr. Binnie which has become me the my desire to see Mr. Binnie which has become me thanks.

back to England again. If need be to speak, I never shall have, I hope, any secrets from you. I have not said much about one which has given me the deuce's disquiet for ten months past; because there was no good in talking about it, or vexing you needlessly with reports of my griess and woes.

"Well, when we were at Baden in September last, and E. and I wrote those letters in common to you, I dare say you can fancy what my feelings might have been towards such a beautiful young creature, who has a hundred faults, for which I love her just as much as for the good that is in her. became dreadfully smitten indeed, and knowing that she was engaged to Lord Kew, I did as you told me you did once when the enemy was too strong for you-Iran away. I had a bad time of it for two or three months. At Rome, however, I began to take matters more easily, my naturally fine appetite returned, and at the end of the season I found myself uncommonly happy in the society of the Miss Baliols and the Miss Freemans; but when Kew told me at Naples of what had happened, there was straightway a fresh eruption in my heart, and I was fool enough to come almost without sleep to London in order to catch a glimpse of the bright yw of E. N.

"She is now in this very house upstairs with one aunt, whilst the other lets lodgings to her. I have seen her but very seldom indeed since I came to London, where Sir Brian and Lady Ann do not pass the season, and Ethel goes about to a dozen parties every week with old Lady Kew, who neither loves you nor me. Hearing E. say she was coming down to her parents at Brighton, I made so bold as to waylay her at the train (though I didn't tell her that I passed three hours in the waiting-room); and we made the journey together, and she was very kind and beautiful, and though I suppose I might just as well ask the Royal Princess to have me, I can't help hoping and longing and hankering after her. And Aunt Honeyman must have found out that I am fond of her, for the old lady has received me with a scolding. Uncle Charles seems to be in very good condition again. I saw him in full clerical feather at Madame de Montcontour's, a good-natured body who drops her h's, though Florac is not

aware of their absence. Pendennis and Warrington I know would send you their best regards. Pen is conceiled, but much kinder in reality than he has the air of being. Fred Bayham is doing well, and prospering in his mysterious way.

"Mr. Binnie is not looking at all well, and Mrs. Mack-well, as I know you never attack: a lady behind her lovely back, I won't say a word of Mrs. Mack; but she has taken possession of Uncle James, and seems to me to weigh upon him somehow. Rosey is as pretty and good-natured as ever, and has leamed two new songs; but you see with my sentiments in another quarter, I feel as it were guilty and akward in company of Rosey and her mamma. They have become the very greatest friends with Bryanston Square, and Mrs. Mack is always citing Aunt Hobson as the most supenor of women, in which coprion I date say Aunt Hobson concurs.

"Good-bye, my dearest father, my sheet is full. I wish I could put my arm in yours and pace up and down the pier with you, and tell you more and more. But you know

enough now, and that I am your affectionate son always.
"C. N."

In fact, when Mr. Clive appeared at Steyne Gardens stepping out of the fly, and handing Miss Ethel thence, Miss Honeyman of course was very glad to see her nephew, and saluted him with a little embrace to show her sense of pleasure at his visit. But the next day being Sunday, when Clive with a most engaging smile on his countenance walked over to breakfast from his hotel, Miss Honeyman would scarcely speak to him during the meal, looked out at him very haughtily from under her Sunday cap, and received his stories about Italy with "Oh! ah! indeed!" in a very unkind manner. And when breakfast was over, and she had done washing her china, she fluttered up to Clive with such an agitation of plumage, redness of craw, and anger of mann as a maternal hen shows if she has reason to think you mena her chickens. She flattered up to Clive, I say, and cri out, "Not in this house, Clive, not in this house; I beto understand that I"

Clive, looking amazed, said, "Certainly not,

THE NEWCOMES.

did do it in the house, as I know you don't like it. I sing into the Square"—the young man meaning that about to smoke, and conjecturing that his aunt's anger to that practice.

it that practice.

nu know very well what I mean, sir! Don't try to turn in that highty-tighty way. My dinner to-day is at halfne. You can dine or not as you like," and the old ounced out of the room.

or Clive stood rolling his cigar in sad perplexity of spirit, Mrs. Honeyman's servant Hannah entered, who, for art, grinned and looked particularly sly. "In the name odness, Hannah, what is the row about?" cries Mr.

"What is my aunt scolding at? What are you grint, you old Cheshire cat?"

it long, Master Clive," says Hannah, patting the cloth. et along! why get along, and where am I to get along to?" id'ee do ut really now, Master Clive?" cries Mrs. yman's attendant, grinning with the utmost goodur. "Well, she be as pretty a young lady as ever I and as I told my Missis, 'Miss Martha,' says I, 'there's r on 'em.' Though Missis was mortal angry, to be sure.

never could bear it."

Bear what? you old goose!" cries Clive, who by these ul names had been wont to designate Hannah these

ty years past.

A young gentleman and a young lady a-kissing of each r in the railway coach," says Hannah, jerking up with finger to the ceiling, as much as to say, "There she is she be a pretty young creature, that she be! and so I Miss Martha." Thus differently had the news which come to them on the previous night affected the old lady her maid.

he news was that Miss Newcome's maid (a giddy thing the country, who had not even learned as yet to hold tongue) had announced with giggling delight to Lady's maid, who was taking tea with Mrs. Hicks, that Mr. e had given Miss Ethel a kiss in the tunnel, and she cosed it was a match. This intelligence Hannah Hicks to her mistress, of whose angry behaviour to Clive the morning you may now understand the cause.

Clive did not know whether to laugh or to be in a rage. He swore that he was as innocent of all intention of kissing Miss Ethel as of embracing Queen Elizabeth. He was shocked to think of his cousm, walking above, fancy free in maiden meditation, whilst this conversation regarding her was carried on below. How could be face her, or her mother, or even her maid, now he had cognizance of this naughty calumny? "Of course Hannah had contradicted it?" "Of course I have a done no such a thing indeed," replied Master Cive's old friend, "of course I have set 'em down a bit I for when little Trimmer said it, and she supposed it was all settled between you, seeing how it had been a-going on in foreign parts last year, Mrs. Pincott says, 'Hold your silly tongue, Trimmer,' she says; 'Miss Ethel marry a painter, indeed, Trimmer!' says she, 'while she has refused to be a Countess,' she says, 'and can be a Marchioness any day, and will be a Marchioness. Marry a pointer, indeed!' Mrs. Pincott says; 'Trammer, I'm surprised at your impidence.' So, my dear, I got angry at that," Clive's champion continued, "and says I, if my young Master ain't good enough for any

..., win blim amout says, Mrs. Fricks, she says, 'you don't understand society,' she says; 'you don't understand society, he, he !" and the country lady, with considerable humour, gave an imitation of the town lady's

manner.

At this juncture Miss Honeyman re-entered the parlow, arrayed in her Sunday bonnet, her stiff and spotless collar, her Cashmere shawl and Agra brooch, and carrying her Bible and Prayer-book, each stitched in its neat cover of brown silk. "Don't stay chattering here, you idle woman," she cried to her attendant, with extreme asperity. "And you had best walk

are!" she added.

Isow a understand it all," Clive said, trying to deprecate

and the second control of the second

her anger. "My dear good aunt, it's a most absurd mistake; upon my honour, Miss Ethel is as innocent as you

are."

"Innocent or not, this house is not intended for assignations, Clive! As long as Sir Brian Newcome lodges here, you will be pleased to keep away from it, sir; and though I don't approve of Sunday travelling, I think the very best thing you can do is to put yourself in the train and go back to London."

And now, young people, who read my moral pages, you will see how highly imprudent it is to sit with your cousins in railway-carriages; and how, though you may not mean the slightest harm in the world, a great deal may be attributed to you; and how, when you think you are managing your little absurd love affairs ever so quietly, Jeames and Betsy in the servants' hall are very likely talking about them, and you are putting yourself in the power of those menials. If the perusal of these lines has rendered one single young couple uncomfortable, surely my amiable end is answered, and I have written not altogether in vain.

Clive was going away, innocent though he was, yet quivering under his aunt's reproof, and so put out of countenance that he had not even thought of lighting the great cigar which he stuck into his foolish mouth, when a shout of "Clive! Clive!" from half a dozen little voices roused him, and presently as many little Newcomes came toddling down the stairs, and this one clung round his knees, and that at the skirts of his coat, and another took his hand and

said he must come and walk with them on the beach.

So away went Clive to walk with his cousins, and then to see his old friend Miss Cann, with whom and the elder children he walked to church, and issuing thence greeted Lady Ann and Ethel (who had also attended the service) in

the most natural way in the world.

While engaged in talking with these, Miss Honeyman came out of the sacred edifice, crisp and stately in the famous Agra brooch and Cashmere shawl. The goodnatured Lady Ann had a smile and a kind word for her as for everybody. Clive went up to his maternal aunt to offer his arm. "You must give him up to us for dinner, Miss

THE NEWCOMES.

Joneyman, if you please to be so very kind. He was ood-natured in escorting Ethel down," Lady Ann said. "Hm! my lady," says Miss Honeyman, perking her he

print my lady, says has not not plant, perking her the printer collar. Clive did not know whether to laugh not, but a fine blush illuminated his countenance. As falled, she was and looked perfectly unconscious, ustling in her stiff black silk, Martha Honeyman walk with her nephew silent by the shore of the much-sounder. The label of exputting of oxylatory processing.

with her nephew silent by the snore of the micharoundur sea. The idea of countship, of osculatory processes, marying and giving in matriage, made this elderly virg, chair and fume, the never having, at any period of her lifindulged in any such ideas or practices, and being angagainst them, as childless wives will sometimes be angry arterty against matrons with their prattle about their nurserie Now, Miss Cann was a different sort of spinster, and loved bit of sentiment with all her heart, from which I am led i

conclude—but, pray, is this the history of Miss Cann or the Newcomes?

All these Newcomes then entered into Miss Honeyman house, where a number of little knives and forks were lar for them. Ethel was cold and thoughful; Lady Ann we have the contraction of the

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combed, and made ready by their attendants to recent company. He was voluble, though there was a perceptible change in his voice; he talked chiefly of matters which his occurred forty years ago, and especially of Chive's own fathewhen he was a boy, in a manner which interested the your man and Ethel. "He threw me down in a chaise—satap—always reading Orme's History of India—wante marry Frenchwoman. He wondered Mrs. Newcome didn leave Tom anything—jonn my word, guite sprise." The versus of to day, the House of Commerce the City hed Live

heave Tom anything—from my word, quite spines." To cents of to-day, the House of Commons, the City, had ittl interest for him. All the children went up and shook his by the hand, with ave in their looks, and he patted the relicow heads vacantly and kindle. He asked Circe (secretimes) where he had been, and said he humself had had shight tack, vay slight—was getting well evy day—stror as a horse—go back to Parliament d'rectly. And then!

became a little peevish with Parker, his man, about his broth. The man retired, and came back presently, with profound bows and gravity, to tell Sir Brian dinner was ready; and he went away quite briskly at this news, giving a couple of fingers to Clive before he disappeared into the upper apartments. Good-natured Lady Ann was as easy about this as about the other events of this world. In later days, with what a strange feeling we remember that last sight we have of the old friend—that nod of farewell and shake of the hand, that last look of the face and figure as the door closes on him or the coach drives away! So the roast mutton was ready, and all the children dined very heartily.

The infantile meal had not been long concluded when servants announced "the Marquis of Farintosh;" and that nobleman made his appearance to pay his respects to Miss Newcome and Lady Ann. He brought the very last news of the very last party in London, where "Really, upon my honour, now, it was quite a stupid party, because Miss

Newcome wasn't there. It was now, really."

Miss Newcome remarked, "If he said so upon his honour,

of course she was satisfied."

"As you weren't there," the young nobleman continued, "the Miss Rackstraws came out quite strong; really they did now, upon my honour. It was quite a quiet thing: Lady Merriborough hadn't even got a new gown on. Lady Ann, you shirk London society this year, and we miss you; we expected you to give us two or three things this season—we did now, really. I said to Tufthunt only yesterday, why has not Lady Ann Newcome given anything? You know Tufthunt? They say he's a clever fellow, and that—but he's a low little beast, and I hate him."

Lady Ann said, "Sir Brian's bad state of health prevented her from going out this season or receiving at

home."

"It don't prevent your mother from going out, though," continued my Lord. "Upon my honour, I think unless she got two or three things every night, I think she'd die. Lady Kew's like one of those horses, you know, that unless they go they drop."

"Thank you for my mother," said Lady Ann, '

"She is, upon my honour. Last night I know she was at ever so many places. She daned at the Bloxams', for I was here. Then she said she was going to sit with old Mrs. Inckthorpe, who has broke ber collar bone (that Crackhorpe in the Life Guards, her grandson, is a brute, and tope she won't leave him a shillin'); and then she came on to Lady Hawkstone's, where I heard her say she had been at the—at the Flowerdales', too. People begin to go to those Plowerdales. Hanged if I know where they won't go next. Cotton-spanner, wan't he?"

"So were we, my lord," says Miss Newcome.

"Oh yes, I forgot t But you're of an old family-very old family."

"We can't help it," said Miss Ethel archly. "Indeed,

she thought she was."

"Do you believe in the Barber-Surgeon?" asked Clive. And my lord looked at him with a noble curiosity, as much as to say, "Who the deuce was the Barber-Surgeon? and who the devil are you?"

"Why should we disown our family?" Miss Ethel said simply, "In those early days I suppose people did—did all sorts of things, and it was not considered at all out of the

way to be Surgeon to William the Conqueror."

"Edward the Confessor," interposed Clive. "And it must be true, because I have seen a picture of the Barber-Surgeon: a friend of mine, M'Collop, did the picture, and I dare say it is for sale still."

Lady Ann said "she should be delighted to see at" Lord Faintishs tremembered that the MrCollop had the more next to his in Argyleshne, but did not choose to commut himself with the stranger, and pnetered booking at his own handsome face and admuning it in the glass until the last

speaker had concluded his remarks.

As Clive did not offer any further

back to a Lord Fari

bad glass and in these singuiton lodging houses! They make a man look quite green, really they do; and there's nothing green in me, is there, Lody Ann?"

"But you look very unwell, Lord Farintosh; indeed you

do," Miss Newcome said gravely. "I think late hours, an smoking, and going to that horrid Platt's, where I dare sa you go---"

"Go? don't I? But don't call it horrid; really, nor

don't call it horrid!" cried the noble Marquis.

"Well, something has made you look far from well.— You know how very well Lord Farintosh used to lool mamma; and to see him now, in only his second season—

oh, it is melancholy!"

"God bless my soul, Miss Newcome! what do you mear I think I look pretty well," and the noble youth passe his hand through his hair. "It is a hard life, I know, the tearin' about night after night, and sittin' up till ever s much o'clock; and then all these races, you know, comit one after another—it's enough to knock up any fellow. It tell you what I'll do, Miss Newcome. I'll go down to Codlington, to my mother—I will, upon my honour—and I quiet all July; and then I'll go to Scotland, and you she see whether I don't look better next season."

"Do, Lord Farintosh!" said Ethel, greatly amused, a much, perhaps, at the young Marquis as at her cousin Cliv who sat whilst the other was speaking, furning with rage, his table —"What are you doing Clive?" she arks

his table.—"What are you doing, Clive?" she asks.

"I was trying to draw, Lord knows who—Lord Newcom who was killed at the Battle of Bosworth," said the artis and the girl ran to look at the picture.

"Why, you have made him like Punch!" cries the you

"It's a shame caricaturing one's own flesh and blood, is it?" asked Clive gravely.

"What a droll, funny picture!" exclaims Lady Ann.

"Isn't it capital, Lord Farintosh?"

"I dare say; I confess I don't understand that sort thing," says his lordship—"don't, upon my honour. Ther Odo Carton, always making those caricatures; I do understand 'em. You'll come up to town to-morrow, wo you? And you're goin' to Lady Hm's, and to Hm a Hm's, ain't you?" (The names of these aristocratic places resort were quite inaudible.) "You mustn't let Miss Black-cap have it all her own way, you know, that you mustn't."

"She won't have it all her own way," says Miss Ethel.
"Lord Farintosh, will you do me a favour? Lady Innishowan is your aunt."

"Of course she is my aunt."

ne?—Chve,

those mustachios and their wearer on a former night, though he had not "A-ming 500 e;" and

> and my gaged in thought.

very likely with justice, "He is making fun of my mustachios. Confound him I should like to pitch him over into the street." But this was only a kind wish on Mr. Newcome's part, not followed out by any immediate fulfilment.

As the Marquis of Farintosh seemed inclined to prolong his visit, and his company was executingly disagreeable to Clive, the latter took his departare for an afternoon walk, consoled to think that he should have Ethel to himself at the evening's dinner, when Lady Ann would be occupied about Sir Brian, and would be sure to be putting the children to bed, and, in a word, would give him a quarter of an hour of delightful dis-b-die with the beautiful Ethel.

Clive's disgust was considerable when he came to dinner at length, and found Lord Farintost, likewise invited, and sprawing in the drawing-room. His hopes of a title-little were over. Ethel and Lady Ann and my lord talked, as all people will, about their mutual acquaintance—what parties were coming off, who was going to marry whom, and so forth. And as the persons about whom they conversed

Miss Newcome had faults of her own, and was worldly enough, as perhaps the reader has begun to perceive; but in this instance no harm, sure, was to be attributed to her. If two gossips in Aunt Honeyman's parlour had talked over the affairs of Mr. Jones and Mr. Brown, Clive would not have been angry; but a young man of spirit not infrequently mistakes his vanity for independence, and it is certain that nothing is more offensive to us of the middle class than to hear the names of great folks constantly introduced into conversation.

So Clive was silent, and ate no dinner, to the alarm of Martha, who had put him to bed many a time, and always had a maternal eye over him. When he actually refused currant and raspberry tart, and custard, the *chef-d'envore* of Mrs. Honeyman, for which she had seen him absolutely cry

in his childhood, the good Martha was alarmed.

"Law, Master Clive!" she said, "do'ee eat some. Missis made it, you know she did;" and she insisted on bringing back the tart to him.

Lady Ann and Ethel laughed at this eagerness on the worthy old woman's part. "Do'ee eat some, Clive," say's Ethel, imitating honest Mrs. Hicks, who had left the room.

"It's doosid good," remarked Lord Farintosh.

"Then do'ee eat some more," said Miss Newcome; on which the young nobleman, holding out his plate, observed with much affability that the cook of the lodgings was really a stunner for tarts.

"The cook! dear me, it's not the cook!" cries Miss Ethel. "Don't you remember the princess in the 'Arabian Nights,' who was such a stunner for tarts, Lord Farintosh?"

Lord Farintosh couldn't say that he did.

"Well, I thought not; but there was a princess in Arabia or China, or somewhere, who made such delicious tarts and custards that nobody's could compare with them; and there is an old lady in Brighton who has the same wonderful talent. She is the mistress of this house."

"And she is my aunt, at your lordship's service," said Mr.

Clive, with great dignity.

"Upon my honour! did you make 'em, Lady Ann?" asked my lord.

"The Queen of Hearts made tarts!" cried out Miss Newcome, rather eagerly, and blushing somewhat. "My good old aunt, Miss Honeyman, made this one," Clive would go on to say.

"Mr. Honeyman's sister, the preacher, you know, where we go on Sunday," Miss Ethel interposed.

"The Honeyman pedigree is not a matter of very great importance," Lady Ann remarked gently -- "Kuhn, will you hare the goodness to take away these things?—When did you hear of Colonel Newcome, Clive?"

An air of deep bewilderment and perplexity had spread over Lord Farintosh's fine countenance whilst this talk about pastry had been going on. The Arabian Princess, the Queen of Hearts making tarts, Miss Honeyman? Who the deuce were all these? Such may have been his lordship's doubts and queries. Whatever his cognitations were, he did not give utterance to them, but remained in silence for some time, as did the rest of the little party. Clue tried to think he had asserted his independence by showing that he was not ashamed of his old aunt; but the doubt may be whether here was any necessity for presenting her in this company, and whether Mr. Clive had not much better have left the Ethel evidently thought so, for she talked and rattled in the most lively manner with Lord Fanntosh for the rest of e evening, and scarcely chose to say a word to her cousin. ady Ann was absent with Sir Brian and her children for the ost part of the time, and thus Clive had the pleasure of tening to Miss Newcome uttening all sorts of odd little radoxes, firing the while sly shots at Mr Clive, and ined making fun of his friends, exhibiting herself in not the st agreeable light. Her talk only served the more to

sider Lord Farintosh, who did not understand a tithe of allusions; for Heaven, which had endowed the young quis with personal charms, a large estate, an ancient and the pride belonging to it, had not supplied his ship with a great quantity of brains or a very feeling dy Ann came back from the upper regions pres

rather a grave face, and saying that Sir Brian

so well this evening; upon which the young men rose to depart. My lord said he had "a most delightful dinner and a most delightful tart, 'pon his honour," and was the only one of the little company who laughed at his own remark. Miss Ethel's eyes flashed scorn at Mr. Clive when that un-

fortunate subject was introduced again. My lord was going back to London to-morrow; was Miss Newcome going back? Wouldn't he like to go back in the train with her !- another unlucky observation. Lady Ann said "it would depend on the state of Sir Brian's health the next morning whether Ethel would return; and both of you gentlemen are too young to be her escort," added the kind lady. Then she shook hands with Clive as thinking she had said something too severe for him.

Farintosh in the meantime was taking leave of Miss Newcome. "Pray, pray," said his lordship, "don't throw me over at Lady Innishowan's. You know I hate balls, and never go to 'em except when you go. I hate dancing, I do,

'pon my honour."

"Thank you," said Miss Newcome, with a curtsy.

"Except with one person—only one person, upon my I'll remember and get the invitation for your friend. And if you would but try that mare! I give you my honour I bred her at Codlington. She's a beauty to look at, and as quiet as a lamb."

"I don't want a horse like a lamb," replied the young

lady.

"Well, she'll go like blazes now, and over timber she's

splendid now; she is, upon my honour."

"When I come to London, perhaps you may trot her out," said Miss Ethel, giving him her hand and a fine smile. Clive came up biting his lips. "I suppose you don't

condescend to ride Bhurtpore any more now?" he said.

"Poor old Bhurtpore! the children ride him now," said Miss Ethel, giving Clive at the same time a dangerous look of her eyes, as though to see if her shot had hit. Then she added, "No: he has not been brought up to town this year; he is at Newcome, and I like him very much." Perhaps she thought the shot had struck too deep.

But if Clive was hurt he did not show his wound. "You

have had him these four years—yes, it's four years since r father broke him for you. And you still continue to li him? What a miracle of constancy! You use him som times in the country, when you have no better horse; who a compliment to Bhurtpore!

"Nonsense!" Miss Ethel here made Clive a sign in he most imperious manner to stay a moment when Lord Farin

But he did not choose to obey this order. "Good night," e said. "Before I go I must shake hands with my aunt ownstairs." And he was gone, following close upon Lord Faintosh, who I dare say thought, "Why the deuce can't he shake hands with his aunt up here?" And when Clive entered Miss Honeyman's back parlour, making a bow to the young nobleman, my lord went away more perplexed than ever, and the next day told friends at White's what uncommonly queer people those Newcomes were. "I give you my honour there was a fellow at Lady Ann's whom they call Clive, who is a pointer by trade, his uncle is a preacher, his father is a horse-dealer, and his aunt lets lodgings and

CHAPTER V.

RETURNS TO SOME OLD FRIENDS.

THE haggard youth hurst into my chambers, in the Temple, Are neggett your many and confided to me the story which has been just here narrated. When he had concluded it, with many ejaculations regarding the heroine of the tale, "I saw her, sir," he added, "walking with the children and A saw uc, au, uc and uc, many the fly to the station, and "Why did you go round by the chiff?" asked Chre's

"That is not the way from the Steyne Arms to the "Hang it," says Clive, turning very red, "I wanted to

st under her windows, and if I saw her, not to see her; an

"Why did she walk on the chff?" mused Cli

"at that early hour? Not to meet Lord Farintosh, I should think. He never gets up before twelve. It must have been to see you. Didn't you tell her you were going away in the

morning?"

"I tell you what she does with me," continues Mr. Clive. "Sometimes she seems to like me; and then she leaves me. Sometimes she is quite kind—kind she always is—I mean, you know, Pen—you know what I mean; and then up comes the old Countess, or a young Marquis, or some fellow with a handle to his name, and she whistles me off till the next convenient opportunity."

"Women are like that, my ingenuous youth," says Clive's

counsellor.

"I won't stand it; I won't be made a fool of!" he continues. "She seems to expect everybody to bow to her, and moves through the world with her imperious airs. Of how confoundedly handsome she is with them! I tell you what: I feel inclined to tumble down and feel one of her pretty little feet on my neck and say, There! Trample my life out. Make a slave of me. Let me get a silver collar and mark 'Ethel' on it, and go through the world with my badge."

"And a blue ribbon for a footman to hold you by, and a muzzle to wear in the dog-days. Bow! wow!" says Mr.

Pendennis.

(At this noise Mr. Warrington puts his head in from the neighbouring bed-chamber, and shows a beard just lathered for shaving. "We are talking sentiment! Go back till you are wanted!" says Mr. Pendennis. Exit he of the soap

suds.)

"Don't make fun of a fellow," Clive continues, laughing ruefully. "You see I must talk about it to somebody; I shall die if I don't. Sometimes, sir, I rise up in my might and I defy her lightning. The sarcastic dodge is the best: I have borrowed that from you, Pen, old boy. That puzzles her; that would beat her, if I could but go on with it. But there comes a tone of her sweet voice, a look out of those killing grey eyes, and all my frame is in a thrill and a tremble When she was engaged to Lord Kew, I did battle with the confounded passion—and I ran away from it like an hones.

nan; and the gods rewarded me with ease of mind after a while. But now the thing rages worse than ever. Last sight, I give you my honour, I heard every one of the motounded hours toll, except the last, when I was dreaming if my father, and the chamber-maid woke me with a hotster jug."

"Did she scald you? What a cruel chamber-maid! I

ee you have shaven the mustachios off."

"Farintosh asked me whether I was going into the army," aid Clive, "and she laughed. I thought I had best dock hem. Oh, I would like to cut my head off as well as my sair!"

"Have you ever asked her to marry you?" asked Clive's

mend.

"I have seen her but five times since my return from throad," the lad went on; "there has been always somebody by. Who am I? a painter with five hundred a year for an illowance. Isn't she used to walk upon velvet and dine upon silvet; and hasn't she got marquises and barons, and all sorts of swells, in her tran? I dazen't ask her—"

Here his friend hummed Montrose's lines—"He either fears his fate too much, or his desert is small, who dares not

put it to the touch, and win or lose it all."

"I own I dare not ask her. If she were to refuse me, I know I should never ask again. This isn't the moment, when all Swelldom is at her feet, for me to come forward and say, 'Maiden, I have watched thee daily, and I think thou lovest me well.' I read that ballad to her at Baden, sir. I drew a picture of the Lord of Burleigh wooing the maiden, and asked what she would have done?"

"Oh, you did? I thought, when we were at Baden, we were so modest that we did not even whisper our condition?"

"A fellow can't help letting it be seen and hinting it," says Clive, with another blush. "They can read it in our looks fast enough, and what is going on in our minds, hang them! I recollect she said, in her grave, cool way, that after all the Lord and Lady of Burleigh did not seem to have made a very good maringe, and that the lady would have been much happier in marrying one of her own degree."

"That was a very prudent saying for a young lady o

eighteen," remarks Clive's friend.
"Yes; but it was not an unkind one. Say Ethel though

Aunt Honeyman!"

was going out a-courting."

A STATE OF THE STA

—thought what was the case; and being engaged hersel and knowing how friends of mine had provided a very prett little partner for me—she is a dear, good little girl, littl Rosey, and twice as good, Pen, when her mother is away-knowing this and that, I say, suppose Ethel wanted to giv me a hint to keep quiet, was she not right in the counsel sh gave me? She is not fit to be a poor man's wife. Fance Ethel Newcome going into the kitchen and making pies lik

"The Circassian beauties don't sell under so many thor sand purses," remarked Mr. Pendennis. "If there's a beautin a well-regulated Georgian family, they fatten her; the feed her with the best Racahout des Arabes. They give he silk robes and perfumed baths; have her taught to play of the dulcimer, and dance and sing; and when she is quit perfect, send her down to Constantinople for the Sultan inspection. The rest of the family never think of grumbling but eat coarse meat, bathe in the river, wear old clothe and praise Allah for their sister's elevation. Bah! Do you suppose the Turkish system doesn't obtain all the word over? My poor Clive, this article in the May Fair Mark is beyond your worship's price. Some things in this word are made for our betters, young man. Let Dives say graffor his dinner, and the dogs and Lazarus be thankful for the

Thus it will be seen, that in his communication wi certain friends who approached nearer to his own time life, Clive was much more eloquent and rhapsodical than the letter which he wrote to his father, regarding his passis for Miss Ethel. He celebrated her with pencil and per He was for ever drawing the outline of her head, the solen eyebrow, the nose (that wondrous little nose) descendifrom the straight forehead, the short upper lip, and changes weeping in a full curve to the neck, etc., etc., etc. A fiquenter of his studio might see a whole gallery of Ether there represented. When Mrs. Mackenzie visited that place

crumbs. Here comes Warrington, shaven and smart as if I

and remarked one face and figure repeated on a hundred THE NEWCOMES. canvases and papers, grey, white, and brown, I believe she was told that the original was a famous Roman model, from 퍃 whom Clive had studied a great deal during his residence in Italy; on which Mrs. Mack gave it as her opinion that Clive 127 was a sad wicked young fellow The widow thought rather the better of him for being a sad wicked young fellow; and 中院女 as for Miss Rosey, she of course was of mamma's way of thinking. Rosey went through the world constantly smiling at whatever occurred. She was good-humoured through the 37 Le dreariest long evenings at the most stupid parties; sate goodhumouredly for hours at Shoolbred's whilst mamma was making purchases; heard good-humouredly those old stories of her mother's day after day; bore an hour's joking or an hour's scolding with equal good humour, and whatever had been the occurrences of her simple day, whether there was sunshine or cloudy weather, or flashes of lightning and bursts of rain, I fancy Miss Mackenzie slept after them quite undisturbedly, and was sure to greet the morrow's dawn with a smile. Had Clive become more knowing in his travels, had Love

or Experience opened his eyes, that they looked so differently now upon objects which before used well enough to please them? It is a fact that, until he went abroad, he thought widow Mackenzie a dashing, lively, agreeable woman. He used to receive her stories about Cheltenham, the Colonies, the balls at Government House, the observations which the bishop made, and the peculiar attention of the Chief Justice to Mrs. Major M Shane, with the Major's uneasy behaviour all these to hear at one time did Chve not ungraciously ncline, "Our friend, Mrs Mack," the good old Colonel great deal of company." That story of Sir Thomas Sad and dropping a pocket handkerchief in his court at Colombo, hich the Queen's Advocate O'Goggarty picked up, and on hich Laura Mac S. was embrondered, whilst the Major was solutely in the witness box giving evidence against a tive servant who had stolen one of his cocked hats—that ry always made good Thomas Newcome laugh, and Clive of the enjoy it too, and the widow's mischievous fun of the vidow's mischievous fun of the widow's mischievous fun of the wi

narrating it; and now, behold, one day when Mrs. Mackenzie recounted the anecdote in her best manner to Messrs. Pendennis and Warrington, and Frederick Bayham, who had been invited to meet Mr. Clive in Fitzroy Square-when Mr. Binnie chuckled, when Rosey, as in duty bound, looked discomposed and said, "Law, mamma!"-not one sign of goodhumour, not one ghost of a smile, made its apparition on Clive's dreary face. He painted imaginary portraits with a strawberry stalk; he looked into his water-glass as though he would plunge and drown there; and Bayham had to remind him that the claret-jug was anxious to have another embrace from its constant friend, F. B. When Mrs. Mack went away distributing smiles, Clive groaned out, "Good heavens! how that story does bore me!" and lapsed into his former moodiness, not giving so much as a glance to Rosey, whose sweet face looked at him kindly for a moment, as she followed in the wake of her mamma.

"The mother's the woman for my money," I heard F. B. whisper to Warrington. "Splendid figure-head, sir—magnificent build, sir, from bows to stern—I like 'em of that sort. Thank you, Mr. Binnie, I will take a back-hander, as Clive don't seem to drink. The youth, sir, has grown melancholy with his travels. I'm inclined to think some noble Roman has stolen the young man's heart. Why did you not send us over a picture of the charmer, Clive? Young Ridley, Mr. Binnie, you will be happy to hear, is bidding fair to take a distinguished place in the world of arts. His picture has been greatly admired; and my good friend Mrs. Ridley tells me that Lord Todmorden has sent him over an order to paint him a couple of pictures at a hundred guineas apiece."

"I should think so. J. J.'s pictures will be worth five times a hundred guineas ere five years are over," says Clive.

"In that case it wouldn't be a bad speculation for our friend Sherrick," remarked F. B., "to purchase a few of the young man's works. I would, only I haven't the capital to spare. Mine has been vested in an Odessa venture, sir—in a large amount of wild oats, which up to the present moment make me no return. But it will always be a consolation to me to think that I have been the means, the humble means of furthering that deserving young man's prospects in life."

"You, F. B.1 and how?" we asked.

Ves, the articles, triling as they may appear, have attracted totice," continued F. B., sipping his wine with great gusto. "They are noticed, Pendennia, give me leave to say parties who don't value so much the literary or even the tollical part of the Pall Mall Gazetta, though both, I amold by those who read them, are conducted with considerable—consummate ability. John Rudley sent a hundred counds over to his father the other day, who funded it in his son's name. And Rudley told the story to Lord Todmorden, shen the venerable nobleman congratulated him on having such a child. I wish F. B. had one of the same sort, sur." In which sweet traver we all of as soloned with a laught.

One of us had told Mrs. Mackenzie (let the criminal blush to own that quizzing his fellow-creatures used at one time to form part of his youthful amsement) that F B, was the son of a gentleman of most ancient family and vast kanded possessions; and as Bayham was particularly attentive to the widow, and grandiloquent in his remarks, she was greatly pleased by his politeness, and pronounced him a most distingul man—reminding her, indeed, of General Hopkirk, who commanded in Canada. And she bade Rossy sing for Mr. Bayham, who was in a rapture at the young lady's performances, and said no wonder such an accomplished daughter crime from such a mother, though how such a mother could have a daughter of such an age he, F. B., was at a loss to understand. O sir! Mrs. Mackenzae was charmed and overcome at this novel compliment. Meanwhile the little, articles Rosey washed on her pretty ditters.

"It is a wonder," growled out Mr. Warrington, "that that sweet gri can belong to such a woman. I don't understand much about women, but that one appears to me to be —hum!"

with " C

t she would make a much better wife for Clive than that ashionable cousin of his he is hankering after. I heard him bellowing about her the other day in chambers, as I was dressing. What the deuce does the boy want with a wife at all?" And Rosey's song being by this time finished, Warrington went up with a blushing face and absolutely paid a compliment to Miss Mackenzie—an almost unheard-of effort

on George's part "I wonder whether it is every young fellow's lot," quoth George, as we trudged home together, "to pawn his heart away to some girl that's not worth the winning? Psha! it's all mad rubbish this sentiment. The women ought not to be allowed to interfere with us: married if a man must be a suitable wife should be portioned out to him, and there ar end of it. Why doesn't the young man marry this girl, and get back to his business and paint his pictures? Because his father wishes it—and the old Nabob yonder, who seems a kindly-disposed, easy-going, old heathen philosopher. Here's a pretty little girl; money I suppose in sufficiency—every thing satisfactory, except, I grant you, the campaigner. The lad might daub his canvases, christen a child a year, and be as happy as any young donkey that browses on this common of ours; but he must go and hee-haw after a zebra, forsooth a lusus natura is she! I never spoke to a woman of fashion thank my stars-I don't know the nature of the beast; and since I went to our race balls, as a boy, scarcely ever say one, as I don't frequent operas and parties in London, lik you young flunkeys of the aristocracy. I heard you talkin about this one; I couldn't help it, as my door was open, and the young one was shouting like a madman. What! does h choose to hang on on sufferance, and hope to be taken, pro vided Miss can get no better? Do you mean to say the is the genteel custom, and that women in your confounde society do such things every day? Rather than have suc a creature, I would take a savage woman, who should nurs my dusky brood; and rather than have a daughter brough up to the trade, I would bring her down from the woods an sell her in Virginia." With which burst of indignation or friend's anger ended for that night.

Though Mr. Clive had the felicity to meet his cousin Ethe

at a party or two in the ensuing weeks of the season, every THE NEWCOMES. ime he perused the features of Lady Kew's brass knocker in lucen Street no result came of the visit. At one of their seetings in the world Ethel fairly told bim that ber grandother would not receive him. "You know, Clive, I can't ip myself; nor would it be proper to make you signs out of e window. But you must call for all that: grandmamma ly become more good-humoured; or if you don't come, she y suspect I told you not to come; and to battle with her day after day is no pleasure, sir, I assure you. Here is Lord Farintosh coming to take me to dance. You must not speak to me all the evening, mind that, sir," and away goes the young lady in a waltz with the Marquis

On the same evening—as he was biting his nails, or cursing his fate, or wishing to invite Lord Farintosh into the vivor-

On othe. .

nize him If she

was not particularly unhappy at his exclusion, why did Miss ... at Her grandmother's house, and Newcome encourage Mr Cine so that he should try and see her? If Clive could not get into the little house in Queen Street, why was Lord Farintosh's enormous cab-horse looking daily into the first-floor windows of that street? Why were little quiet dinners made for him, before the opera, before going to the play, upon a half-dozen occasions, when some of bong or the pay, upon a nan-ducen occasions, when some or the old, old Kew Port was brought out of the cellar, where cobwebs had gathered round it ere Farintosh was born The dining room was so tiny that not more than five people could sit at the little round table—that is, not more than Lady Kew and her grand-daughter, Miss Crochet, the late vicar's daughter at Kewbury, one of the Miss Toadins, and Captain Walleye, or Tommy Henchman, Fanntosh's kınsman and admiret, who were of no consequence, or old Fred Tiddler, whose wife was an invalid, and who was always ready at a moment's notice. Crackthorpe once went to one of these dinners; but that young soldier, being a frank and spirited youth, abused the entertainment, and declined

of them. "I tell you what I was wanted for," the Captain told his mess and Clive at the Regent's Park Barracks afterwards: "I was expected to go as Farintosh's Groom of the Stole, don't you know-to stand, or if I could sit, in the back seat of the box, whilst His Royal Highness made talk with the Beauty; to go out and fetch the carriage, and walk downstairs with that d-d crooked old dowager, that looks as if she usually rode on a broomstick, by Jove, or else with that bony old painted sheep-faced companion, who's raddled like an old bell-wether. I think, Newcome, you seem to be rather hit by the Belle Cousine. So was I last season; so were ever so many of the fellows. By Jove, sir! there's nothing I know more comfortable or inspiritin' than a younger son's position when a Marquis cuts in with fifteen thousand a year! We fancy we've been making running, and suddenly we find ourselves nowhere. Miss Mary, or Miss Lucy, or Miss Ethel, saving your presence, will no more look at us than my dog will look at a piece of bread when I offer her this cutlet. Will you, old woman? No, you old slut, that you won't!" (to Mag, an Isle of Skye terrier, who, in fact, prefers the cutlet, having snuffed disdainfully at the bread)-"that you won't, no more than any of your sex. Why, do

suppose, if Jack's eldest brother had been dead—Bare-Belsize they used to call him (I don't believe he was a bad fellow, though he was fond of psalm-singing)—do you suppose that Lady Clara would have looked at that cocktail Barney Newcome? Beg your pardon, if he's your cousin—

but a more odious little snob I never saw."

"I give you up Barnes," said Clive, laughing; "anybody

may shy at him and I shan't interfere."

"I understand; but at nobody else of the family. Well, what I mean is, that that old woman is enough to spoil any young girl she takes in hand. She dries 'em up, and poisons 'em, sir; and I was never more glad than when I heard that Kew had got out of her old clutches. Frank is a fellow that will always be led by some woman or another, and I'm only glad it should be a good one. They say his mother's serious, and that; but why shouldn't she be?" continues honest Crackthorpe, puffing his cigar with great energy. "They say the old dowager doesn't believe in God nor devil, but that

she's in such a funk to be left in the dark that she howls and raises the doose's own delight if her candle goes out. Toppleton slept next room to her at Groningham, and heard

her; didn't you, Top?"
"Heard her howling like an old cat on the tiles," says Toppleton-"thought she was at first. My man told me that she used to fling all sorts of things-boot-jacks and things, give you my honour-at her maid, and that the woman was all over black and blue."

"Capital head that is Newcome has done of Jack Belsize!"

says Crackthorpe, from out of his cigar "And Kew's too-famous likeness! I say, Newcome, if

you have 'em printed, the whole brigade'll subscribe. Make your fortune, see if you won't," cries Toppleton.

"He's such a heavy swell, he don't want to make his for-

tune," ejaculates Butts

"Butts, old boy, he'll paint you for nothing, and send you to the Exhibition, where some widow will fall in love with you; and you shall be put as frontispiece for the 'Book of Beauty,' by Jove," cries another military satirist—to whom Butte :

"You hold your tongue, you old Saracen's Head; they're going to have you done on the bear's-grease pots. I say, I suppose Jack's all right now When did he write to you last,

Cracky?"

"He wrote from Palermo-a most jolly letter from him and Kew. He hasn't touched a card for nine months-is going to give up play. So is Frank, too—grown quite a good boy. So will you, too, Butts, you old miscreant, repent of your sins, pay your debts, and do something handsome for that poor deluded milliner in Albany Street. Jack says Kew's mother has written over to Lord Highgate a beautiful letter; and the old boy's relenting, and they'll come together again. Jack's eldest son now, you know. Bore for Lady Susan only having girls "

"Not a bore for Jack, though," enes another. And what a good fellow Jack was l-and what a trump Kew is; and how famously he stuck by him; went to see him in prison and paid him out !-- and what good fellows we all are, in general, became the subject of the conversation, the latter

a Silver

part of which took place in the smoking-room of the Regent's Park Barracks, then occupied by that regiment of Life Guards of which Lord Kew and Mr. Belsize had been members. Both were still fondly remembered by their companions; and it was because Belsize had spoken very warmly of Clive's friendliness to him that Jack's friend, the gallant Crackthorpe, had been interested in our hero, and found an opportunity of making his acquaintance.

With these frank and pleasant young men Clive soon formed a considerable intimacy; and if any of his older and peaceful friends chanced to take their afternoon airing in the Park, and survey the horsemen there, we might have the pleasure of beholding Mr. Newcome in Rotten Row, riding side by side with other dandies, who had mustachios blond or jet, who wore flowers in their buttons (themselves being flowers of spring), who rode magnificent thoroughbred horses, scarcely touching their stirrups with the tips of their varnished boots, and who kissed the most beautiful primrosecoloured kid gloves to lovely ladies passing them in the Ride. Clive drew portraits of half the officers of the Life Guards Green, and was appointed painter in ordinary to that distinguished corps. His likeness of the Colonel would make you die with laughing; his picture of the Surgeon was voted a masterpiece. He drew the men in the saddle, in the stable, in their flannel dresses, sweeping their flashing swords about, receiving lancers, repelling infantry-nay, cutting a sheep in two, as some of the warriors are known to be able to do at one stroke. Detachments of Life Guardsmen made their appearance in Charlotte Street, which was not very distant from their barracks; the most splendid cabs were seen prancing before his door, and curly-whiskered youths, of aristocratic appearance, smoking cigars out of his painting-room window. How many times did Clive's nextdoor neighbour, little Mr. Finch, the miniature painter, run to peep through his parlour blinds, hoping that a sitter was coming and "a carriage party" driving up! What wrath Mr. Scowler, A.R.A., was in, because a young hopo'mythumb dandy, who wore gold chains, and his collars turned down, should spoil the trade, and draw portraits for nothing. Why did none of the young men come to Scowler? Scowler was obliged to own that Mr. Newcome had considerable talent, and a good knack at eathing a likeness. He could not paint a bit, to be sure; but his heads in black and white were really tolerable, his sketches of horses very vigorous and liethee. Mr. Gandish said if Clive would come for three or four years into his academy he could make something of him. Mr. Smee shook his head, and said he was afraid that kind of loose, desultory study, that keeping of aristocratic company, was anything but favourable to a young artist—Smee, who would walk five miles to attend an evening party of vers so little a great man!

CHAPTER VI:

IN WHICH MR. CHARLES HONEYMAN APPEARS IN AN AMIABLE LIGHT.

Ms. FREDERICK BAYHAM waited at Fitzroy Square while Citive was yet talking with his friends there, and favoured that gentleman with his company home to the usual smoky, refreshment. Clive always rejoiced in F. B.'s society, whether he was in a sportive mood, or, as now, in a soletan and didactic vein. F. B. had been more than ordinarily majestic all the erening. "I dare say you find me a good deal altered, Clive," he remarked. "I am a good deal altered. Clive," he remarked, "I am a good deal altered. Since that good Samantan, your kind father, had conversely mind you, he was much better than his company), F. B. has mended some of his ways. I am trying a course of industry, sir. Fowers, perhaps naturally great, have been neglected over the wine-cup and the die. I am beginning to feel my way; and my chiefs yonder, who have just walked

do not consider themselves to be,—I say, sar, the *Politician* and the *Literary Critic*" (there was a most sarcastic emptidad on these phrases, characterizing Messrs. Warrington Pendennis) "may find that there is a humble cont

to the Pail Mall Gasette, whose name, may be, the amateur shall one day reekon even higher than their own. Mr. Warrington I do not say so much—he is an able man, sir, an able man; but there is that about your exceedingly self-satisfied friend, Mr. Arthur Pendennis, which—well, well—let time show. You did not—get the—hem—paper at Rome and Naples, I suppose?"

"Forbidden by the Inquisition," says Clive, delighted;

"and at Naples the king furious against it."

"I don't wonder they don't like it at Rome, sir. There's serious matter in it which may set the prelates of a certain church rather in a tremor. You haven't read—the—ahem—the Pulpit Pencillings in the P. M. G.? Slight sketches, mental and corporeal, of our chief divines now in London—and signed Laud Latimer?"

"I don't do much in that way," said Clive.

"So much the worse for you, my young friend. Not that I mean to judge any other fellow harshly-I mean any other fellow sinner harshly-or that I mean that those Pulpit Peneillings would be likely to do you any great good. such as they are, they have been productive of benefit.— Thank you, Mary, my dear; the tap is uncommonly good, and I drink to your future husband's good health.-A glass of good sound beer refreshes after all that claret. Well, sir, to return to the Peneillings, pardon my vanity in saying that, though Mr. Pendennis laughs at them, they have been of essential service to the paper. They give it a character; they rally round it the respectable elasses. They ereate correspondence. I have received many interesting letters, chiefly from females, about the Peneillings. Some complain that their favourite preachers are slighted; others applaud because the elergymen they sit under are supported by F. B. I am Laud Latimer, sir-though I have heard the letters attributed to the Rev. Mr. Bunker, and to a Member of Parliament eminent in the religious world."

"So you are the famous Laud Latimer?" eries Clive, who had, in fact, seen letters signed by those right reverend

names in our paper.

"Famous is hardly the word. One who scoffs at everything—I need not say I allude to Mr. Arthur Pendennis—

would have had the letters signed, the Beadle of the Parish. He calls me the Venerable Beadle sometimes-it being, I grieve to say, his way to dende grave subjects. You wouldn't suppose now, my young Clive, that the same hand which pens the Art criticisms, occasionally, when his Highness Pendennis is lazy, takes a minor theatre, or turns the sportive epigram or the ephemeral paragraph, should adopt a grave theme on a Sunday, and chronicle the sermons of British divines? For eighteen consecutive Sunday evenings, Clive, in Mrs. Ridley's front parlour, which I now occupy, vice Miss Cann promoted, I have well scarcely allow

exhaus

were, and says they bore the

cillings public. I don't want to think a man is jealous, who was himself the cause of my engagement at the P. M. G. - perhaps my powers were not developed then"

"Pen thinks he writes better now than when he began,"

remarked Clive; "I have heard him say so."

"His opinion of his own writings is high, whatever their date. Mine, sir, are only just coming into notice. They begin to know F. B, sir, in the sacred edifices of his metropolitan city. I saw the Bishop of London looking at me last Sunday week, and am sure his Chaplain whispered him, 'It's Mr. Bayham, my lord, nephew of your lordship's right reverend brother, the Lord Bishop of Bullocksmithy' And last Sunday, being at church-at Saint Mungo the Martyr's, Rev. S. Sawders-by Wednesday I got in a female hand-Mrs. Sawders's, no doubt-the biography of the Incumbent of St. Mungo, an account of his early virtues, a copy of his poems, and a hint that he was the gentleman destined for the vacant Deanery.

"Ridley is not the only man I have helped in this world," F. B. continued. "Perhaps I should blush to own it-I do blush; but I feel the ties of early acquaintance, and I own that I have puffed your uncle, Charles Honeyman, most tremendously. It was partly for the sake of the Ridleys and the tick he owes 'em; partly for old times' sake. Sir, are you aware that things are greatly changed with Charles Hoy and that the poor F. B. has very likely made his for

"I am delighted to hear it," cried Clive; "and how, F. B., have you wrought this miracle?"

"By eommon-sense and enterprise, lad-by a knowledge of the world, and a benevolent disposition. You'll see Lady Whittlesea's chapel bears a very different aspect now. That misereant Sherrick owns that he owes me a turn, and has sent me a few dozen of wine-without any stamped paper on my part in return—as an acknowledgment of my service. It chanced, sir, soon after your departure for Italy, that going to his private residence respecting a little bill to which a heedless friend had put his hand, Sherrick invited me to partake of tea in the bosom of his family. I was thirsty—having walked in from Jaek Straw's Castle at Hampstead, where poor Kitely and I had been taking a ehop—and accepted the proffered entertainment. The ladies of the family gave us music after the domestic mussin; and then, sir, a great idea occurred to me. You know how magnificently Miss Sherrick and the mother sing? They sang Mozart, sir. 'Why,' I asked of Sherriek, 'should those ladies who sing Mozart to a piano, not sing Handel to an organ?"
"Dash it, you don't mean a hurdy-gurdy!"

"'Sherriek,' says I, 'you are no better than a heathen ignoramus. I mean, why shouldn't they sing Handel's Church music, and Church music in general, in Lady Whitlesea's chapel? Behind the sereen up in the organ-loft, what's to prevent 'em, by Jingo? Your singing boys have gone to the Cave of Harmony; you and your choir have split—why should not these ladies lead it?' He caught at the idea. You never heard the chants more finely given; and they would be better still if the congregation would but hold their confounded tongues. It was an excellent though a harmless dodge, sir; and drew immensely, to speak profanely. They dress the part, sir, to admiration-a sort of nunlike costume they come in. Mrs. Sherriek has the soul of an artist still—by Jove, sir, when they have once smelt the lamps, the love of the trade never leaves 'em. The ladies actually practised by moonlight in the chapel, and came over to Honeyman's to an oyster afterwards. The thing took, sir. People began to take box—seats I mean, again; and Charles Honeyman, easy in his mind through your noble father's generosity, perhaps inspirited by returning good fortune, has been preaching more eloquently than ever. He took some lessons of Husler, of the Haymarket, sir. His sermons

some one in Covent Garden. And—don't tell this now, upon your bonour!"

"Tell what, F. B.?" asks Clive.

"I got up a persecution against your uncle for Popiah practices—summoned a meetur at the Runaug Footman, in Bolingbroke Street. Billings the butterman, Sharwood the turner and blacking-maker, and the Honourable Phelium of Cutragh, Lord Scullabogue's son, made speeches. Two or three respectable families (your aunt, Mrs. What-dyou-call: em Newcome, amongst the number) quitted the chapel in disgust. I wrote an article of controversial biography in the P. M. G.; set the busness going in the daily press; and the thing was done, sir. That property is a paying one to the Incumben, and to Shernek over him. Charles's affairs are getting all right, sir. He never had the pluck to owe much; and if it be a sin to have wiped his slate clean, sansified his creditions, and made Charles easy—upon my conscience, I must confess that F. B. has done it. I hope I may never the confess that F. B. has done it. I hope I may never

perity was enough to send Clive to Lady Whittlesea's chapel, and it was not because Miss Ethel had sad that she and Lady Kew went there that Clive was induced to go there too. He attended punctually on the next Sunday; and in the Incumbent's pew, whither the pew woman conducted him, sate Mr. Sherrick in great gravity, with large gold pins, who handed him at the anthem a large, new, gult hymn-book.

An odour of millefleurs rustled by them as Charles Honeyman, accompanied by his ecclesiastical valet, pass w from the vestry, and took his place at the desk. Formerly he used to wear a flaunting scarf over his surplice, which was very wide and full; and Clive remembered when, as a boy, he entered the sacred robing-room, how his uncle used to pat and puff out the scarf and the sleeves of his vestment, arrange the natty curl on his forehead, and take his place, a fine example of florid church decoration. Now the scarf was trimmed down to be as narrow as your neckcloth, and hung loose and straight over the back; the ephod was cut straight and as close and short as might be; I believe there was a little trimming of lace to the narrow sleeves, and a slight arabesque of tape, or other substance, round the edge, of the surplice. As for the curl on the forehead, it was no more visible than the Maypole in the Strand, or the Cross at Charing. Honeyman's hair was parted down the middle, short in front, and curling delicately round his ears and the back of his head. He read the service in a swift manner, and with a gentle twang. When the music began, he stood with head on one side, and two slim fingers on the book, as composed as a statue in a mediæval niche. It was fine to hear Sherrick, who had an uncommonly good voice, join in the musical parts of the service. The produce of the market-gardener decorated the church here and there; and the impresario of the establishment, having picked up a Flemish painted window from old Moss in Wardour Street, had placed it in his chapel. Labels of faint green and gold, with long Gothic letters painted thereon, meandered over the organ-loft and galleries, and strove to give as mediæval a look to Lady Whittlesea's as the place was capable of assuming.

In the sermon Charles dropped the twang with the surplice, and the priest gave way to the preacher. He preached short stirring discourses on the subjects of the day. It happened that a noble young Prince, the hope of a nation, and heir of a royal house, had just then died by a sudden accident. Absalom, the son of David, furnished Honeyman with a parallel. He drew a picture of the two deaths, of the grief of kings, of the fate that is superior to them. It was, indeed, a stirring discourse, and caused thrills through the crowd to whom Charles imparted it. "Famous, ain't it?" says Sherrick, giving Clive a hand when the rite was over. "How he's

come out, hasn't be? Didn't think he had it in him." Sherrick seemed to have become of late impressed with the splendour of Charles's talents, and spoke of him—was it not disrespectful?—as a manager would of a successful tragedian. Let us pardon Sherrick; he had been in the theatrical way. "That Irishman was no go at all," he whispered to Mr. Newcome; "got rid of him—let's see, at Michaelmas,"

On account of Clive's tender years, and natural levity, a bittle inattention ray be allowed to the youth, who certainly looked about him very eagerly during the service. The house was filled by the ornamental classes, the bonnets of the newest Parisain fashion. Away in a darking corner, under the organ, sate a squad of footmen. Surely that powdered one in livery wore Lady Kew's colours? So Clive looked under all the bonnets, and presently spied old Lady Kew's face, as grim and yellow as her biass knocker, and by the Ethel's beauteous countenance. He dashed out of church when the congregation rose to depart. "Stop and see Honeyman, won't you?" asked Shernick, suprased.

"Yes, yes—come back again," said Clive, and was gone. He kept his word, and returned presently. The young Marquis and an elderly lady were m Lady Kew's company. Clive had passed close under Lady Kew's venerable Roman

Clive had passed close under Lady Kew's venerable Roman nose without causing that organ to bow in ever so slight a

speaker. The steps of a fine belozenged carriage were let down with a bang. The Yellow One had jumped up behind it, by the side of his brother Giant Canary. Lady Kew's equipage had disappeared, and Mrs. Canterton's was stopping the way.

Clive returned to the chapel by the little door near to the Vestiarium. All the congregation had poured out by this time. Only two ladies were standing near the pulpit; and Sherrick, with his hands rattling his money in his pockets, was pacing up and down the aisle.

"Capital house, Mr. Newcome, wasn't it? I counted no less than fourteen nobs. The Princess of Montcontour and her busband, I suppose, that chap with the beard, who yawns so during the sermon. I'm blest if I didn't think he'd have yawned his head off. Countess of Kew, and her daughter; Countess of Canterton, and the Honourable Miss Fetlock—no, Lady Fetlock. A Countess's daughter is a lady, I'm dashed if she ain't. Lady Glenlivat and her sons; the most noble the Marquis of Farintosh, and Lord 'Enry Roy; that makes seven—no, nine—with the Prince and Princess.—Julia, my dear, you came out like a good 'un to-day. Never heard you in finer voice. Remember Mr. Clive Newcome?"

Mr. Clive made bows to the ladies, who acknowledged him by graceful curtsies. Miss Sherrick was always looking to the

vestry-door.

"How's the old Colonel? The best feller—excuse my calling him a feller—but he is, and a good one too. I went to see Mr. Binnie, my other tenant. He looks a little yellow about the gills, Mr. Binnie. Very proud woman that is who lives with him—uncommon haughty. When will you come down and take your mutton in the Regent's Park, Mr. Clive? There's some tolerable good wine down there. Our reverend ent drops in and takes a glass, don't he, missis?"

"We shall be most 'appy to see Mr. Newcome, I'm sure," says the handsome and good-natured Mrs. Sherrick. "Won't

we, Julia?"

"Oh, certainly," says Julia, who seems rather absent. And behold at this moment the reverend gent enters from the vestry. Both the ladies run towards him, holding forth their hands.

"Oh, Mr. Honeyman! what a sermon! Me and Julia cried so up in the organ-loft; we thought you would have

heard us. Didn't we, Julia?"

"Oh yes," says Julia, whose hand the pastor is now pressing.
"When you described the young man, I thought of my poor boy, didn't I, Julia?" cries the mother, with tears streaming down her face.

"We had a loss more than ten years ago," whispers Sherrick to Clive gravely. "And she's always thinking of it. Women

are so."

Clive was touched and pleased by this exhibition of kind feeling.

"You know his mother was an Absalom," the good wife

continues, pointing to her husband. "Most respectable

"Hold your tongue, Betsy, and leave my poor old mother ilone; do now," says Mr. Sherrick darkly. Clive is in his ancle's fond embrace by this time, who rehukes him for not having called in Walpole Street.

"Now, when will you two gents come up to my shop to

ave a family dinner?" asks Sherrick.

"Ah, Mr. Newcome, do come," says Julia in her deep rich voice, looking up to him with her great black eyes. And if Clive had been a vain fellow like some folks, who knows but he might have thought he had made an impression

on the handsome Julia?

"Thursday, now make it Thursday, if Mr. H is disengaged.
Come along, girls, for the flies bites the ponnes when they're astanding still, and makes 'em mad this weather. Anything you like for dinner. Cut of salmon and cucumber? No, pickled salmon's best this weather."

pickled salmon's best this weather."

"Whatever you give me, you know I'm thankful!" says
Honeyman, in a sweet sad voice, to the two ladies, who were

standing looking at him, the mother's hand clasped in the

daughter's.
"Should you like that Mendelssohn for the Sunday after next? Julia sings it splendid!"

"No. I don't, ma."

"You do, dear! She's a good, good dear, Mr. H., that's what she is."

"You must not call-a-him, in that way. Don't say Mr.

H., ma," says Julia.

"Call me what you please " says Charles, with the most heartrending simplicity; and Mrs. Sherrick straightway kisses

her daughter.

Shernick meanwhile has been pointing out the improvement of the chapel to Clive (which now has indeed a look of the Gothic Hall at Rosherville), and has confided to him the sum for which he screwed the painted window out of old Moss. "When he come to see it up in this place, sir, the old man was mad, I gine you my word! His son ain't no good; says he knows you. He's such a screw, that chap, that he'll overeach himself, mark my words. At least, he'll never die rich. Did you ever hear of me screwing? No, I spend my money like a man. How those girls are a-goin' on about their music with Honeyman. I don't let 'em sing in the evening, or him do duty more than once a day; and you can calc'late how the music draws, because in the evenin' there ain't half the number of people here. Rev. Mr. Journyman does the duty now—quiet Hoxford man—ill, I suppose, this morning. H. sits in his pew, where we was, and coughs—that's to say, I told him to cough. The women like a consumptive parson, sir. Come, gals!"

Clive went to his uncle's lodgings, and was received by Mr. and Mrs. Ridley with great glee and kindness. Both of those good people had made it a point to pay their duty to Mr. Clive immediately on his return to England, and thank him over and over again for his kindness to John James. Never, never would they forget his goodness, and the Colonel's, they were sure. A cake, a heap of biscuits, a pyramid of jams, six frizzling hot mutton-chops, and four kinds of wine, came bustling up to Mr. Honeyman's room twenty minutes after Clive had entered it—as a token of

the Ridleys' affection for him.

Clive remarked, with a smile, the Pall Mall Gazette upon a side-table, and in the chimney-glass almost as many cards as in the time of Honeyman's early prosperity. That he and his uncle should be very intimate together was impossible, from the nature of the two men—Clive being frank, clear-sighted, and imperious; Charles, timid, vain, and double-faced, conscious that he was a humbug, and that most people found him out, so that he would quiver and turn away, and be more afraid of young Clive and his direct straightforward way than of many older men. Then there was the sense of the money transactions between him and the Colonel, which made Charles Honeyman doubly uneasy. In fine, they did not like each other; but, as he is a connection of the most respectable Newcome family, surely he is entitled to a page or two in these their memoirs.

Thursday came, and with it Mr. Sherrick's entertainment, to which also Mr. Binnie and his party had been invited to meet Colonel Newcome's son. Uncle James and Rosey brought Clive in their carriage; Mrs. Mackenzie sent a head-

ache as an apology. She chose to treat Uncle James's land-lord with a great deal of hauteur, and to be angry with her brother for visting such a person. "In fact, you see how fond I must be of dear httle Rosey, Circ, that I put up with all mamma's tantrums for her sake," remarks Mr. Binnie.

"O uncle!" says little Rosey, and the old gentleman stopped her remonstrances with a kiss.

"Yes," says he, "your mother does have tantrums, miss; and though you never complain, there's no reason why I shouldn't. You will not tell on me" (it was "O uncle!" again); "and Clive work, I am sure.

This little thing, sir,"
James went on, holding Rosey's pretty little hand and looking
fordly in her pretty little face, "is her old uncle's only comfort in lite. I wish I had had her out to India to me, and never come back to this great dreary town of yours. But I was tempted home by Tom Newcome; and I'm too old to go back, sir. Where the stick falls let it be. Rosey would have been whisked out of my house, in India, in a month after I had her there. Some young fellow would have taken her away from me; and now she has promised never to leave ber old Uncle James, hasn't she?"

"No, never, uncle," said Rosey.

"He don't want to fall in love, do we, child? We don't want to be breaking our hearts like some young folks, and dancing attendance at balls night after night, and capering about in the Park, to see if we can get a glimpse of the beloved object, ch. Rosey?"

Rosey blushed. It was evident that she and Uncle James both knew of Clive's love affair. In fact, the front seat and back seat of the carnage both blushed. And as for the secret, why, Mrs. Mackenne and Mrs. Hobson had taiked it

"Uncle James, I must make a picture of you, for Rosey," said Clive good humouredly. And Rosey said, "thank

you, Clive," and held out that pretty little hand, and looked so sweet and kind and happy, that Clive could not but be scharmed at the sight of so much innocence and candour.

"Quasty peecoly Rosiny," says James, in a fine Scotch Italian, "e la piu bella, la piu cara ragazza; ma la mawdry e il diav——"

"Don't, uncle!" cried Rosey again; and Clive laughed at

Uncle James's wonderful outbreak in a foreign tongue.

"Eh! I thought ye didn't know a word of the sweet language, Rosey! It's just the Lenguy Toscawny in Bocky Romawny that I thought to try in compliment to this young monkey who has seen the world." And by this time St. John's Wood was reached, and Mr. Sherrick's handsome villa, at the door of which the three beheld the Reverend

Charles Honeyman stepping out of a neat brougham.

The drawing-room contained several pictures of Mrs. Sherrick when she was in the theatrical line; Smee's portrait of her-which was never half handsome enough for my Betsy, Sherrick said indignantly; the print of her in Artaxerxes, with her signature as Elizabeth Folthorpe (not in truth a fine specimen of caligraphy); the testimonial presented to her on the conclusion of the triumphal season of 18-, at Drury Lane, by her ever grateful friend, Adolphus Smacker, Lessee, who, of course, went to law with her next year; and other Thespian emblems. But Clive remarked, with not a little amusement, that the drawing-room tables were now covered with a number of those books which he had seen at Madame de Montcontour's, and many French and German ecclesiastical gimeracks, such as are familiar to numberless readers of mine. There were the Lives of St. Botibol of Islington, and St. Willibald of Bareacres, with pictures of those confessors. Then there was the Legend of Margery Dawe, Virgin and Martyr, with a sweet double-frontispiece, representing (1) the sainted woman selling her feather-bed for the benefit of the poor, and (2) reclining upon straw, the leanest of invalids. There was Old Daddy Longlegs, and how he was brought to say his Prayers: a Tale for Children, by a Lady; with a preface dated St. Chad's Eve, and signed C. H. The Rev. Charles Honeyman's Sermons, delivered at Lady Whittlesea's Chapel. Poems of Early Days, by Charles

ve in-

Honeyman, A.M. The Life of Good Dame Whittlesea, by do. do. Yes, Charles had come out in the literary line. And there, in a basket, was a strip of Berbin work, of the very same Gothic pattern which Madame de Montcontour was weaving, and which you afterwards saw round the pulpit of Charles's chapel. Rosey was welcomed most kindly by the kind lidies; and as the gentlemen sat over their wine after dinner in the summer evening, Clive beheld Rosey and Julia pacing up and down the lawn, Miss Julia's arm round her little friend's waist: he thought they would make a pretty little picture.

"My girl ain't a bad one to look at, is she?" said the pleased father. "A fellow might look far enough, and see not prettier than them two,"

Charles sighed out that there was a German print, the Two Leonoras, which put him in mind of their various styles of beauty.

"I wish I could paint them," said Clive.

"And why not, sir?" asks his host. "Let me give you your first commission now, Mr. Clive; I wouldn't mind paying a good bit for a picture of my Julia. I forget how much Old Smee got for Betsy's, the old humbuz ""

Clive said it was not the will but the power that was deficient. He succeeded with men, but the ladies were too

much for him as yet.

"Those you've done up at Albany Street Barracks are famous; I've seen 'em." said Mr. Sherrick; and remarking that his guest looked rather surprised at the idea of his being in such company, Sherrick said, "What, you think they are too great swells for me? Law bless you, I often go there. I've business with several of 'em, had with Captun Belsize, with the Earl of Kew, who's every inch the gentle-man-one of nature's aristocracy, and paid up like a man. The Earl and me has had many dealings together "

Honeyman smiled faintly, and nobody complying with Mr. Sherrick's boisterous entreaties to drink more, the gentlemen quitted the dinner-table, which had been served in a style of prodigious splendour, and went to the drawingroom for a little music.

. This was all of the gravest and best kind-s

Mr. and Mrs. Sherrick came to look at the drawing, and were charmed with it; and when Rosey was sitting, they came to see her portrait, which again was not quite so

from F. B.'s hand, to the following effect:-

"CONVERSION IN HIGH LIFE.—A foreign nobleman of princely rank, who has marned an English lady, and has resided among us for some time, is likely, we hear and trust, to join the English Church. The Prance de M.—nte.—nte—the has been a constant attendant at Lady Whittlesea's chapel, of which the Rev. C. Honeyman is the eloquent fineumbent; and it is said this sound and talented durine has been the means of awakening the Prince to a sense of the erroneous doctrines in which ho has been bred. His ancestors were Protestant, and fought by the side of Henry IV. at Yory. In Louis the Fourteenth's time, they adopted the religion of that persecuting morarch. We suncerely trust that the present heir of the house of Ivry will see fit to return to the creed which his forefathers so unfortunately abjured."

The ladies received this news with perfect gravity, and Charles uttered a meck wish that it might prove true. As they went away, they offered more hospitalities to Clive and Mr. Binnie and his niece. They liked the music—would they not come and hear it again?

When they had departed with Mr. Honeyman, Clive could not help saying to Uncle James, "Why are those people always coming here, praising me, and asking me to dinner? Do you know, I can't help thinking that they rather want me as a pretender for Miss Shernek?"

"O vanitas

"Why, you stupid lad, don't you see it is Charles Honey; man the girl's in love with?" cried Uncle James. "Rosey! saw it in the very first instant we entered their drawing three weeks ago."

'Indeed! and how?" asked Clive.

"By-by the way she looked at him," said little Rosey.

CHAPTER VII.

A STAG OF TEN.

THE London season was very nearly come to an end, and Lord Farintosh had danced I don't know how many times with Miss Newcome, had drunk several bottles of the old Kew port, had been seen at numerous breakfasts, operas, races, and public places by the young lady's side, and had not as yet made any such proposal as Lady Kew expected for her grand-daughter. Clive going to see his military friends in the Regent's Park once, and finish Captain Butts's portrait in barracks, heard two or three young men talking, and one say to another, "I bet you three to two Farintosh don't marry her, and I bet you even that he don't ask her." Then as he entered Mr. Butts's room, where these gentlemen were conversing, there was a silence and an awkwardness. The young fellows were making an "event" out of Ethel's

marriage, and sporting their money freely on it.

To have an old countess hunting a young marquis so resolutely that all the world should be able to look on and speculate whether her game would be run down by that stanch toothless old pursuer-that is an amusing sport, isn't it? and affords plenty of fun and satisfaction to those who follow the hunt. But for a heroine of a story, be she ever so clever, handsome, and sarcastic, I don't think for my part, at this present stage of the tale, Miss Ethel Newcome occupies a very dignified position. To break her heart in silence for Tomkins, who is in love with another; to suffer no end of poverty, starvation, capture by ruffians, ill-treatment by a bullying husband, loss of beauty by the small-pox, death even at the end of the volume-all these mishaps a young heroine may endure (and has endured in romances over and over again) without losing the least dignity, or suffering any diminution of the sentimental reader's esteem. But a girl of great beauty, high temper, and strong natural intellect, who submits to be dragged hither and thither in an old grandmother's lessh, and in pursuit of a husband who will run away from the couple—such a person, I say, is in a very awknard position as a heroine, and I declare, if I had awknard position as a heroine, and there were extenuaing circumstances). Eithel should be deposed at this very sentence.

But a novelist must go on with his heroine, as a man with his wife, for better or worse, and to the end. For how many years have the Spaniards borne with their gracious queen, not because she was faultless, but because she was there. So Chambers and Grandees cried, God save her! alabarderes turned out drums beat, cannons fired, and people saluted Isabella Segunda, who was no better than the humblest washerwoman of her subjects. Are we much better than our neighbours? Do we never yield to our peculiar temptation, our pride, or our avance, or our vanity, or what not? Ethel is very wrong certainly. But recollect, she is very young. She is in other people's hands. She has been bred up and governed by a very worldly family, and taught their traditions. We would hardly, for instancethe stanchest Protestant in England would hardly be angry with poor little Isabella Segunda for being a Catholic. So if Ethel worships at a certain image which a great number of good folks in England bow to, let us not be too angre with her idolatry, and bear with our queen a little longer before we make our pronunciamento.

No, Miss Newcome, yours is not a dignified position in life, however you may argue that hundreds of people in the wold are doing like you. Oh me, what a confession it is, in the very outset of life and blushing brightness of youths morning, to own that the aim with which a young girl sets out, and the object of her existence, is to marry a rich man; that she was endowed with beauty so that she might buy walth and a title with it; that as sure as she has a soul to be saved, her business here on earth is to try and get a rich husband! That is the career for which many a woman bred and trained. A young man begins the world with a separations at least. He will try to be good and follow

truth; he will strive to win bonours for himself

do a base action; he will pass nights over his books, and forego ease and pleasure, so that he may achieve a name Many a poor wretch who is worn out now and old, and bankrupt of fame and money too, has commenced life at an rate with noble views and generous schemes, from which weakness, idleness, passion, or overpowering hostile fortun has turned him away. But a girl of the world, bon Dieu the doctrine with which she begins is that she is to have: wealthy husband; the article of faith in her catechism is "I believe in elder sons, and a house in town, and a house in the country!" They are mercenary as they step fres! and blooming into the world out of the nursery. They have been schooled there to keep their bright eyes to look only on the prince and the duke, Croesus and Dives. By long cramping and careful process, their little natural hearts have been squeezed up, like the feet of their fashionable little sisters in China. As you see a pauper's child, with an awfu premature knowledge of the pawn-shop, able to haggle a market with her wretched halfpence, and battle bargains a hucksters' stalls, you shall find a young beauty, who was a child in the schoolroom a year since, as wise and knowing as the old practitioners on that exchange, as economical c her smiles, as dexterous in keeping back or producing he beautiful wares, as skilful in setting one bidder agains another, as keen as the smartest merchant in Vanity Fair.

If the young gentlemen of the Life Guards Green who were talking about Miss Newcome and her suitors were silent when Clive appeared amongst them, it was because they were aware not only of his relationship to the youn lady, but his unhappy condition regarding her. Certain menthere are who never tell their love, but let concealment, lik a worm in the bud, feed on their damask cheeks; other again, must be not always thinking but talking about the darling object. So it was not very long before Captai Crackthorpe was taken into Clive's confidence, and throug Crackthorpe very likely the whole mess became acquainte with his passion. These young fellows, who had been early introduced into the world, gave Clive small hopes of success putting to him, in their downright phraseology, the point (which he was already aware—that Miss Newcome was in

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were beyond his reach.

· ho had a pity for the so far (and gained . 1 offices) by asking

admission for Clive to certain evening parties of the beau monde, where he had the gratification of meeting his charmer. Ethel was surprised and pleased, and Lady Kew surprised and angry, at meeting Clive Newcome at these fashionable houses; the girl herself was touched very likely at his pertinacity in following her. As there was no actual feud between them, she could not refuse now and again to dance with her cousin; and thus he picked up such small crumbs of consolation as a youth in his state can get-lived upon six words vouchsafed to him in a quadrille, or brought home a glance of the eyes which she had presented to him in a waltz, or the remembrance of a squeeze of the hand on parting or meeting. How eager he was to get a card to this party or that I how attentive to the givers of such entertainments! Some friends of his accused him of being a tufthunter and flatterer of the anstocracy, on account of his politeness to certain people; the truth was, he wanted to go wherever Miss Ethel was, and the ball was blank to him which she did not attend.

This business occupied not only one season, but two. By the time of the second season, Mr. Newcome had made so many acquaintances that he needed few more introductions into society. He was very well known as a good-natured, handsome young man, and a very good waltzer, the only son of an Indian officer of large wealth, who chose to devote himself to painting, and who was supposed to entertain an unhappy fondness for his cousin, the beautiful Miss Newcome. Kind folks who heard of this little tendre, and were sufficiently interested in Mr. Clive, asked him to their. houses in consequence. I dare say those people who were good to him may have been themselves at one time unl

in their own love affairs

When the first season ended without a declaration from my lord, Lady Kew carried off her young lady to Scotland, where it also so happened that Lord Farintosh was going to shoot, and people made what surmises they chose upon this coincidence. Surmises! why not? You who know the world know very well that if you see Mrs. So-and-so's name in the list of people at an entertainment, on looking down the list you will presently be sure to come on Mr. What-d'you-call-'em's. If Lord and Lady Blank, of Such-and-such Castle, received a distinguished circle (including Lady Dash) for Christmas or Easter, without reading further the names of the guests, you may venture on any wager that Captain Asterisk is one of the company. These coincidences happen every day, and some people are so anxious to meet other people, and so irresistible is the magnetic sympathy, I suppose, that they will travel hundreds of miles in the worst of weather to see their friends, and break your door open almost, provided the friend is inside it.

I am obliged to own the fact that for many months Lady Kew hunted after Lord Farintosh. This rheumatic old woman went to Scotland, where, as he was pursuing the deer, she stalked his lordship; from Seotland she went to Paris, where he was taking lessons in dancing at the Chaumière; from Paris to an English country house, for Christmas, where he was expected, but didn't come—not being, his professor said, quite complete in the polka, and so on. If Ethel were privy to these manœuvres, or anything more than an unwittingly consenting party, I say we would depose her from her place of heroine at once. But she was acting under her grandmother's orders; a most imperious, irresistible, managing old woman, who exacted everybody's obedience, and managed everybody's business in her family. Lady Ann Newcome being in attendance on her sick husband, Ethel was consigned to the Countess of Kew, her grandmother, who hinted that she should leave Ethel her property when dead, and whilst alive expected the girl should go about with her. She had and wrote as many letters as a Secretary of State almost. She was accustomed to set off without taking anybody's advice, or announcing her departure until within an hour or two of the event. In her train moved Ethel, against her own will, which would have led her to stay at home with her father, but at the special

wish and order of her parents. Was such a sum as that of which Lady Kew had the disposal (Hobson Brothers knew the amount of it quite well) to be left out of the family? Forbid it, all ye powers! Barnes—who would have liked the moorey himself, and said truly that & would have with his grandmother anywhere she liked if he could get it—Barnes pined most energetically with Sir Biria and Lady Ann in ordering Ethel's obedience to Lady Kew. You know how difficult it is for one young woman not to acquiesce when the family council strongly orders. In fine, I hope there was a good excuse for the queen of this history, and that it was good excuse for the queen of this history, and that it was her wicked, dominering old prime munister who led her wrong. Otherwise, I say, we would have another dynasty.

muter-active enquerie or the court for its sore exercise for the rush and hurry from entertainment to entertainment; of the tonstant smiles and cares of representation; of the prayerless rest at night and the awakening to a godless morrow! This was the course of life to which Fate, and not her own fault altogether, had for a while handed over Ethel Newcorne. Let those pity her who can feel their own weakness and misgoing; let those punish her who are without fault themselves.

Clive did not offer to follow her to Scotland. He knew quite sell that the encouragement he had had was only of the smallest; that as a relation she received him frankly and kindly enough, but checked him when he would have adopted another character. But it chanced that they met in Faris, whither he went in the Easter of the ensuing rear, having worked to some good purpose through the winter, and dispatched, as on a former occasion, his three or four pictures, to take their chance at the Exhibition.

Of these it is our pleasing duty to be able to corroborate, to some extent, Mr. F. Bayham's favourable report. Fancy sketches and historical pieces our young man had eschewed, having convanced himself either that he had not an epic genius, or that to draw portraits of his friends was a much exist task than that which he had set himself formerly.

Whilst all the world was crowding round a pair of J. J.'s little pictures, a couple of chalk heads were admitted into the Exhibition (his great picture of Captain Crackthorpe on horseback, in full uniform, I must own, was ignominiously rejected), and the friends of the parties had the pleasure of recognizing in the miniature room, No. 1246, Portrait of an Officer-namely, Augustus Butts, Esq., of the Life Guards Green; and Portrait of the Rev. Charles Honeyman, No. 1272. Miss Sherrick the hangers refused; Mr. Binnie Clive had spoiled, as usual, in the painting; the chalk heads, however, before named were voted to be faithful likenesses, and executed in a very agreeable and spirited manner. F. Bayham's criticism on these performances, it need not be said, was tremendous. Since the days of Michael Angelo you would have thought there never had been such drawings.

In fact, F. B., as some other critics do, clapped his friends oisterously on the back, and trumpeted their merits with prodigious energy, as to make his friends themselves

etimes uneasy.

Ir. Clive-whose good father was writing home more and a wonderful accounts of the Bundelcund Bank, in which had engaged, and who was always pressing his son to · for more money-treated himself to comfortable rooms Paris, in the very same hotel where the young Marquis of intosh occupied lodgings much more splendid, and where lived, no doubt, so as to be near the professor, who was teaching his lordship the polka. Indeed it must be said : Lord Farintosh made great progress under this artist, that he danced very much better in his third season n in the first and second years after he had come upon town. From the same instructor the Marquis learned latest novelties in French conversation, the choicest oaths phrases (for which she was famous); so that, although French grammar was naturally defective, he was Charle order a dinner at Philippe's, and to bully a waiter nackney coachman with extreme volubility. deman of his rank was received with the distins his due by the French sovereign of that pr Tuileries, and the houses of the French no. ited, Monsieur le Marquis de Farintosh e

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the remark by the use of some of the phrases which his pome professor had taught to him. People even wern so far as to say that the Marquis was an awkward and drill young man, of the very worst manners. Whereas the young Clive Newsons—and it comforted the

poor fellow's heart somewhat, and be some pleased Ethel, who

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own, actually went once or twice into the world in order to see his ditut. Madame de Montonatour inhabited a part of the Hittel de Florac, and received society there. The French people did not understand what had English she talked, though they comprehended Lord Farincosh's French blomders. "Monsiour Newcome is an artist." What a mobile career !" cries a great French ludy, the wife of a Marshal, to the astonished Miss Newtonie. "This young man it the cousin of the charming Mess? You must be proud to possess such a nephew, Marlame " says another French hely to the Countess of Kew (who, you may be sure, it delighted to have such a relative). And the French lady former Clive to her receptions expressly in order to make beneal agreeable to the old Common Bairs the common have been three minutes together in Madame de Florada salon, the seet that Clive is in love with Ethel Newtonne. She taken the boy's hand, and sage, " I at some count, rose ears;" and her eyes regard him for a moment as fundit, as cardesty, as ever they looked at his fither. Oh, what tears have they sheet, mente eyes! ch, what first has it kept, tender heart. If have lives through all life, and survives through all sources, and remains standing with on through all congrues and he all children of spirit through brightly, and if we den deployed to for ever, and lowes all consulty, and cereat with the very fact pany and throb of the faithful become—whence by passes with the pure soul beyond death-enrity a shall be immeral. Though we who remain are separated from it, it is not over in heaven? If we love will those we lose, can we absorbed " lose those we kne? Forty years have parced away. You'll and dearest memories revive her, and Hope almost wakes up again out of its grave, as the executive lady helds for

young man's hand and looks at the son of Thomas New;

CHAPTER VIII.

THE HOTEL DE FLORAC.

SINCE the death of the Duc d'Ivry, the husband of Mary Oueen of Scots, the Comte de Florac, who is now the legiti mate owner of the ducal title, does not choose to bear it but continues to be known in the world by his old name The old Count's world is very small. His doctor, and his director, who comes daily to play his game of piquet; his daughter's children, who amuse him by their laughter, and play round his chair in the garden of his hotel; his faithfu wife, and one or two friends as old as himself, form hi society. His son the Abbé is with them but seldom. The austerity of his manners frightens his old father, who can little comprehend the religionism of the new school. After going to hear his son preach through Lent at Notre Dame, where the Abbé de Florac gathered a great congregation, the old Count came away quite puzzled at his son's declamations "I do not understand your new priests," he says. "I knet my son had become a Cordelier; I went to hear him, and found he was a Jacobin. Let me make my salut in quiel my good Léonore. My director answers for me, and plays: game at trictrac into the bargain with me." Our history ha but little to do with this venerable nobleman. He has hi chamber looking out into the garden of his hotel, his faith ful old domestic to wait upon him, his House of Peers to attend when he is well enough, his few acquaintances to hel him to pass the evening. The rest of the hotel he gives u to his son, the Vicomte de Florac, and Madame la Princess de Montcontour, his daughter-in-law.

When Florac has told his friends of the Club why it is h has assumed a new title—as a means of reconciliation (a reconciliation all philosophical, my friends) with his wife m Higg of Manchester, who adores titles like all Anglaises, an has recently made a great succession—everybody allows the measure was dictated by prudence, and there is no more

highler at his change of name. The Princess takes the first her of the hotel at the price paid for it by the American General, who has returned to his original pigs at Cincinnati. Hed not Cincinnatus himself pigs on his farm? and was he at a general and member of Congress too? The honest bincess has a bedchamber, which, to her terror, she is thiged to open of reception-evenings, when gentlemen and bees play cards there. It is fitted up in the style of Louis WL In her bed is an immense looking-glass, surmounted by stucco cupids. It is an alcove which some powdered lesus, before the Revolution, might have reposed in. Opmite that looking-glass, between the tall windows, at some city feet distance, is another huge mirror; so that when the por Princess is in bed, in her prim old curl-papers, she sees vista of elderly princesses dwindling away into the dark propective, and is so frightened that she and Betsy, her uneashire maid, pin up the jonquil silk curtains over the ad-mirror after the first night; though the Princess never an get it out of her head that her image is still there, behind te jonquil hangings, turning as she turns, waking as she takes, etc. The chamber is so vast and lonely that she has thed made for Betsy in the room. It is, of course, whisked may into a closet on reception-evenings. A boudoir, roseendre, with more cupids and nymphs by Boucher sporting wer the door panels-nymphs who may well shock old Betsy and her old mistress-is the Princess's morning-room. "Ah, cum, what would Mr. Humper at Manchester, Mr. Jowls of Newcome" (the minister whom in early days Miss Higg Bed to sit under), "say if they was browt into this room?" Est there is no question of Mr. Jowls and Mr. Humper, excellent dissenting dryines who preached to Miss Higg which

cased no small excitement in the Florae family. The Florae family read the Paul Mall Gasette, knowing that Clive's brads were engaged in that periodical. When Madame de Florae, who did not often read newspapers, happened to cast be type upon that poetic paragraph of F. H.'s, you may fancy what a panie it filled the good and pious lidy. Her

son become a Protestant! After all the grief and trouble his wildness had occasioned to her, Paul forsake his religion! But that her husband was so ill and aged as not to be able to bear her absence, she would have hastened to London to rescue her son out of that perdition. She sent for her younger son, who undertook the embassy; and the Prince and Princesse de Montcontour in their hotel at London were one day surprised by the visit of the Abbé de Florac.

As Paul was quite innocent of any intention of abandoning his religion, the mother's kind heart was very speedily set at rest by her envoy. Far from Paul's conversion to Protestantism, the Abbe wrote home the most encouraging accounts of his sister-in-law's precious dispositions. He had communications with Madame de Montcontour's Anglican director, a man of not powerful mind, wrote M. l'Abbé, though of considerable repute for eloquence in his sect. The good dispositions of his sister-in-law were improved by the French clergyman, who could be most captivating and agreeable when a work of conversion was in hand. The visit reconciled the family to their English relative, in whom good-nature and many other good qualities were to be seen now that there were hopes of reclaiming her. It was agreed that Madame de Montcontour should come and inhabit the Hôtel de Florac at Paris; perhaps the Abbé tempted the worthy lady by pictures of the many pleasures and advantages she would enjoy in that capital. She was presented at her own court by the French ambassadress of that day, and was received at the Tuileries with a cordiality which flattered and pleased

Having been presented herself, Madame la Princesse in turn presented to her august sovereign Mrs. T. Higg and Miss Higg of Manchester, Mrs. Samuel Higg of Newcome; the husbands of those ladies (the Princess's brothers) also sporting a court dress for the first time. Sam Higg's neighbour, the member for Newcome, Sir Brian Newcome, Bart., was too ill to act as Higg's sponsor before majesty; but Barnes Newcome was uncommonly civil to the two Lancashire gentlemen, though their politics were different to his, and Sam had voted against Sir Brian at his last election. Barnes took them to dine at a club, recommended his tailor.

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sent Lady Clara Pulleyn to call on Mrs. Higg, who p nounced her to be "a pretty Joung soman and most haffabl The Countess of Dorking would have been delighted present these ladies had the Princess not luckily been London to do that office. The Hobson Newcomes we very civil to the Lancashue party, and entertained then splendidly at dinner. I believe Mrs. and Mr. Hobso themselves went to court this year, the latter in a deputy

lieutenant's uniform. If Barnes Newcome was so very civil to the Higg family, we may suppose he had good reason. The Higgs were very ttong in Newcome, and it was advisable to conciliate them. They were very rich, and their account would not be disgreeable at the bank. Madame de Montcontour's-a large, asy private account—would be more pleasant still. And lobson Brothers having entered largely into the Angloontinental Railway, whereof mention has been made, it was bright thought of Barnes to place the Prince of Montcons, etc., etc., on the French direction of the railway, and take the princely produgal down to Newcome with his new e, and reconcile him to his wife and the Higg family nes, we may say, invented the principality, rescued the omte de Florac out of his dirty lodgings in Leicester are, and sent the Prince of Montcontour back to his hy middle-aged wife again. The disagreeable dissenting were over. A bulliant joung curate of Dr Bulders, also were long hair, straight waistcoats, and no shirt s, had already reconciled the Vicomtesse de Florac to ersuasion whereof the ministers are clad in that queer m. The landlord of their hotel in St. James's got his from Shernek, and sent his families to Lady Whittlehapel. The Rev. Charles Honeyman's eloquence and lity were appreciated by his new disciple. Thus the in has traced here, step by step, how all these people

Higg, whose name was very good on 'Change in ster and London, joined the direction of the Anglontal. A brother had died lately, leaving his money them, and his wealth had added considerably to : de Florac's means; his sister invested a portion of

her capital in the railway in her husband's name. The shares were at a premium, and gave a good dividend. The Prince de Montcontour took his place with great gravity at the Paris board, whither Barnes made frequent flying visits. The sense of capitalism sobered and dignified Paul de Florac: at the age of five-and-forty he was actually giving up being a young man, and was not ill-pleased at having to enlarge his waistcoats, and to show a little grey in his moustache. His errors were forgotten; he was bien vu by the government. He might have had the Embassy Extraordinary to Queen Pomaré; but the health of Madame la Princesse was delicate. He paid his wife visits every morning, appeared at her parties and her opera box, and was seen constantly with her in public. He gave quiet little dinners still, at which Clive was present sometimes; and had a private door and key to his apartments, which were separated by all the dreary length of the reception-rooms from the mirrored chamber and jonguil couch where the Princess and Betsy reposed. When some of his London friends visited Paris, he showed us these rooms, and introduced us duly to Madame la Princesse. He was as simple and as much at home in the midst of these splendours as in the dirty little lodgings in Leicester Square, where he painted his own boots, and cooked his herring over the tongs. As for Clive, he was the infant of the house; Madame la Princesse could not resist his kind face. and Paul was as fond of him in his way as Paul's mother in hers. Would he live at the Hôtel de Florac? There was an excellent atelier in the pavilion, with a chamber for his servant. No! you will be most at ease in apartments of your own. You will have here but the society of women. I do not rise till late, and my affairs, my board, call me away for the greater part of the day. Thou wilt but be ennuyé to play trictrae with my old father. My mother waits on him. My sister an second is given up entirely to her children, who always have the pituite. Madame la Princesse is not amusing for a young man. Come and go when thou wilt, Clive, my garçon, my son; thy cover is laid. Wilt thou take the portraits of all the family? Hast thou want of money? I had at thy age and almost ever since mon ami; but now we swim in gold, and when there is a

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law there could not be any liking, but there was now great civility. They saw each other once a day: Madame Paul always paid her visit to the Comte de Florac, and Betsy, her maid, made the old sentleman laugh hy her briskness and talk. She brought back to her mistress the most wonderful stories which the old man told her about his doings during the emigration—before he married Madame la Comlesse—when he gave lessons in dancing farblus There was his fiddle still, a trophy of those old times. He chipped and coughed, and sang in his cracked old voice as he talked and constituen at Lor, pless you mim," says Betsy, "he must are been a terrible old man." He remembered the times ell enough, but the stories he sometimes told over twice or hince in an hour. I am afraid he had not repented suffijently of those wicked old times, else why did he laugh and iggle so when he recalled them? He would laugh and giggle ll he was choked with his old cough, and old St. Jean, his man, came and beat M. le Comte on the back, and made

Between two such women as Madame de Florac and Lady Ker, of course, there could be little liking or sympathy. Religion, love, duty, the family, were the French lady's constant occupation; duty and the family, perhaps, Lady Kew's aim too, only the notions of duty were different in either person-Lady Ken's idea of duty to her relatives being to push them on in the world, Madame de Florar's to soothe, to pray, to attend them with constant watchfulness, to strive to mend them with pious counsel. I don't know that one lady was happier than the other. Madame de Florac's eldest son was a kindly prodigal, her second had given his whole heart to the church; her daughter had centred hers on her on children, and was jealous if their grandmother laid a infiger on them. So Leonore de Florac was quite alone. It ceemed as if Heaven had turned away all her children's hearts from her. Her daily husiness in life was to nurse a selfish ld man, into whose service she had been forced in early

youth by a paternal decree which she never questioned, THE NEWCOMES. yourn by a paternal decree which she hever questioned, giving him obedience, striving to give him respect—everything but her heart, which had gone out of her keeping. Many a good woman's life is no more cheerful—a spring of hearty a little manufacture of level a himself of level 96 beauty, a little warmth and sunshine of love, a bitter disappointment, followed by pangs and frantic tears, then a long, monotonous story of submission. "Not here, my daughter, is to be your happiness," says the priest; "whom Heaven loves it afflicts." And he points out to her the agonies of suffering saints of her sex, assures her of their present beatitudes and glories, exhorts her to bear her pains with a faith like theirs, and is empowered to promise her a like reward.

The other matron is not less alone. Her husband and son are dead, without a tear for either; to weep was not in Lady Kew's nature. Her grandson, whom she had loved perhaps more than any human being, is rebellious and estranged from her; her children separated from her, save one whose sickness and bodily infirmity the mother resents as disgraces to herself. Her darling schemes fail somehow. She moves from town to town, and ball to ball, and hall to castle, for ever uneasy and always alone. She sees people scared at her coming; is received by sufferance and fear rather than by welcome; likes perhaps the terror which she inspires, and to enter over the breach rather than through the hospitable gate. She will try and command whereve she goes, and trample over dependants and society with grim consciousness that it dislikes her, a rage at its cowardic and an unbending will to domineer. To be old, proulonely, and not have a friend in the world—that is her l in it. As the French lady may be said to resemble the bi which the fables say feeds her young with her blood, t one, if she has a little natural liking for her brood, g hunting hither and thither and robs meat for them. so I suppose, to make the simile good, we must compare Marquis of Farintosh to a lamb for the nonce, and I Ethel Newcome to a young eaglet. Is it not a rare provi of nature (or fiction of poets, who have their own na history) that the strong-winged bird can soar to the sun gaze at it, and then come down from heaven and pound a piece of carrion?

After she became acquainted with certain circumstances, Madame de Florac was very interested about Ethel Newcome, and strove in her modest way to become intimate with her. Miss Newcome and Lady Kew attended Madame de Montcontours' Wednesday evenings. "It is as well, my dear, for the interests of the family, that we should be particularly civil to these people," Lady Kew said; and accordingly she came to the Hôtel de Florac, and was perfectly insolent to Madame le Proncesse every Thursday evening. Towards Madame de Florac even Lady Kew could not be rude. She was so gentle as to give no excuse for assault; Lady Kew soulchasfed to pronounce that Madame de Florac was the grandedame..." of the sort which is almost impossible to find nowadays," Lady Kew said, who thought she possessed this dignity in her own person. When Madame

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Of course you will hold your own about that sort of thing, and have the good sense to keep off theology. There is no Roman Catholic parts in England or Scotland that is to be thought of for a moment You will see they will marry young Lord Derwentwater to an Italian princess; but he is only seventeen, and his directors never lose sight of him. Sit Battholomew Fawkes will have a fine property when Lord Campion dies, unless Lord Campion leaves the money to the convent where his daughter is, and of the other families, who is there? I made every inquiry purposely-that is, of course, one is anxious to know about the Catholies as about one's own people-and little Mr. Rood, who was one of my poor brother Steyne's lawyers, told me there is not one young man of that party at this moment who can be called a desirable person. Be very civil to Madame de Florac; she sees some of the old Legitimists, and you know I am brouillie with that party of late years."

"There is the Marquis de Montluc, who has a large for tune for France," said Ethel gravely; "he has a hump-back, daughters. Which do you think would be the greatest encumbrance, grandmamma—a humpback, or a wig and two daughters? I like Madame de Florac; for the sake of the borough, I must try and like poor Madame de Montcontour, and I will go and see them whenever you please."

So Ethel went to see Madame de Florac. She was very kind to Madame de Préville's children, Madame de Florac's grandchildren; she was gay and gracious with Madame de Montcontour. She went again and again to the Hôtel de Florac, not caring for Lady Kew's own circle of statesmen and diplomatists, Russian, and Spanish, and French, whose talk about the courts of Europe—who was in favour at St. Petersburg, and who was in disgrace at Schönbrunn—

tion. Madame de Florac never would have thought of allowing the cousins to meet in her house; but with the English it was different. Paul assured her that in the English chateaus les Mees walked for entire hours with the young men, made parties of the fish, mounted to horse with them-the whole with the permission of the mothers. "When I was at Newcome, Miss Ethel rode with me several times," Paul said: "a preser that we went to visit an old relation of the family, who adores Clive and his father." When Madame de Florac questioned her son about the young Marquis to whom it was said Ethel was engaged, Florac flouted the idea. "Engaged! this joung Marquis is engaged to the Théâtre des Variétés, my mother. He hughs at the notion of an engagement. When one charged him with it of late at the club, and asked how Mademoiselle Lougsor-she is so tall. that they call her the Lougsor; she is an Odalisque Oblisque, ma mere-when one asked how the Lougsor would pardon his pursuit of Miss Newcome, my Ecossais permitted him-self to say in full club that it was Miss Newcome pursued him-that nymph, that Diane, that charming and peerless young creature! On which, as the others laughed and his friend Monsieur Walleye applauded, I dared to say in my turn, Monsieur le Marquis, as a young man not familiar with our language, you have said what is not true, Milor, and therefore, luckily, not mischievous. I have the honour to count of my friends the parents of the young lady of whom you have spoken. You never could have intended to say that a young Miss who lives under the guardianship of her parents, and is obedient to them, whom you meet in society

tosh! Learn to respect your companiots, to honour youth and innocence everywhere, Monsieur; and when you larget

yourself, permit one who might be your father to point where you are wrong."

"And what did he answer?" asked the Countess.

"I attended myself to a soufflet," replied Florac; "but his reply was much more agreeable. The young insulary, with many blushes, and a gros juron as his polite way is, said he had not wished to say a word against that person. 'Of whom the name,' cried I, 'ought never to be spoken in these places.'

Herewith our little dispute ended."

So, occasionally, Mr. Clive had the good luck to meet with his cousin at the Hôtel de Florac, where I dare say all the inhabitants wished he should have his desire regarding this young lady. The Colonel had talked early to Madame de Florac about this wish of his life, impossible then to gratify, because Ethel was engaged to Lord Kew. Clive, in the fullness of his heart, imparted his passion to Florac, and in answer to Paul's offer to himself, had shown the Frenchman that kind letter in which his father bade him carry aid to "Léonore de Florae's son," in case he should need it. The case was all clear to the lively Paul. "Between my mother nd your good Colonel there must have been an affair of the heart in the early days during the emigration." Clive owned his father had told him as much, at least that he himself had been attached to Mademoiselle de Blois. "It is for that that her heart yearns towards thee, that I have felt myself entrained toward thee since I saw thee." Clive momentarily expected to be kissed again. "Tell thy father that I feelam touched by his goodness with an eternal gratitude, and love every one that loves my mother." As far as wishes went, these two were eager promoters of Clive's little love affair, and Madame la Princesse became equally not less willing. Clive's good looks and good nature had had their effects upon that good-natured woman, and he was as great a favourite with her as with her husband. And thus it happened that when Miss Ethel came to pay her visit, and sat with Madame de Florac and her grandchildren in the garden, Mr. Newcome would sometimes walk up the avenue there, and salute the ladies.

If Ethel had not wanted to see him, would she have come? Yes; she used to say she was going to Madame de Préville's.

not to Madame de Florac's, and would insist, I have no doubt that it was Madame de Préville whom she went to see (whose husband was a member of the Chamber of Deputies, a Conseiller d'État, or other French big-wig), and that she had no idea of going to meet Clive, or that he was more than a casual acquaintance at the Hotel de Florac, There was no part of her conduct in all her life which this lady, when it was impugned, would defend more strongly than this intimacy at the Hôtel de Florac. It is not with this I quarrel especially. My fair young readers, who have seen a half-dozen of seasons, can you call to mind the time when you had such a friendship for Emma Tomkins that you were always at the Tomkins's, and notes were constantly passing between your house and hers? When her brother, Paget Tomkins, returned to India, did not your intimacy with Emma fall off? If your younger sister is not in the room, I know you will own as much to me. I think you are always deceiving yourselves and other people. I think the motive you put forward is very often not the real one; though you will confess, neither to yourself nor to any human being, what the real motive is I think that what you desire you pursue, and are as selfish in your way as your bearded fellow-creatures are. And as for the truth being in you of all the women in a great acquaintance, I protest there are but-never mind. A perfectly honest woman, a woman who never flatters, who never manages, who never caroles, who never conceals, who never uses her eyes, who never speculates on the effect which she produces, who never is conscious of unspoken admiration-what a monster, I say, would such a female be! Miss Hopkins, you have been a coquette since you were a year old: you worked on your papa's friends in the nurse's arms by the fascination of your lace frock and pretty new sash and shoes, when you could just toddle, you practised your arts upon other children in the square, poor little lambkins sporting among the daisies; and nunc in ocilia, mox in reluctantes dracones, proceeding from the lambs to reluctant dragoons, you tried your arts upon Captain Paget Tomkins, who behaved so ill, and went to India without-without making those proposals which of course you never expected. Your intimacy was with Emma.

It has cooled. Your sets are different. The Tomkinses are not quite, etc., etc. You believe Captain Tomkins married a Miss O'Grady, etc., etc. Ah, my pretty, my sprightly Miss Miss O'Grady etc., etc. independent of the control of t 102 Hopkins, be gentle in your judgment of your neighbours.

CHAPTER IX.

CONTAINS TWO OR THREE ACTS OF A LITTLE COMEDY.

ALL this story is told by one who, if he was not actually present at the circumstances here narrated, yet had information concerning them, and could supply such a narrative of facts and conversations as is indeed not less authentic than the details we have of other histories. How can I tell the feelings in a young lady's mind, the thoughts in a young gentleman's bosom? As Professor Owen or Professor Agassiz takes a fragment of a bone, and builds an enormous forgotten monster out of it, wallowing in primeval quagmires, tearing down leaves and branches of plants that flourished thousands of years ago, and perhaps may be coa by this time, so the novelist puts this and that together from the footprint finds the foot; from the foot, the bru who trod on it; from the brute, the plant he browse on, the marsh in which he swam. And thus in his humb way a physiologist, too, depicts the habits, size, appearan of the beings whereof he has to treat: traces this slimy rep through the mud, and describes his habits filthy and ra cious; prods down this butterfly with a pin, and depicts beautiful coat and embroidered waistcoat; points out singular structure of yonder more important animal, megatherium of his history.

Suppose, then, in the quaint old garden of the Hôte Florac, two young people are walking up and down i avenue of lime trees, which are still permitted to gro that ancient place. In the centre of that avenue is a four surmounted by a Triton so grey and moss-eaten that the he holds his conch to his swelling lips, curling his tail arid basin, his instrument has had a sinecure for at lea years, and did not think fit even to play when the Bou in whose time he was erected, came back from their exile. At the end of the lime-tree avenue is a broken-nosed damp Faun, with a marble panpipe, who pipes to the spirit ditties which I believe never had any tune. The ferron of the hetel is at the other end of the avenue; a couple of Cassars on either side of the door-window, from which the inhabitants of the hotel issue into the garden-Caracalla frowning over his mouldy shoulder at Nerva, on to whose clipped hair the roofs of the grey chateau have been diabling for ever so many long years. T

Psyche this half-cent

has never come off through all those blazing summers and dreary winters; there is Venus and her Boy under the damp little dome of a cracked old temple. Through the alley of this old garden, in which their ancestors have disported in hoops and powder. Monsteur de Florac's chair is wheeled by St. Jean, his attendant : Madame de Preville's children trot about, and skip, and play at racheroche. The R. P. de Florac (when at home) traces up and down and meditates his sermons; Madame de Florac sadly walks sometimes to look at her roses; and Clive and Ethel Newcome are marching up and down-the children and their tonne of course being there, jumping to and tro; and Madame de Florac, having just been called away to Monsieur le Comte, whose

new Chapel rising over the trees.

Clive remarks that "the neighbouring hotel has currously changed its destination. One of the members of the Directory had it, and no doubt in the groves of its garden Madame Tallien, and Madame Recamier, and Madame Beauharnais have danced under the lamps. Then a Marshal of the Empire inhabited it. Then it was restored to its legitimate owner, Monsieur le Marquis de Briequabracque, whose descendants, having a law-suit about the Bricquabracque succession, sold the hotel to the Convent."

After some talk about nuns, Ethel says, "There were con-

vents in England. She often thinks she would like to retire to one;" and she sighs as if her heart were in that scheme.

Clive, with a laugh, says, "Yes. If you could retire after the season, when you were very weary of the balls, a convent would be very nice. At Rome he had seen San Pietro in Montorio and Sant' Onosrio, that delightful old place where Tasso died: people go and make a retreat there. In the ladies' convents the ladies do the same thing, and he doubts whether they are much more or less wicked after their retreat than gentlemen and ladies in England or

France."

Ethel. Why do you sneer at all faith? Why should not a retreat do people good? Do you suppose the world is so satisfactory that those who are in it never wish for a while to leave it? (She heaves a sigh, and looks down towards a beautiful new dress of many flounces, which Madame de Flouncival, the great milliner, has sent her home that very day.)

Clive. I do not know what the world is, except from afar off. I am like the Peri who looks into Paradise and sees angels within it. I live in Charlotte Street, Fitzroy Square, which is not within the gates of Paradise. I take the gate to be somewhere in Davies Street, leading out of Oxford Street

into Grosvenor Square. There's another gate in Hay Hill, and another in Bruton Street, Bond

Ethel. Don't be a goose.

Clive. Why not? It is as good to be a goose as to be a lady—no, a gentleman of fashion. Suppose I were a Viscount, an Earl, a Marquis, a Duke, would you say Goose? No, you would say Swan.

 that has nothing to do with the question. Viens, Leonore! Tu connais been, Monsieur, n'est-ce pas? qui te fait de si jelis desseins?

jolis dessens?

**Lionore. Ah, oui 1 Vous m'en ferez toujours, n'est-ce pas,

**Monsieur Clive? des chevaux, et puis des petites filles avec

leurs gouvernantes, et puis des maisons—cet puis—et puis des

maisons encore—où est bonne Maman?

Exit little LEONORE down an alley.

Ethel. Do you remember when we were children, and you used to make drawings for us? I have some now that you did—in my geography book, which I used to read and read

Circe. I remember one of the days, when I first saw you, I had been reading the "Araban Nights" at school, and you came in a bright dress of shot silk, amber and blue; and I thought you were like that farry princess who came out of the cristal box. because—

Ethel. Because why?

Ciric. Because I always thought that farry somehow must be the most beautiful creature in all the wolfd—that is with and because." Do not make me May Fair curisies. You know whether you are goodlooking or not, and how long I have thought you so. I remember when I thought I would like to be Ethel's knight, and that if there was anything she would have me do, I would try and achieve it in order to please her. I remember when I was so ignorant I did not know there was any difference in rank between us.

Ethel. Ah. Clive!

Cliv. Now it is altered. Now I know the difference between a poor painter and a young lady of the world. Why bawer! I a title and a great fortune? Why did I ever see you, Ethel; or, knowing the distance which it seems fate has placed between us, why have I seen you again?

Ethal (innecatly). Have I ever made any difference be-

Eltht (linneently). Have I ever made any difference between us? Whenever I may see you, am I not too glad? Don't I see you sometimes when I should not—no, I do not say when I should not, but when others whom I an bound to obey forbid me? What harm is there in my remembering old days? Why should I be ashamed of our relationship? no, not ashamed—why should I forget it? Don't do that, sir; we have shaken hands twice already. Léonore! Xayier!

Clive. At one moment you like me, and at the next you seem to repent it. One day you seem happy when I come, and another day you are ashamed of me. Last Tuesday, when you came with those fine ladies to the Louvre, you seemed to blush when you saw me copying at my picture, and that stupid young lord looked quite alarmed because you spoke to me. My lot in life is not very brilliant, but I would not change it against that young man's—no, not with all his chances.

Ethel. What do you mean with all his chances?

Clive. You know very well. I mean I would not be as selfish, or as dull, or as ill-educated—I won't say worse of him—not to be as handsome, or as wealthy, or as noble as he is. I swear I would not now change my place against his, or give up being Clive Newcome to be my lord Marquis

of Farintosh, with all his acres and titles of nobility.

Ethel. Why are you for ever harping about Lord Farintosh and his titles? I thought it was only women who were jealous; you gentlemen say so.—(Hurriedly.) I am going to-night with grandmamma to the Minister of the Interior, and then to the Russian ball; and to-morrow to the Tuileries. We dine at the Embassy first; and on Sunday, I suppose, we shall go to the Rue d'Aguesseau. I can hardly come here before Mon—. Madame de Florac! Little Léonore is very like you—resembles you very much. My cousin says he longs to make a drawing of her.

Madame de Florac. My husband always likes that I should be present at his dinner. Pardon me, young people, that I

have been away from you for a moment.

[Excunt Clive, Ethel, and Madame De F. into the house.

Conversation II .- Scene 1.

Miss Newcome arrives in Lady Kew's carriage, which enters the court of the Hôtel de Florac.

Saint Jean. Mademoiselle, Madame la Comtesse is gone

oit; but Madame has charged me to say that she will be at home to the dinner of M. le Comte, as to the ordinary.

Miss Neurome, Madame de Préville is at home?

Saird Jan. Pardon me, Madame is gone out with M. Le Baron, and M. Navier, and Mademoiselle de Préville. They are gone, Miss, I believe, to visit the purents of Monsieur le Baron, of whom it is probably to day the fete; for Mademiselle Léonore carried a bouquet—no doubt for her grandpapa. Will it please Mademoiselle to enter? I think Mensieur the Count sounds me. (Bell irren.)

Miss Neurome. Madame la Prince-Madame la Vicom-

tesse is at home, Monsteur St. Jean?

Saint Jean, I go to call the people of Madame la Vicom-

[Exit old SAINT] EAN to the earriage; a Lackey comes fresently in a gorgeous licery, with buttons like little cheese-flates.

The Lackey. The Princess is at home, Miss, and will be most appy to see you, Miss. (Miss trifs up the great stare: a gentleman out of lacery has tone forth to the landing, and introdust her to the dynamets of Madame Is Princesse.)

The Lackey to the Servants on the bax. Good-morning, Thomas.—How dy' do, old Backystopper?

Backystoppen. How de do, Jim? I say, you couldn't give a feller a drink of beer, could yer, Muncontour? It was

her into a wegetable cart, I was so uncommon scruey! Who's this a hentering at your pot-coshare? Billy, my fine feller!

Clive Newcome (by the most singular coincidence). Madame la Princesse?

Lackey. We, Munseer. (He rings a bell the gentleman in black appears as before on the landing-place up the stair.)

Backystopper. I say, Bill, is that young chap often a coming about here? They'd run pretty in a curricle

wouldn't they? Miss N. and Master N.—Quiet, old woman!—Jest look to that mare's 'ead, will you, Billy? He's a fine young feller, that is. He gave me a sovering the other night. Whenever I sor him in the Park, he was always riding an 'ansum hanimal. What is he? They said in our 'all he was a hartis. I can 'ardly think that. Why, there used to be a hartis come to our club, and painted two or three of my 'osses, and my old woman too.

Lackey. There's hartises and hartises, Backystopper. Why, there's some on 'em comes here with more stars on their coats than Dukes has got. Have you never 'eard of Mossyer

Verny or Mossyer Gudang?

Backystopper. They say this young gent is sweet on Miss N.; which, I guess, I wish he may git it.

Tommy. He! he! he!

Backystopper. Brayvo, Tommy. Tom ain't much of a man for conversation, but he's a precious one to drink. Do you think the young gent is sweet on her, Tommy? I sor him often prowling about our 'ouse in Queen Street when we was in London.

Tommy. I guess he wasn't let in in Queen Street. I guess hour little Buttons was very near turned away for saying we was at home to him. I guess a footman's place is to keep his mouth hopen—no, his heyes hopen and his mouth shut.

(He lapses into silence.)

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Lackey. I think Thomis is in love, Thomis is. Who was that young woman I saw you a-dancing of at the Showmier, Thomis? How the young Marquis was a-cuttin' of it about there! The pleace was obliged to come up and stop him dancing. His man told old Buzfuz upstairs that the Marquis's goings on is hawful. Up till four or five every morning—blind hookey, shampaign, the dooce's own delight. That party have had I don't know how much in diamonds, and they quarrel and swear at each other, and fling plates: it's tremendous.

Tommy. Why doesn't the Marquis man mind his own affairs? He's a supersellious beast, and will no more speak to a man, except he's out-a-livery, than he would to a chimbly-swip. He I cuss him, I'd fight 'im for 'alf a crown.

Lackey. And we'd back you, Tommy. Buzfuz upstairs

en't supersellious, nor is the Prince's walet nether. That ald Sangjang's a rum old guvnor He was in England with

-There's my bell.

Exit Lackey.

Backystopier. Not a had chap that—sports his money very free—sings an uncommon good song

Thomas Pretty voice, but no cultivation

Thomas. Pretty voice, but no cultivation.

Lacky (who reenters). Be here at two o'clock for Miss N.

Take anything? Come round the corner; there's a capital
shor round the corner.

[Excunt Servants.

SCENE IL

Ethel. I can't think where Madame de Montcontour has gone. How very odd it was that you should come herethat we should both come here to-day! How surprised I was to see you at the Minister's! Grandmamnia was so angry! "That boy pursues us wherever we go," she said. I am sure I don't know why we shouldn't meet, Clive. It seems to be wrong even my seeing you by chance here. Do you know, sir, what a scolding I had about-about going to Brighton with you? My grandmother did not hear of it till we were in Scotland, when that foolish maid of mine talked of it to her maid; and there was oh, such a tempest! If there were a Bastile here, she would like to lock you into it. She says that you are always upon our way-I don't know how, I am sure. She says, but for you I should have been -you know what I should have been; but I am thankful that I wasn't, and Kew has got a much nicer wife in Henrietta Pulleyn than I could ever have been to him. She will be happier than Clara, Clive. Kew is one of the kindest creatures in the world-not very wise, not very strong, but he is just such a kind, easy, generous, little man as will make

as if I was a hundred, and in the midst of all these admirations and fêtes and flatteries so tired, oh, so tired! And yet if I don't have them I miss them. How I wish I was religious like Madame de Florac: there is no day that she does not go to church. She is for ever busy with charities, clergymen, conversions; I think the Princess will be brought over ere long. That dear old Madame de Florac! And yet she is no happier than the rest of us. Hortense is an empty little thing, who thinks of her prosy fat Camille with spectacles, and of her two children, and of nothing else in the world besides. Who is happy, Clive?

Clive. You say Barnes's wife is not.

Ethel. We are like brother and sister, so I may talk to you. Barnes is very cruel to her. At Newcome, last winter, poor Clara used to come into my room with tears in her eyes morning after morning. He calls her a fool, and seems to take a pride in humiliating her before company. My poor father has luckily taken a great liking to her, and before him—for he has grown very, very hot-tempered since his illness-Barnes leaves poor Clara alone. We were in hopes that the baby might make matters better; but as it is a little girl, Barnes chooses to be very much disappointed. He wants papa to give up his seat in Parliament, but he clings to that more than anything. Oh dear me, who is happy in the world? What a pity Lord Highgate's father had not died sooner! He and Barnes have been reconciled. wonder my brother's spirit did not revolt against it. The old lord used to keep a great sum of money at the bank, I believe; and the present one does so still: he has paid all his debts off, and Barnes is actually friends with him. He is always abusing the Dorkings, who want to borrow money from the bank, he says. This eagerness for money is horrible. If I had been Barnes, I would never have been reconciled with Mr. Belsize—never, never! And yet they say he was quite right, and grandmamma is even pleased that Lord Highgate should be asked to dine in Park Lane. Poor papa is there—come to attend his parliamentary duties, as he thinks. He went to a division the other night, and was actually lifted out of his carriage and wheeled into the lobby in a chair. The ministers thanked him for coming. I believe he thinks he will have his peerage yet. Oh what a

ife of vanity ours is! Enter Madame de Montcontour, What are you young folks

1-talkin' about-Balls and Operas? When first I was took to the Opera I did not like at-and fell asleep. But now, oh, it's 'eavenly to hear Griss sing!

The Clock. Ting, Ting!

Ethel. Two o'clock already! I must run back to grandmamma. - Good-bye, Madame de Montcontour; I am so sorry I have not been able to see dear Madame de Florac. I will try and come to her on Thursday, please tell her. Shall we meet you at the American minister's to-night, or at Madame de Bric's to-morrow? Friday is your own night; I hope grandmamma will bring me. How charming your last music was -Good-bye, mon cousin. You shall not come down-stairs with me-I insist upon it, sir-and had much best remain here, and finish your drawing of Madame de Montcontour.

Princess. I've put on the velvet, you see, Clive-though it's very 'ot in May Good-bye, my dear. [Exit ETHEL.

As far as we can judge from the above conversation, which we need not prolong-as the talk between Madame de Montcontour and Monsieur Clive, after a few complimentary remarks about Ethel, had nothing to do with the history of the Newcomes-as far as we can judge, the above little colloquy took place on Monday, and about Wednesday Madame la Comtesse de Florac received a little note from Clive, in which he said that one day when she came to the Louvre, where he was copying, she had admired a picture of a Virgin and Child, by Sassoferrato, since when he had been occupied in making a water-colour drawing after the picture, and hoped she would be pleased to accept the copy from her affectionate and grateful servant, Clive Newcome. The drawing would be done the next day, when he would call with it in his hand. Of course Madame de Florac received this announcement very kindly, and sent back by Clive's servant a note of thanks to that young gentleman.

Now on Thursday morning, about one o'clock, by one of those singular coincidences which, etc., etc., who shou f come to the Hôtel de Florac but Miss Ethel Newcom

Madame la Comtesse was at home, waiting to receive Clivand his picture; but Miss Ethel's appearance frightened the good lady—so much so that she felt quite guilty at seeing the girl, whose parents might think—I don't know what the might not think—that Madame de Florac was trying to make a match between the young people. Hence arose the word uttered by the Countess after a while in

CONVERSATION III.

Madame de Florac (at work). And so you like to quit the world, and to come to our triste old hotel. After to-day you will find it still more melancholy, my poor child.

Ethel, And why?

Madame de F. Some one who has been here to égayer or

little meetings will come no more.

Ethel. Is the Abbé de Florac going to quit Paris, Madam Madame de F. It is not of him that I speak; thou knows it very well, my daughter. Thou hast seen my poor Clitwice here. He will come once again, and then no mor My conscience reproaches me that I have admitted him all. But he is like a son to me, and was so confided to n by his father. Five years ago, when we met, after an absen--of how many years!-Colonel Newcome told me wh hopes he had cherished for his boy. You know well, n daughter, with whom those hopes were connected. The he wrote me that family arrangements rendered his plan impossible—that the hand of Miss Newcome was promise elsewhere. When I heard from my son Paul how the negotiations were broken, my heart rejoiced, Ethel, for n friend's sake. I am an old woman now, who have seen tl world and all sorts of men. Men more brilliant no doubt have known, but such a heart as his, such a faith as his, sua generosity and simplicity as Thomas Newcome's-never! Ethel (smiling). Indeed, dear lady, I think with you.

Madame de F. I understand thy smile, my daughter. I can say to thee that when we were children almost I knew thy good uncle. My poor father took the pride of his family into exile with him. Our poverty only made his pride the greater. Even before the emigration a contract had been passed between our family and the Count de Florac. I

on many loss years have I keek at him when I kee a oung girl who care be made the vorm the states of a namage of convenience, as I was are here pass ber. had if I have bee, as I have you I to her my shreaks. mion without love. Is it with established that then are to make slaves of us? Here in France, above 22 our fathers ell us every day. And what a society cars at Those with thow this when there are married. There are some berr so truel that nature revolts agreed them, and breaks them-or we die in keeping them. You side I have been really fifty years dying-water fast-and an box an old some complaining to a young gut It is because our recommendations of fouth are always found, and became I have saffered so, that I would spare those I love a like grad. Do you know that the children of those who do per leve to marries seem to bear a hereditary coldness, and do not love their farents as other children do? They witness our differences and our indifferences, hear our recriminations, take one side or the other in our disputes, and are partisans for father or mether. We force ourselves to be hypocontes, and hade our wrongs from them; we speak of a bad father with false praises, we wear feigned smiles over pur same and down and it deceive them, do we? ..

deceit there is no worn ber son. They may sheld her as champeons against their father's selfishness or crucity. In this case what a war! What a home where the son sees a tyrant in the father, and in the mother but a trembling victum! I speak not for myself; whatever may have been the course of our long wedded life, I have not to complain of these ignoble storms. But when the family chief neglects his wife, or prefers another to her, the children too, countries as we are, will desent her. You look incredulous about domestic love. Text. my child; if I may so stumies, I will me the second of the seco

Ethel (blushing, and father, how her mother My father and moth,

children, madam; and no one can say that their marriage

has been otherwise than happy. My mother is the kindes and most affectionate mother, and— (Here a vision of Si Brian alone in his room, and nobody really caring for him s much as his valet, who loves him to the extent of fifty pound a year and perquisites; or perhaps Miss Cann, who reads thim, and plays a good deal of evenings, much to Sir Brian liking—here this vision, we say, comes, and stops Miss Ethel sentence.)

Madame de F. Your father, in his infirmity—and yet h is five years younger than Colonel Newcome—is happy t have such a wife and such children. They comfort his age they cheer his sickness; they confide their griefs and plesures to him—is it not so? His closing days are soothe

by their affection.

Ethel. Oh, no, no! And yet it is not his fault or our that he is a stranger to us. He used to be all day at th bank, or at night in the House of Commons; or he an mamma went to parties, and we young ones remained wit the governess. Mamma is very kind. I have never, almos known her angry—never with us; about us, sometimes, wit the servants. As children, we used to see papa and mamm at breakfast, and then when she was dressing to go ou

humiliation, and then rebel and say, Why not? And tonight—jes, to-night—after leaving you I shall be wicked, I know I shall.

Madame de R (sadly) One will pray for thee, my child. Ethal (sadly). I thought I might be good once. I used to say my own prayers then. Now I speak them but by rote, and feel ashatmed—yes, ashatmed to speak them. Is it not horit do say them, and next morning to be no better than you were last night? Often I revolt at these as at other things, and and dumb. The Viear comes to see us at Newcome, and eats so much dinner, and pays us such court, and "Sir Brian's" papa, and "Your Ledyship's" mamma. With grandmamma I go to hear a fashionable preacher—Clive's uncle, whose sater lets lodgings at Brighton; such a query blushing, pompous, honest old lady. Do 100 know that

Clive's aunt lets lodgungs at Brighton?

Madame de F. My father was an usher in a school.

Monsieur de Florae gave lessons in the emigration; do you

know in what?

Ethel. Oh, the old nobility! that is different, you know. That Mr. Honeyman is so affected that I have no patience with him!

Madame de F. (with a righ). I wish you could attend the services of a better church. And when was it you thought

you might be good, Ethel?

Ethel. When I was a girl—before I came out—when I used to take long rides with my dear Uncle Newcome, and he used to talk to me in his sweet, simple way, and he said I reminded him of some one he once knew.

Madame de F. Who-who was that, Ethel?

Ethel (looking up at Gerard's picture of the Countess de Horae). What odd dresses you wore in the time of the Empire, Madame de Florae! How could you ever have such high waists and such wonderful fraises? (MADAME DF FLORAE HISE ETHEL. Tableau.)

Enter SAINT JEAN, freeeding a gentleman with a de

board under his arm.

Saint Jean. Monsieur Claive! [Lxi Clive. How do you do, Madame la Co demoiselle, j'ai l'honneur de vous souhaiter la bo

Madame de P. Do you come from the Louvre? Have

you finished that beautiful copy, mon ami?

Clive. I have brought it for you. It is not very good. There are always so many petites demoiselles copying that Sassoferrato, and they chatter about it so, and hop from one easel to another; and the young artists are always coming to give them advice, so that there is no getting a good look at the picture. But I have brought you the sketch, and am so pleased that you asked for it.

Madame de F. (surveying the sketch). It is charming—charming! What shall we give to our painter for his chef-

d'autre?

Clive (kisses her hand). There is my pay! And you will be glad to hear that two of my portraits have been received at the Exhibition—my uncle the clergyman, and Mr. Butts of the Life Guards.

Ethel. Mr. Butts-quel nom! Je ne connais aucun M.

Butts!

Clive. He has a famous head to draw. They refused Crackthorpe, and—and one or two other heads I sent in.

Ethel (tossing up hers). Miss Mackenzie's, I suppose!

Clive. Yes, Miss Mackenzie's. It is a sweet little face;

too delicate for my hand though.

Ethel. So is a wax doll's a pretty face: pink cheeks, china-blue eyes, and hair the colour of old Madame Hempenfeld's—not her last hair, her last but one. (She goes to a window that looks into the court.)

Clive (to the Countess). Miss Mackenzie speaks more respectfully of other people's eyes and hair. She thinks there is nobody in the world to compare to Miss New-

come.

Madame de F. (aside). And you, mon ami? This is the last time, entendez-vous? You must never come here again. If M. le Comte knew it he never would pardon me. Encore!

(He kisses her ladyship's hand again.)

Clive. A good action gains to be repeated.—Miss New-come, does the view of the court-yard please you? The old trees and the garden are better. That dear old Faun without a nose! I must have a sketch of him; the creepers round the base are beautiful.

Mis N. I was looking to see if the carriage had come for me. It is time that I return home.

Cline. That is my brougham; may I carry you anywhere? I hire him by the hour; and I will carry you to the end of

the world.

Mus N. Where are you going, Madame de Florac?-to show that sketch to M. le Comte? Dear me ! I don't fancy that M. de Florac can care for such things. I am sure I have seen many as pretty on the quays for twenty-five sous.

I wonder the carriage is not come for me.

Clive. You can take mine without my company, as that

seems not to please you. Miss N. Your company is sometimes very pleasant-when

you please. Sometimes, as last night, for instance, you are not particularly lively.

Clive. Last night, after moving heaven and earth to get an invitation to Madame de Brie-I say, heaven and earth, that is a French phrase-I arnve there. I find Miss Newcome

scarce speak to me dunng the evening, and when I wait till midnight, her grandmamma whisks her home, and I am left alone for my pains. Lady Kew is in one of her high moods, and the only words she condescends to say to me are, "Oh, I thought you had returned to London," with which she turns

her venerable back upon me.

Miss N. A fortnight ago you said you were going to London. You said the copies you were about here would not take you another week, and that was three weeks since.

Clive, It were best I had gone.

Miss N. If you think so, I cannot hut think so.

you knr twice a

What do I get but to hear your beauty praised, and to see you night after night happy and smiling and triumphar; the partner of other men? Does it add zest to your thurto think that I behold it? I believe you would like a --of us to pursue you.

Miss N. To pursue me; and if they find me alone, ance, to compliment me with such speeches as you ma hat would be pleasure indeed! Answer me here in reti Have I ever disguised from any of my friends gard I have for you? Why should I? Have not I ta our part when you were maligned? In former days, w -when Lord Kew asked me, as he had a right to do th said it was as a brother I held you, and always would. ave been wrong, it has been for two or three times in see ou at all-or seeing you thus; in letting you speak to 5 you do-injure me as you do. Do you think I have 1 ad hard enough words said to me about you, but that y just attack me too in turn? Last night only, because y ere at the ball-it was very, very wrong of me to tell y was going there—as we went home, Lady Kew—— (I never thought you would have seen in me t umiliation.

Clive. Is it possible that I should have made Ethel Ne ome shed tears? Oh, dry them, dry them! Forgive n Ethel, forgive me! I have no right to jealousy, or to reproa ou; I know that. If others admire you, surely I ought know that they—they do but as I do. I should be prou tot angry, that they admire my Ethel—my sister, if you coe no more.

Ethel. I will be that always, whatever harsh things you hink or say of me. There, sir, I am not going to be oolish as to cry again. Have you been studying very hard Are your pictures good at the Exhibition? I like you without mustachios best, and order you not to cut them a again. The young men here wear them. I hardly kne Charles Beardmore when he arrived from Berlin the other lay, like a sapper and miner. His little sisters cried ou and were quite frightened by his apparition. Why are you not in diplomacy? That day at Brighton when Lord Faritosh asked whether you were in the army, I thought to myself, why is he not?

Clive. A man in the army may pretend to anything, n'es to pas? He wears a lovely uniform. He may be a Genera 2 K.C.B., a Viscount, an Earl. He may be valiant in arms and wanting a leg, like the lover in the song. It is peace



haughtiness, and scheming. What are you thinking of, as you stand in that pretty attitude, like Mnemosyne, with your

finger on your chin?

Ethel. Mnemosyne! who was she? I think I like you best when you are quiet and gentle, and not when you are flaming out and sarcastic, sir. And so you think you will never be a famous painter? They are quite in society here. I was so pleased because two of them dined at the Tuileries when grandmamma was there; and she mistook one, who was covered all over with crosses, for an ambassador, I believe, till the Queen called him Monsieur Delaroche. She says there is no knowing people in this country. And do you think you will never be able to paint as well as M. Delaroche?

Clive. No. never.

Ethel. And—and—you will never give up painting? Clive. No, never. That would be like leaving your friend who was poor, or deserting your mistress because you were disappointed about her money. They do those things in the great world. Ethel.

Ethel (with a sigh). Yes.

Clive. If it is so false, and base, and hollow, this great world; if its aims are so mean, its successes so paltry, the sacrifices it asks of you so degrading, the pleasures it give you so wearisome, shameful even, why does Ethel Newcom cling to it? Will you be fairer, dear, with any other nam than your own? Will you be happier, after a month, bearing a great title, with a man whom you can't estee tied for ever to you, to be the father of Ethel's children, ar the lord and master of her life and actions? The proude woman in the world consents to bend herself to this ignomii and own that a coronet is a bribe sufficient for her honor What is the end of a Christian life, Ethel? a girl's p nurture; it can't be this! Last week, as we walked in garden here and heard the nuns singing in their chapel, said how hard it was that poor women should be impriso so, and were thankful that in England we had abolished slavery. Then you cast your eyes to the ground, and mi as you paced the walk, and thought, I know, that per their lot was better than some others'.

thel. Yes, I did. I was thinking that almost all women nade slaves one way or other, and that these poor nuns are were better off than we are.

Fig. 12. The ever will quarrel with nun or matron for followher vocation. But for our women, who are free, why
if they rebel against Nature, sbut their hearts up, sell
lives for rank and money, and forego the most precious
of their liberty? Look, Ethel, dear. I love you so
if I thought another had your heart, an honest man,
al gentleman, like—like him of last year even, I think
uld go back with a God bless you, and take to my
sa again, and work on in my own humble way. You
i like a queen to me somehow, and I am but a poor,
le fellow, who might be happy, I think, if you were
lose balls, where I have seen you surrounded by those
ant young men, noble and wealthy, admirters like me,
we often thought, "How could I aspire to such a
ure, and ask her to forego a palace to share the crust
poor painter?"

thel. You spoke quite scornfully of palaces just now, b. I won't say aword about the—the regard which you ass for me. I think you have it—indeed I do. But me best not said, Clive, best for me, perhaps, not to that I know it. In your speeches, my poor boy—and will please not to make any more, or I never can see or speak to you again, never—you forgot one part of a duty; obedience to her parents. They would never

whose Union of view. I to the kind I was born.

grandmamma is kind, too, in her way. I came to her yo wn free will. When she said she would leave me ortune, do you think it was for myself alone that I was? My father's piasson is to make an estate, and all my hers and sisters will be but slenderly portioned. Lady said she would help them if I came to her, and—ut is velfare of those little people that depends upon me, Cline. do you see, brother, why you must speak to me so romore? There is the carriage. God bless you, dear Cline.

(Clive sees the carriage drive away after Miss Newcome has entered it without once looking up to the window where he stands. When it is gone, he goes to the opposite windows of the salon, which are open, towards the garden. The chapel music begins to play from the convent next door. As he hears it he sinks down, his head in his hands.)

Enter Madame de Florac (she goes to him with anxious looks). What hast thou, my child? Hast thou spoken?

Clive (very steadily). Yes.

Madame de F. And she loves thee? I know she loves

Clive. You hear the organ of the convent?

Madame de F. Qu'as tu?

Clive. I might as well hope to marry one of the sisters of nder convent, dear lady. (He sinks down again, and she ses him.

Clive. I never had a mother; but you seem like one. Madame de F. Mon fils! O mon fils!

CHAPTER X.

IN WHICH BENEDICK IS A MARRIED MAN.

E have all heard of the dying French duchess, who view er coming dissolution and subsequent fate so easily, because said she was sure that Heaven must deal politely with erson of her quality. I suppose Lady Kew had some subtions regarding people of rank. Her long-suffering towalem was extreme; in fact, there were vices which the dy thought pardonable, and even natural, in a young no an of high station, which she never would have excuse ersons of vulgar condition.

Her ladyship's little knot of associates and scandal-be--elderly roues and ladies of the world, whose busine as to know all sorts of noble intrigues and exalted ittle: what was happening among the devotees of the ϵ ourt at Frohsdorf; what among the citizen princes c'uileries; who was the reigning favourite of the C Iother at Aranjuez; who was smitten with whom at V

isples, and the last particulars of the chronique ranute of Paris and London - Lady Kew, I say, must have
1 perfectly aware of my Lord Parintonh's amintement;
cates, and manner of life, and yet she never, for one
one, ethilited any anger or distille towards that nothe
1. Her anishle heart was so full of kindness and formess towards the young prodigal, that, even without agomans, on his part, she was ready to take him to her
urns, and give him her venerable benediction. Pathesis
etters of reture! Charming tendences of despo month
in all his fulls and wickedness, his follies and La selfainin, shere was no noment when Lady Kew would not keep
redt he young lord, and endowed him with the hand of
riding Ethel.

But the hoose which this food forpring creature land.

ment the and decree to the time er e ver te tet a sommet emme o red to the liev-1 Parent Maria retreet the surface and the first form The lather's third and last paralytic secure. When the sched her home. Six Brian could not recognize ber. A. whom she her smirel, all the vantues of the worst were no for him, and Sir Barnes Newcome, Baronet, reconst at s and The day after Sir Brun was bed in his want in istume a letter appeared in the local papers administ the Independent Electors of that Dorough at viral aux replaced son, feelingly alloting to the virtue the surrent with posical principles of the descript, offered across Be unditte for the seat in Parlament now various. Sr have moved that he should speedly pay he respect in person to the friends and supporters of his limitered the Thi be sur a sunch thend of our administration mestrong med not be said. Then he was a feet the con-Residua Chella of our Proposess religion, all win large Res linence met be aware. That he would do un times to advance the interests of this great agreement. Our Norma in Fullment) the advente of every narrow Manufer mining opposes of every nation amore

tion. In fine, Barnes Newcome's manifesto to the Electors of Newcome was as authentic a document, and gave him credit for as many public virtues, as that slab over poor Sir Brian's bones in the chancel of Newcome church, which commemorated the good qualities of the defunct, and the

grief of his heir.

In spite of the virtues, personal and inherited, of Barnes, his seat for Newcome was not got without a contest. The Dissenting interest and the respectable Liberals of the borough wished to set up Samuel Higg, Esq., against Sir Barnes Newcome; and now it was that Barnes's civilities of the previous year, aided by Madame de Montcontour's influence over her brother, bore their fruit. Mr. Higg declined to stand against Sir Barnes Newcome, although Higg's political principles were by no means those of the honourable Baronet; and the candidate from London, whom the Newcome extreme Radicals set up against Barnes, was nowhere on the poll when the day of election came. So Barnes had the desire of his heart, and within two months after his father's demise he sat in Parliament as Member for Newcome.

The bulk of the late Baronet's property descended, of course, to his eldest son, who grumbled, nevertheless, at the provision made for his brothers and sisters, and that the town-house should have been left to Lady Ann, who was too poor to inhabit it. But Park Lane is the best situation in London, and Lady Ann's means were greatly improved by the annual produce of the house in Park Lane, which, as we all know, was occupied by a foreign minister for several subsequent seasons. Strange mutations of fortune-old places; new faces-what Londoner does not see and speculate upon them every day? Cœlia's boudoir, who is dead with the daisies over her at Kensal Green, is now the chamber where Delia is consulting Dr. Locock, or Julia's children are romping; Florio's dining-tables have now Pollio's wine upon them; Calista, being a widow, and (to the surprise of everybody who knew Trimalchio, and enjoyed his famous dinners) left but very poorly off, lets the house and the rich, chaste, and appropriate planned furniture, by Dowbiggin, and the proceeds go to keep her little boys at Eton. The next year, as Mr. Clive Newcome rode by the once familiar mansion applied. Friends whend in the while's amended that the full house was to let. The woman who left is breath a cent in Ma. Markenin's furth hardwring amounting Mr. Jume Einsies at lines was "Theoretically in the Process" and that his local magnet were Mess. Sounded. The woman said she believed the praisants had been moved. The breas, my locked may hak Grand and describend. We draw away from the does, pirring to think that Erbeath, or any other misfestness, had belief nood of House.

Mrs. Penchemis drove back to our lodgings, Britham's, in Jermyn Street, while I sped to the Grs, having brainess in that quarter. It has been said that I kee a small account with Hobsen Brithens, to whose bank I went, and entered the parties with that tripfalation which most poor non-fiel on presenting themselves before Gro magnates and capitalists. Mr Hobsen Newtones shook hands most privally and goodnaturely, comparabilised me on my marriage, and so forth, and presently fir Barms. Newtonic made his appearance,

still wearing his mounting for his deceased father.

Nothing could be more kind, pleasant, and cordial than Sir Barner's manner. He seemed to know will about my affairs; complimented me on every kind of good fortune; had heard that I had canvassed the berough in which I fired; hipped sincerely to see me in Parlament and on the right side; was most anxious to become acquanted with Miss Pendennis, of whom Lady Rockmunster said all sorts of kind things; and asked for our address, in order that Lady Chan Newcome might have the pleasare of calling on my wife. This ceremony was performed soon afterwards, and an invitation to dinner from Sir Barnes and Lady Chan Newcome precedit followed:

Sir Barnes Newcome, Bart, M.P., I need not say, no longer inhabited the small house which he had occupied immediately after his naturage, but dwelt in a much more spacious mansion in Belgravia, where he entertained his friends. Now that he had come into his kingdom. I must say that Euroes was by no means so insufferable as in the days of his bachelorhood. He had sown his wild cats, and sopke with repert and reserve of that season of his moral

d a sheaf of painting-brushes) when we entered the welllown quarters. Clive's picture hung over the mantelpiece,
here his father's head used to hang in our time—a careful
d beautifully-executed portrait of the lad in a velvet coal
d a Roman hat, with that golden beard which was sacrificed
the exigencies of London fashion. I showed Laura the
teness until she could become acquainted with the original
n her expressing her delight at the picture, the painter was
eased to say, in his modest blushing way, that he would be
ad to execute my wife's portrait too, nor, as I think, could

ly artist find a subject more pleasing.

After admiring others of Mr. Ridley's works, our talk nat ally reverted to his predecessor. Clive had migrated to uch more splendid quarters. Had we not heard he had ecome a rich man, a man of fashion? "I fear he is very about the arts," J. J. said, with regret on his countennce; "though I begged and prayed him to be faithful to is profession. He would have done very well in it, in por ait-painting especially. Look here, and here, and here! id Ridley, producing fine vigorous sketches of Clive's He had the art of seizing the likeness, and of making al is people look like gentlemen too. He was improving very day, when this abominable bank came in the way, and topped him."

What bank? I did not know the new Indian bank of thich the Colonel was a director. Then of course I was ware that the mercantile affair in question was the Bunde und Bank, about which the Colonel had written to me from the notation and year since, announcing that fortunes we of be made by it, and that he had reserved shares for results to the company. Laura admired all Clive's sketches which is affectionate brother artist showed to her, with the exciton of one representing the reader's humble servant, which is Pendennis considered, by no means did justice to

riginal.

Bidding adieu to the kind J. J., and leaving him to pur is art, in that silent serious way in which he daily labout it, we drove to Fitzroy Square hard by, where I was lispleased to show the good old hospitable James Binnie roung lady who bore my name. But here too we were

appointed. Placards wafered in the windows announced that the old house was to let. The woman who kept it brought a card in Mrs. Mackenzie's frank handwriting, announcing Mr. James Binnie's address was "Posterestante, Pau, in the Pyrenecs," and that his London agents were Mesrs. Soand-so. The woman said she believed the gentleman had been unwell. The house, too, looked very pale, dismal, and disordered. We drove away from the door, grieving to think that ill-health, or any other misfortunes, had befallen good old James.

Mrs. Pendenns drove back to our lodgings, Brisham's, in Jermyn Street, while I sped to the City, having business in that quarter. It has been said that I kept a small account with Hobson Brothers, to whose bank I went, and entered the parlour with that trepidation which most poor men feel on presenting themselves before City magnates and capitalists. Mr. Hobson Newcome shook hands most jorvally and goodnaturedly, congratulated me on my marriage, and so forth, and presently Sir Barnes Newcome made his appearance, or

still wearing his mourning for his deceased father

Nothing could be more kind, pleasant, and cordial than Simules' manner. He seemed to know well about my affairs; complimented me on every kind of good fortune; had heard that I had canvassed the borough in which I lived; hoped sincerely to see mie in Parliament and on the right side; was most anvious to become acquainted with Mrs. Pendennis, of whom Lady Rockminster said all sorts of kind things; and asked for our address, in order that Lady Clara Newcome might have the pleasure of calling on my wife. This ceremony was performed soon afterwards, and an invitation to dinner from Sir Barnes and Lady Clara Newcome speedily followed it.

Sir Bames Newcome, Bart., MP, I need not say, no longer inhabited the small house which he had occupied immediately after his marriage, but dwelt in a much more spacious manison in Belgravia, where he entertained his friends. Now that he had come into his kingdom, I must say that Barnes was by no means so insufferable as in the days of his bachelorhood. He had sown his wild oats, and spoke with regret and reserve of that season moral

to conceal his baldness (as he used before his father's death, by bringing lean wisps of hair over his forehead from the back of his head); talked a great deal about the House; was assiduous in his attendance there and in the City; and conciliating with all the world. It seemed as if we were all his constituents, and though his efforts to make himself agree able were rather apparent, the effect succeeded pretty well We met Mr. and Mrs. Hobson Newcome, and Clive, and Miss Ethel looking beautiful in her black robes. It was a family party, Sir Barnes said, giving us to understand, with a decorous solemnity in face and voice, that no large parties as vet could be received in that house of mourning.

To this party was added, rather to my surprise, my Lord Highgate, who, under the sobriquet of Jack Belsize, has beer presented to the reader of this history. Lord Highgate gave Lady Clara his arm to dinner, but went and took a place next Miss Newcome, on the other side of her; that immedi ately by Lady Clara being reserved for a guest who had no

as yet made his appearance.

The safe the states

Lord Highgate's attentions to his neighbour, his laughing and talking, were incessant; so much so that Clive, from his end of the table, scowled in wrath at Jack Belsize's assidu ities: it was evident that the youth, though hopeless, was

still jealous and in love with his charming cousin.

Barnes Newcome was most kind to all his guests; from Aunt Hobson to your humble servant there was not one bu the master of the house had an agreeable word for him Even for his cousin, Samuel Newcome, a gawky youth with an eruptive countenance, Barnes had appropriate words of conversation, and talked about King's College, of which the lad was an ornament, with the utmost affability. He compli mented that institution and young Samuel, and by that sho knocked over not only Sam but his mamma too. He talked to Uncle Hobson about his crops; to Clive about his pic tures; to me about the great effect which a certain articl in the Pall Mall Gazette had produced in the House, when the Chancellor of the Exchequer was perfectly livid with fury, and Lord John burst out laughing at the attack: is fact, nothing could be more amiable than our host on thi London; she will bore herself to death with the old womar at Vichy, or with her mother at Rugby" (whither Lady Anr had gone to get her boys educated); and accordingly Miss Newcome came on a visit to her brother and sister, at whose house we have just had the honour of seeing her.

When Rooster took his seat in the House of Lords, he was introduced by Highgate and Kew, as Highgate had beci introduced by Kew previously. Thus these three gentlemer all rode in gold coaches; had all got coronets on their heads as you will, my respected young friend, if you are the eldes son of a peer who dies before you. And now they were rich they were all going to be very good boys, let us hope. we know, married one of the Dorking family, that second Lady Henrictta Pullcyn, whom we described as frisking about at Baden, and not in the least afraid of him. How little the reader knew, to whom we introduced the girl it that chatty off-hand way, that one day the young creatur would be a countess! But we knew it all the while: and when she was walking about with the governess or romping with her sisters, and when she had dinner at one o'clock , and when she wore a pinafore very likely, we secretly re spected her as the future Countess of Kew, and mother the Viscount Walham.

Lord Kew was very happy with his bride, and very go to her. He took Lady Kew to Paris, for a marriage tri but they lived almost altogether at Kewbury afterwar where his lordship sowed tame oats now after his wild on and became one of the most active farmers of his cour He and the Newcomes were not very intimate friends, Lord Kew was heard to say that he disliked Barnes n after his marriage than before. And the two sisters, I Clara and Lady Kew, had a quarrel on one occasion, w the latter visited London just before the dinner at which have just assisted, nay, at which we are just assisting, place-a quarrel about Highgate's attentions to Ethel likely. Kew was dragged into it, and hot words passed tween him and Jack Belsize; and Jack did not go do Kewbury afterwards, though Kew's little boy was chris after him. All these interesting details, about people of very highest rank, we are supposed to whisper in the reear as we are sitting at a Belgravian dinner-table. My dear Barmecide friend, isn't it pleasant to be in such fine company?

four years, had now grown to be one of the most flourishing commercial institutions in Bengal. Founded, as the prospectus announced, at a time when all private credit was shaken by the failure of the great Agency Houses, of which the downfall had carried dismay and run throughout the presidency, the B. B. had been established on the ordy sound principle of commercial prosperity—that of association. The native capitalists, headed by the great firm of Rummun Loll & Co., of Calcutta, had largely embarked in the B. B.; and the officers of the two services and the Europan mercantile body of Calcutta had been invited to take shares in an institution which to merchants, native and English-Civilians and military men, was alke advantageous and indispensable. How many young men of the latter services

the greatest capitalist in India as well as the youngest ensign

trade, of which the profits were so great that it was only in private sittings of the B B. managing committee that the details and accounts of these operations could be brought loward. Otherwise the books of the bank were open to every shareholder, and the ensign or the young civil servant was at liberty at any time to inspect his own private acco as well as the common ledger. With New South Wal. carried on a vast trade in wool, supplying that great colony with goods, which their London agents enabled them to purchase in such a way as to give them the command of the market. As if to add to their prosperity, copper-mines were discovered on lands in the occupation of the B. Banking Company, which gave the most astonishing returns. And throughout the vast territories of British India, through the great native firm of Rummun Loll & Co., the Bundelcund Banking Company had possession of the native markets. The order from Birmingham for idols alone (made with their copper and paid in their wool) was enough to make the Low Church party in England cry out; and a debate upon this subject actually took place in the House of Commons, of which the effect was to send up the shares of the Bundelcund Banking Company very considerably upon the London Exchange.

The fifth half-yearly dividend was announced at twelve and a quarter per cent of the paid-up capital; the accounts from the copper-mine sent the dividend up to a still greater height, and carried the shares to an extraordinary premium. In the third year of the concern, the house of Hobson Brothers, of London, became the agents of the Bundelcund Banking Company of India; and amongst our friends, James Binnie, who had prudently held out for some time, and Clive Newcome, Esq., became shareholders, Clive's good father having paid the first instalments of the lad's shares up in Calcutta, and invested every rupee he could himself command in this enterprise. When Hobson Brothers joined it, no wonder James Binnie was convinced; Clive's friend, the Frenchman, and through that connection the house of Higg, of Newcome and Manchester, entered into the affair; and amongst the minor contributors in England we may mention Miss Cann, who took a little fifty-pound note share, and dear old Miss. Honeyman, and J. J., and his father Ridley, who brought a small bag of savings—all knowing that their Colonel, who was eager that his friends should participate in his good fortune, would never lead them wrong. To Clive's surprise Mrs. Mackenzie, between whom and himself there was a considerable coolness, came to his chambers, and with a solemn injunction that the matter between them should be quite

pristic requested him to purchase 51,500 worth of Bundel amounted to find the thrift widow to Dossession of so much cund states for ner and ner caratis state, which we can attend to find the thrifty widow in possession of so much make the state of the axonisneo to mo the unity widow in Possession of so much money. Had Mr. Pendemna's mind not been bent at this moment on quite other subjects he might have increased his movement on quite other suojects, he might have increased his and fortune by the Bundeleund Bank speculation; but in oan tortune by the sunnectant water spectration; but in these two years I was engaged in matrimonal affairs (buring Alice Kercome East as my groom's wan on a certain interest the remains Language property as any groom season on a certain interesting occasion). When we returned from our four abroad, the and occurrently to here we returned from our tour acrease, the hard Bank shares were so very high that I did not care to Dischase though I found an affectionate letter from our Seed Colonel (enjoying me to make my fortune) awaiting awaiting awaiting me to make my fortune) awaiting awaiti good Cotone (enjoying me to make my tortune) anatong me at the agent's and my wife received a pair of beautiful Cashmere shawls from the same kind friend.

CONTAINS AT LEAST SIX NORE COURSES AND THE DESSERTS. He banker's dinner-party over, we returned to our sport the suther's cumer-party over, we returned to our span-tents having dropped Major Fendenns at his lockings, and east anting cupped shaper reacting at his location and accounts and among the control of among the country married couples.

ore as the custom is amongst most mensury marice couples, ked over the company and the dimer. I thought my wife study have liked Sir Barnes Newcouple my wife study. As a second with the second secon the naturally nates like our mannes remember, who was not made and manufacture to her, took her to dunder as the bride, and 1 attended to the two first to unine as the union of certaining the whole entertainment ou tenselizary to ner ourse the whole emeritamment. Bun Rud No fee and not know with council liest to better reason? There was a tone about Six Bundance and the same state of the same state center reason, there was a tone about or corner on the did not like especially in his manner to

in analysis of that he spoke sharply and in a succeing manner marked that he spoke sharply and in a succession distinct which she made o she is."

us was san patus.
Pendenalis flung up her bead as much as to say, o sae to some of the same of t Foreign 1 that, the time too, my deep tables 1 a pretty, simple imported Jourg

are thought such a pretty supple impocent you gill just enough good looks to nate her tho is very well bred and not brilliant at

should have thought such a one might have secured a sister's

approbation.

Mrs. Pendennis. You faney we are all jealous of one another. No protests of ours can take that notion out of your heads. My dear Pen, I do not intend to try. We are not jealous of mediocrity; we are not patient of it. I dare say we are angry because we see men admire it so. You gentlemen, who pretend to be our betters, give yourselves such airs of protection, and profess such a lofty superiority over us, prove it by quitting the cleverest woman in the room for the first pair of bright eyes and dimpled cheeks that enter. It was those charms which attracted you in Lady Clara, sir.

Pendennis. I think she is very pretty, and very innocent

and artless.

Mrs. P. Not very pretty, and perhaps not so very artless. Pendennis. How can you tell, you wicked woman? Are you such a profound deceiver yourself, that you can instantly

detect artifice in others? O Laura!

Mrs. P. We can detect all sorts of things. The inferior animals have instincts, you know. (I must say my wife is always very satirical upon this point of the relative rank of the sexes.) One thing I am sure of is, that she is not happy, and oh, Pen! that she does not care much for her little girl.

Pendennis. How do you know that, my dear?

Mrs. P. We went upstairs to see the child after dinner. It was at my wish. The mother did not offer to go. The child was awake and crying. Lady Clara did not offer to take it. Ethel—Miss Newcome took it, rather to my surprise, for she seems very haughty; and the nurse, who I suppose was at supper, came running up at the noise, and then the poor little thing was quiet.

Pendennis. I remember we heard the music, as the diningroom door was open; and Newcome said, "That is what you

will have to expect, Pendennis."

Mrs. P. Hush, sir! If my baby cries, I think you must expect me to run out of the room. I liked Miss Newcome after seeing her with the poor little thing. She looked so handsome as she walked with it! I longed to have it myself.

Pendennis. Tout vient à fin, à qui sait

Mrs. P. Don't be silly. What a dreadful, dreadful place is great world of yours is, Arthur, where husbands do not seem to care for their wives, where mothers do not love their children, where children love their nurses best, where men talk what they call gallanty!

Pendennis, What?

Mrs. P. Yes, such as that dreary, languid, pale, bald, cadaverous, legring man whispered to me. Oh, how I dislike him! I am sure he is unkind to his wife. I am sure he has a bad temper; and if there is any excuse for—

Pendennis. For what?

Mrs. P. For nothing But you heard yourself that he had a had temper, and spoke sneeringly to his wife. What

could make her marry him?

Pendennis. Money, and the desire of papa and mamma. For the same reason Clive's flame, poor Miss Newcome, was brought out to-day; that vacant seat at her side was for Lord Farintssh, who did not come. And the Marquis not being present, the Baron took his immigs. Did you not see how tender he was to her, and how fierce poor Clive looked?

Mrs. P. Lord Highgate was very attentive to Miss New-

come, was he?

Pindennii. And some years ago, Lord Highgate was breaking his heart about whom do you think? about Lady Clarm Polleyn, our hostess of last night. He was Jack Belsize then, a younger son, plunged over head and ears in debt; and of course there could be no marriage. Clive was present at Baden when a terrible scene took place, and carried off poor Jack to Switzerland and Italy, where he remained till his father died, and he came into the title in which he rejoices. And now he is off with the old love, Laura, and on with the new. Why do you look at me so? Are you thinking that other people have been in love two or three times too?

Mrs. P. I am thinking that I should not like to live in London, Arthur.

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erally in the right; but that is only the more aggravating. Indeed, what can be more provoking, after a dispute with your wife, than to find it is you, and not she, who has been in the wrong?

Sir Barnes Newcome politely caused us to understand that the entertainment of which we had just partaken was given in honour of the bride. Clive must needs not be outdone in hospitality, and invited us and others to a fine feast at the Star and Garter at Richmond, where Mrs. Pendennis was placed at his right hand. I smile as I think how much dining has been already commemorated in these veracious pages; but the story is an everyday record, and does not dining form a certain part of the pleasure and business of every day? It is at that pleasant hour that our sex has the privilege of meeting the other. The morning man and woman alike devote to business, or pass mainly in the company of their own kind. John has his office; Jane her household, her nursery, her milliner, her daughters and their masters. In the country he has his hunting, his fishing, his farming, his letters; she her schools, her poor, her garden, or what not? Parted through the shining hours, and improving them, let us trust, we come together towards sunset only; we make merry and amuse ourselves. We chat with our pretty neighbour, or survey the young ones sporting; we make love, and are jealous; we dance, or obsequiously turn over the leaves of Cecilia's music-book; we play whist, or go to sleep in the arm-chair, according to our ages and conditions. Snooze gently in thy arm-chair, thou easy bald-head! play your whist, or read your novel, or talk scandal over your work, ye worthy downgers and fogeys! Meanwhile the young ones frisk about, or dance, or sing, or laugh; or whisper behind curtains in moonlit windows; or shirk away into the garden, and come back smelling of cigars—nature having made them so to do.

Nature at this time irresistibly impelled Clive Newcome towards love-making. It was pairing-season with him. Mr. Clive was now some three-and-twenty years old. Enough has been said about his good looks, which were in truth sufficient to make him a match for the young lady on whom he had



his thoughts went quite another way. To be sure, Lady Ciara is a belle Banquière too now. He, he, he! How could he say he had no carriage to go home in? He came down in Crackthorpe's cab, who passed us just now, driving back young What-d'ye-call the painter."

Thus did the Major discourse, as we returned towards the City. I could see in the open carriage which followed us (Lady Clara Newcome's) Lord Highgate's white hat, by Clive's

on the back seat.

Laura looked at her husband. The same thought may have crossed their minds, though neither uttered it; but although Sir Barnes and Lady Clara Newcome offered us other civilities during our stay in London, no inducements could induce Laura to accept the proffered friendship of that lady. When Lady Clara called, my wife was not at home; when she invited us, Laura pleaded engagements. At first she bestowed on Miss Newcome too a share of this haughty dislike, and rejected the advances which that young lady, who professed to like my wife very much, made towards an intimacy. When I appealed to her (for Newcome's house was after all a very pleasant one, and you met the best people there), my wife looked at me with an expression of something like scorn, and said, "Why don't I like Miss Newcome? Of course because I am jealous of her: all women, you know, Arthur, are jealous of such beauties." I could get for a long while no better explanation than these sneers for my wife's antipathy towards this branch of the Newcome family; but an event came presently which silenced my remonstrances, and showed to me that Laura had judged Barnes and his wife only too well.

Poor Mrs. Hobson Newcome had reason to be sulky at the neglect which all the Richmond party showed her; for nobody, not even Major Pendennis, as we have seen, would listen to her intellectual conversation—nobody, not even Lord Highgate, would drive back to town in her carriage, though the vehicle was large and empty, and Lady Clara's barouche, in which his Lordship chose to take a place, had already three occupants within it. But in spite of these rebuffs and disappointments the virtuous lady of Bryanston Square was bent upon being good-natured and hospitable;

and I have to record, in the present chapter, yet one more feast of which Mr. and Mrs. Pendennis partook at the expense

of the most respectable Newcome family.

Although Mrs. Laura here also appeared, and had the place of henour in her character of bride, I am bound to own my opinion that Mrs. Hobson only made us the pretext of her party, and that in reality it was given to persons of a much more exalted rank. We were the first to arrive, our good old Major, the most punctual of men, bearing us company. Our hostess was arrayed in unisual state and splendour. Her fat neck was ornamented with lewels; rich bracelets decorated her arms; and this Bryanston Square Cornelia had likewise her family jewels distributed round her princeless male and fernalo Newcome gens, from the King's College youth with whom we have made a brief acquaintance,

hairdresser. We had seen the cherub faces of some of these dailings pressed against the drawing-room windows as our carriage drove up to the door. When, after a few minutes' convenation, another vehicle arrived, away they dashed to the windows again, the innocent little dears crying out, "Here's the Marquis!" and ms andder tones, "No, it sint he Marquis!" by which artises expressions they showed how

saying, "We expect Farintosh."

[&]quot;Why, my dearest children," Matronly Virtue exclaimed, "this amiety to behold the young Marquis of Farintosh," when we expect at our modest table, Mrs. Pendennis, to day. Twice you have been at the window in your teagemest sold for him. Louisa, you silly child, do you imagine that his learthful miles.

THE NEWCOMES.

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datings pressed against the drawing-room windows as our carriage drove up to the door. When, after a few minutes' conversation, another vehicle arrived, away they dashed to the windows again, the innocent little dears crying our, "Here's the Marquis!" and in sadder tones, "No, it isn't the Marquis;" by which artless expressions they showed how eager they were to behold an expected guest of a rank only inferior to Dukes in this creat emoure.

Putting two and two together, as the saying is, it was not discult for me to guess who the expected Marquis was; and, indeed, the King's College youth set that question at once to rest, by wagging his head at me, and winking his eye, and

saying, "We expect Farintosh."

"Why, my dearest children," Matronly Virtue exclaumed,
"this anxiety to behold the young Marquis of Fanntosh?—
whom we expect at our modest table, Mrs. Pendennis, to-day.
Twice you have been at the window in your casgements to look
for him. Louisa, you silly child, do you imagne that his
lordship will appear in his robes and coronet? Rodolf, you
abourd boy, do you think that a Marquis is other than a man't
I have never admired angit but intellers, Mrs. Pendennis;

tat, let us be thankful, is the only true title to distinction in

ur country nowadays."

"Begad, sir," whispers the old Major to me, "intellect lay be a doosid fine thing, but, in my opinion, a Marquisate nd eighteen or twenty thousand a year-I should say the arintosh property, with the Glenlivet estate, and the Roy roperty in England, must be worth nineteen thousand a year t the very lowest figure; and I remember when this young nan's father was only Tom Roy of the 42nd, with no hope if succeeding to the title, and doosidly out at elbows too..... say, what does the bankeress mean by chattering about inellect? Hang me, a Marquis is a Marquis; and Mrs. Newome knows it as well as I do." My good Major was growng old, and was not unnaturally a little testy at the manner n which his hostess received him. Truth to tell, she hardly ook any notice of him, and cut down a couple of the old tentleman's stories before he had been five minutes in the nom.

To our party presently comes the host in a flurried counenance, with a white waistcoat, holding in his hand an open etter, towards which his wife looks with some alarm. "How iy' doo, Lady Clara? how d'y doo, Ethel?" he says, saluting hose ladies, whom the second carriage had brought to us. "Sir Barnes is not coming, that's one place vacant—that, Lady Clara, you won't mind, you see him at home; but here's a disappointment for you, Miss Newcome-Lord Farintosh can't come."

At this, two of the children cry out "Oh! oh!" with such a melancholy accent that Miss Newcome and Lady Clara burst out laughing.

"Got a dreadful toothache!" said Mr. Hobson; "here's

his letter."

"Hang it, what a bore!" cries artless young King's College. "Why a bore, Samuel? A bore, as you call it, for Lord Farintosh, I grant; but do you suppose that the high in station are exempt from the ills of mortality? I know nothing more painful than a toothache," exclaims a virtuous matron, using the words of philosophy, but showing the countenance of anger.

"Hang it, why didn't he have it out?" says Samuel.

Miss Ethel laughed. "Lord Farintosh would not have that tooth out for the world, Samuel," she cried gaily. "He keeps it in on pour lord and it always aches when he does not the control of the control o

countenance, and light is restored, when at this moment, a cab having driven up during the period of darkness, the door is fling open, and Lord Highgate is announced by a loudvoiced butler.

My wife, being still the bride on this occasion, had the honour of being led to the dimer-table by our banker and host. Lord Highgate was reserved for Mrs. Hobson, who, in an engaging manner, requested poor Clive to conduct his

where she sate, and seated Lady Clara in the next chair to that which Lord Highgate chanced to occupy. Feeling himself en veine, and the company being otherwise rather mum and silent, my uncle told a number of delightful anecdotes about the beau monde of his time, about the Peninsular war. the Regent, Brummell, Lord Steyne, Pea Green Payne, and so forth. He said the evening was very pleasant, though some others of the party, as it appeared to me, scarcely seemed to think so. Clive had not a word for his cousin Maria, but looked across the table at Ethel all dinner-time. What could Ethel have to say to her partner, old Colonel Sir Donald M'Craw, who gobbled and drank as his wont is, and if he had a remark to make, imparted it to Mrs Hobson, at whose right hand he was sitting, and to whom, during the whole course, or courses, of the dinner, my Lord Highgate scarcely uttered one single word.

His Lordship was whispering all the while into the ringlets of Lady Clara; they were talking a pargon which their hostess scarcely understood, of people only known to her by her study of the peerage. When we joined the ladies after dinner, Lord Highgate again made way towards Lady Clara, and at an order from her, as I thought, left her ladyship, and

strove hard to engage in a conversation with Mrs. Newcome I hope he succeeded in smoothing the frowns in that round little face. Mrs. Laura, I own, was as grave as a judge at the evening; very grave even and reserved with my uncl when the hour for parting came, and we took him home.

"He, he!" said the old man, coughing, and nodding hi old head, and laughing in his senile manner, when I say him on the next day, "that was a pleasant evening we have yesterday—doosid pleasant; and I think my two neighbour seemed to be uncommonly pleased with each other. No an amusing fellow, that young painter of yours, though h is good-looking enough; but there's no conversation in him Do you think of giving a little dinner, Arthur, in return for these hospitalities? Greenwich, hey, or something of the sort? I'll go you halves, sir; and we'll ask the young banke and bankeress—not yesterday's Amphitryon nor his wife no, no, hang it! but Barnes Newcome is a devilish clever rising man, and moves in about as good society as any it London. We'll ask him and Lady Clara and Highgate, an one or two more, and have a pleasant party."

But to this proposal, when the old man communicated to her in a very quiet, simple, artful way, Laura, with flushing face, said "No" quite abruptly, and quitted th room, rustling in her silks, and showing at once dignity an

indignation.

Not many more feasts was Arthur Pendennis, senior, thave in this world; not many more great men was he thatter, nor schemes to wink at, nor earthly pleasures to enjoy His long days were well-nigh ended. On his last couch which Laura tended so affectionately, with his last breat almost, he faltered out to me, "I had other views for you my boy, and once hoped to see you in a higher position i life; but I begin to think now, Arthur, that I was wrong and as for that girl, sir, I am sure she is an angel."

May I not inscribe the words with a grateful heart Blessed he—blessed, though maybe undeserving—who he

the love of a good woman.

CHAPTER XIL

CLIVE IN NEW QUARTERS.

My wife was much better pleased with Clive than with some of his relatives to whom I had presented her. His face carried a recommendation with it that few honest people could resist. He was always a welcome friend in our lodgings; and even our uncle the Major signified his approval of the lad as a young fellow of very good manners and feelings, who, if he chose to throw himself away and be a painter, ma foi, was rich enough, no doubt, to follow his own caprices. Clive executed a capital head of Major Pendennis, which now hangs in our drawing-room at Fairoaks, and reminds me of that friend of my youth. Clive occupied ancient lofty chambers in Hanover Square now. He had furnished them in an antique manner, with hangings, cabinets, carred work, Venice glasses, fine prints, and water-colour sketches of good pictures by his own and other hands. He had horses to nde, and a liberal purse full of paternal money Many fine equipages drew up opposite to his chambers. Few artists had such luck as young Mr. Clive. And above his own chambers were other three, which the young gentleman had hired, and where, says he, "I hope ere very long my dear old father will be lodging with me. In another year he says he thinks he will be able to come home, when the affairs of the Bank are quite settled. You shake your head! Why? The shares are worth four times what we gave for them. We are men of fortune, Pen, I give you my word, You should see how much they make of me at Baines & Jolly's, and how civil they are to me at Hobson Brothers' l I go into the City now and then and see our manager, Mr. Blackmore. He tells me such stories about indigo, and d Company's rupees. iness, hut my father

Dear Cousin Barnes

iight call Lady Clara

does in Bryanston

Square. You can't think now kind they are to me there. My aunt reproaches me tenderly for not going there oftener

-it's not very good fun dining in Bryanston Square, is it? And she praises my cousin Maria to me-you should hear my aunt praise her! I have to take Maria down to dinner; to sit by the piano and listen to her songs in all languages. Do you know Maria can sing Hungarian and Polish, besides your common German, Spanish, and Italian? Those I have at our other agents', Baines and Jolly's-Baines's, that is, in the Regent's Park, where the girls are prettier and just as civil to me as at Aunt Hobson's." And here Clive would amuse us by the accounts which he gave us of the snares which the Misses Baines, those young sirens of Regent's Park, set for him-of the songs which they sang to enchant him; the albums in which they besought him to draw; the thousand winning ways which they employed to bring him into their cave in York Terrace. But neither Circe's smiles nor Calypso's blandishments had any effect on him; his ears were stopped to their music, and his eyes rendered dull to their charms, by those of the flighty young enchantress with

whom my wife had of late made acquaintance.

Capitalist though he was, our young fellow was still very He forgot no old friends in his prosperity, and the lofty antique chambers would not unfrequently be lighted up at nights to receive F. B. and some of the old cronies of the Haunt, and some of the Gandishites, who, if Clive had been of a nature that was to be spoiled by flattery, had certainly done mischief to the young man. Gandish himself, when Clive paid a visit to that illustrious artist's Academy, received his former pupil as if the young fellow had been a sovereign prince almost, accompanied him to his horse, and would have held his stirrup as he mounted, whilst the beautiful daughters of the house waved adieus to him from the parlour window. To the young men assembled in his studio, Gandish was never tired of talking about Clive. The Professor would take occasion to inform them that he had been to visit his distinguished young friend, Mr. Newcome, son of Colonel Newcome; that last evening he had been present at an elegant entertainment at Mr. Newcome's new apartments. Clive's drawings were hung up in Gandish's gallery, and pointed out to visitors by the worthy Professor. On one or two occasions I was allowed to become a bachelor again, and

participate in these jovial meetings. How guilty my coat was on my return home; how haughty the looks of the misuress of my house as she bade Martha carry away the ob-

d to be as president own the law, talked consumed the most Clive's popularity

rose prodigiously; not only youngsters, but old practitioners of the fine arts, lauded his talents. What a shame that his pictures were all refused this year at the Academy! Alfred Since, Esq.

confessed

he had be

were not so good as those of two years before. I am afraid Mr. Clive went to too many balls and parties, to clubs and jonal entertainments, besides losing yet more time in that other pursuit we wot of. Meanwhile J. J. went steadily on with his work. No day passed without a line; and Fame was not very far off, though this he beeded but little, and Art, his sole mistress, rewarded him for his steady and fond pursuit of her.

"Look at him," Clive would say with a sigh. "Isn't he
the mortal of all others the most to be enved? He is so
fond of his art that in all the world there is no attraction like
it for him. He runs to his easel at sunnse, and sits before it
curesting his picture all day till nightfall. He takes leave of it
sally when dark comes, spends the night in a Life Academy,
and begins next morning da app Of all the pieces of good
fortun which he held?" are insertited to the recommend to the

in such a

and easel. Sometimes I succeed a little better in my work, and then it will happen for half an hour that I am pleased; but pleased at what? pleased at drawing Mr. Muggins's head rather like Mr. Muggins. Why, a thousand fellows can do better; and when one day I reach my very best, thousands will be able to do better still. Ours is a trade I inhowadays there is no excuse unless one can be

and I feel I have not the stuff for that. No. 666.

Joseph Muggins, Esq., Newcome, Great George Street. No. 979. Portrait of Mrs. Muggins, on her grey pony-Newcome. No. 579. Portrait of Joseph Muggins Esq.'s dog Toby-New-This is what I'm fit for. These are the victories I have set myself on achieving. O Mrs. Pendennis! isn't it humiliating? Why isn't there a war? Why can't I go and. distinguish myself somewhere and be a general? Why haven't I a genius? I say, Pen, sir, why haven't I a genius? There is a painter who lives hard by, and who sends sometimes to beg me to come and look at his work. He is in the Muggins line too. He gets his canvases with a good light upon them; excludes the contemplation of all other objects: stands beside his pictures in an attitude himself, and thinks that he and they are masterpieces. Masterpieces! Oh me. what drivelling wretches we are! Fame!-except that of iust the one or two-what's the use of it? I say, Pen, would you feel particularly proud now if you had written Hayley's poems? And as for a second place in painting, who would care to be Caravaggio or Caracci? I wouldn't give a straw to be Caracci or Caravaggio. I would just as soon be yonder artist who is painting up 'Foker's Entire' over the public house at the comer. He will have his payment afterwardsfive shillings a day and a pot of beer.—Your head a little more to the light, Mrs. Pendennis, if you please. I ar tiring you, I dare say, but then, oh I am doing it so badly!

I, for my part, thought Clive was making a very pret drawing of my wife, and having affairs of my own to atter to, would often leave her at his chambers as a sitter, or fil him at our lodgings visiting her. They became the vegreatest friends. I knew the young fellow could have better friend than Laura; and not being ignorant of t malady under which he was labouring, concluded natura and justly that Clive grew so fond of my wife, not for sake entirely, but for his own, because he could pour heart out to her, and her sweet kindness and compass

would soothe him in his unhappy condition.

Burney Brich

Miss Ethel, I have said, also professed a great fond for Mrs. Pendennis, and there was that charm in the ye lady's manner which speedily could overcome even fe jealousy. Perhaps Laura determined magnanimously to quer it; perhaps she hid it so as to vex me and prove the injustice of my suspicions; perhaps, honestly, she was conquered by the young beauty, and gave her a regard any admiration which the other knew she could inspire wheneve she had the will. My wife was fairly captivated by her a length. The untamable young creature was docile an gentle in Laura's presence; modest, natural, amiable, full o laughter and spirits delightful to see and to hear; her presence cheered our quiet thite household; her charm fasc nated my wife, as it had subjugated poor Cline. Even the reluctant Frantosh was compelled to own her power, an confidentially told his male friends that, hang it, she was shandsome, and so clever, and so confoundedly pleasant an fascinating, and that—that he had been on the point c popping the fatal question ever so many times, by Jow.

As for C er. Sh

"Why," said she, "should not I be happy as long as the summand drary enough. When grandmamma comes back I shall scarcely he able to come and see you. When I am settled in life—th I shall he settled in hief I bo not grudge me my hofiday, Laura. Oh, if you knew how stupid it is to be in the world, and how much pleasanter to come and talk, and laugh and sing, and be happy with you, than to sit in that drary Eaton Flace with poor Clara!

"Why do you stay in Eaton Place?" asks Laura.

"Why? because I must go out with somebody. What an unsophisticated little country creature you are! Grand

I like being in London best, thank you. You i

You think a girl should like to be with her mount and sisters best? My dear, mamma wishes me to be here, and I stay with Barnes and Clara by grandmamma's orders. Don't you know that I have been made over to Lady Kew, who has adopted me? Do you think a young lady of my pretensions can stop at home, in a damp house in Warwickshire, and cut bread-and-butter for little boys at school? Don't look so very grave and shake your head so, Mrs. Pendennis! If you had been bred as I have, you would be as I am. I know what you are thinking, madam."

"I am thinking," said Laura, blushing, and bowing her head—"I am thinking, if it pleases God to give me children, I should like to live at home at Fairoaks." My wife's thoughts, though she did not utter them—and a certain modesty and habitual awe kept her silent upon subjects so very sacred—went deeper yet. She had been bred to measure her actions by a standard which the world may nominally admit, but which it leaves for the most part unheeded. Worship, love, duty, as taught her by the devout study of

Sacred Law which interprets and defines it-if these the outward practice of her life, they were also its and secret endeavours and occupation. She spoke very seldom of her religion, though it filled her heart and influenced all her behaviour. Whenever she sacred subject, her demeanour appeared to her hu awful that he scarcely dared to approach it in her and stood without as this pure creature entered Holy of Holies. What must the world appear worth how much? Compared to the priceless treasure and happiness unspeakable, as what has life to offer? I see before me now face, as she looks out from the balcony of the villa we occupied during the first happy riage, following Ethel Newcome, who rides groom behind her, to her brother's far distant. Clive had been with us in : brought us stirring news. The good time on his way home. "If Clive ... from London," the good man wrote (.



here. I am sure it is not to hear you read Shakespeare, Arthur, or your new novel, though it is very pretty. I wish Lady Kew and her sixty thousand pounds were at the bottom of the sea!"

"But she says she is going to portion her younger brothers with a part of it; she told Clive so," remarks Mr. Pendennis.

"For shame! Why does not Barnes Newcome portion his younger brothers? I have no patience with that— Why! Goodness! There is Clive going away, actually!—Clive! Mr. Newcome!" But though my wife ran to the studywindow and beckoned our friend, he only shook his head, jumped on his horse, and rode away gloomily.

"Ethel had been crying when I went into the room,"
Laura afterwards told me. "I knew she had; but she looked
up from some flowers over which she was bending, began to
laugh and rattle, would talk about nothing but Lady Hautbois'
great breakfast the day before, and the most insufferable May
Fair jargon; and then declared it was time to go home and
ress for Mrs. Booth's dijeuner, which was to take place that
afternoon."

And so Miss Newcome rode away-back amongst the roses and the rouges-back amongst the fiddling, flirting, flattery, falseness-and Laura's sweet serene face looked after her departing. Mrs. Booth's was a very grand déjeuner. We read in the newspapers a list of the greatest names there: a Royal Duke and Duchess, a German Highness, a Hindoo Nabob, etc.; and amongst the Marquises, Farintosh; and amongst the Lords, Highgate; and Lady Clara Newcome, and Miss Newcome, who looked killing, our acquaintance Captain Crackthorpe informs us, and who was in perfectly stunning spirits. "His Imperial Highness the Grand Duke of Farintosh is wild about her," the Captain said, "and our poor young friend Clive may just go and hang himself. Dine with us at the Gar and Starter? Jolly party. Oh, I forgot! married man now!" So saying, the Captain entered the hostelry near which I met him, leaving this present chronicler to return to his own home.

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Pendennis believes its tunes to be the sweetest, the most interesting, the most mirth-inspiring, the most pitiful and pathetic that ever baby uttered; which opinions, of course, are backed by Mrs. Hokey, the confidential nurse. Laura's husband is not so rapturous, but, let us trust, behaves in a way becoming a man and a father. We forego the description of his feelings as not pertaining to the history at present under consideration. A little while before the dinner is served, the lady of the cottage comes down to greet her husband's old friends.

And here I am sorely tempted to a third description, which has nothing to do with the story, to be sure, but which, if properly hit off, might fill half a page very prettily. For is not a young mother one of the sweetest sights which life shows us? If she has been beautiful before, does not her present pure joy give a character of refinement and sacredness almost to her beauty, touch her sweet cheeks with fairer blushes, and impart I know not what serene brightness to her eyes? I give warning to the artist who designs the pictures for this veracious story to make no attempt at this subject. I never would be satisfied with it were his drawing ever so

good.

When Sir Charles Grandison stepped up and made his very beautifullest bow to Miss Byron, I am sure his gracious dignity never exceeded that of Colonel Newcome's first greeting to Mrs. Pendennis. Of course, from the very moment they beheld one another they became friends. Are not most of our likings thus instantaneous? Before she came down to see him, Laura had put on one of the Colonel's shawls—the crimson one, with the red palm leaves and the border of many colours. As for the white one, the priceless, the gossamer, the fairy web, which might pass through a ring, that, every lady must be aware, was already appropriated to cover the cradle, or what I believe is called the bassinet, of Master Pendennis.

So we all became the very best of friends; and during the winter months, whilst we still resided at Richmond, the Colonel was my wife's constant visitor. He often came without Clive. He did not care for the world which the young gentleman frequented, and was more pleased and at t

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by means of the prescriptions of some docto or by fficacy of some baths, and was again on foot the tramping about in her grim pursuit of plea

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again, by means of the prescriptions of some doctors or by the efficacy of some baths, and was again on foot and in the world, tramping about in her grim pursuit of p felt secretly that his son was demeaning himself by pursuing the art of painting. "Had he been a soldier, now," thought Thomas Newcome, "(though I prevented that), had he been richer than he is, he might have married Ethel, instead of being unhappy, as he now is, God help him! I remember my own time of grief well enough, and what years it took

before my wound was scarred over." So with these things occupying his brain, Thomas Newcome artfully invited Barnes, his nephew, to dinner, under pretence of talking of the affairs of the great B. B. C. With the first glass of wine at dessert, and according to the Colonel's good old-fashioned custom of proposing toasts, they drank the health of the B. B. C. Barnes drank the toast with all his generous heart. The B. B. C. sent to Hobson Brothers and Newcome a great deal of business, was in a most prosperous condition, kept a great balance at the bank-a balance that would not be overdrawn, as Sir Barnes Newcome very well knew. Barnes was for having more of these bills, provided there were remittances to meet the same. Barnes was ready to do any amount of business with the Indian bank, or with any bank, or with any individual, Christian or heathen, white or black, who could do good to the firm of Hobson Brothers and Newcome. He spoke upon this subject with great archness and candour: of course as a City man he would be glad to do a profitable business anywhere, and the B. B. C.'s business was profitable. But the interested motive, which he admitted frankly as a man of the world, did not prevent other sentiments more agreeable. "My dear Colonel," says Barnes, "I am happy, most happy, to think that our house and our name should have been useful, as I know they have been, in the establishment of a concern in which one of our family is interested, one whom we all so sincerely respect and regard." And he touched his glass with his lips and blushed a little as he bowed towards his uncle. He found himself making a little speech indeed, and to do so before one single person seems rather odd. Had there been a large company present, Barnes would not have blushed at all, but have tossed off his glass, struck his waistcoat possibly, and looked straight in the face of his uncle as the chairman.

Well, he did very likely believe that he respected and rerarded the Colonel.

The Colonel said, "Thank you, Barnes, with all my

neart. It is always good for men to be friends, much more 'or blood-relations, as we are," "A relationship which honours me, I'm sure," says Bames, with a tone of infinite affability. You see he be-

leved that Heaven had made him the Colonel's superior, "And I am very glad," the elder went on, "that you and

my boy are good friends."

"Friends! of course. It would be unnatural if such near relatives were otherwise than good friends."

"You have been hospitable to him, and Lady Clara very kind, and he wrote to me telling me of your kindness .-

Ahem I this is tolerable claret: I wonder where Clive zets at ? "

"You were speaking about that indigo, Colonel 1" here Barnes interposes "Our house has done very little in that way, to be sure; but I suppose that our credit is about as good as Baines and Jolly's, and if-" but the Colonel is in

a brown study. "Clive will have a good bit of money when I die," resumes

Clive's father.

"Why, you are a hale man, upon my word quite a young man, and may marry again, Colonel," replies the nephew fascinatingly.

"I shall never do that," replies the other "Ere many

years are gone I shall be seventy years old, Barnes" "Nothing in the --- ..

Why, there was

will you come d pretty girl, of ye

the Devonshire _____ 11e 100ks, I am sure, twenty years older than you do Why should not you do likewise?"

"Because I like to remain single, and want to leave Clive a rich man. Look here, Barnes, you know the value of our bank shares, now?"

"Indeed I do; rather speculative, but of course

what some sold for last week," says Barnes.

"Suppose I realize now. I think I am worth six lakhs. I had nearly two from my poor father. I saved some before and since I invested in this affair, and could sell out tomorrow with sixty thousand pounds."

"A very pretty sum of money, Colonel," says Barnes.

"I have a pension of a thousand a year."

"My dear Colonel, you are a capitalist! we know it very

well," remarks Sir Barnes.

"And two hundred a year is as much as I want for myself," continues the capitalist, looking into the fire, and jingling his money in his pockets. "A hundred a year for a horse, a hundred a year for pocket-money; for I calculate, you know, that Clive will give me a bedroom and my dinner."

"He! he! If your son won't, your nephew will, my dear

Colonel!" says the affable Barnes, smiling sweetly.

"I can give the boy a handsome allowance, you see,"

resumes Thomas Newcome.

"You can make him a handsome allowance now, and leave him a good fortune when you die!" says the nephew, in a noble and courageous manner, and as if he said Twelve times twelve are a hundred and forty-four, and you have Sir Barnes Newcome's authority—Sir Barnes Newcome's, mind you—to say so.

"Not when I die, Barnes," the uncle goes on. "I will give him every shilling I am worth to-morrow morning, if he

marries as I wish him."

"Tant mieux pour lui!" cries the nephew; and thought to himself, "Lady Clara must ask Clive to dinner instantly. Confound the fellow! I hate him—always have; but what luck he has!"

"A man with that property may pretend to a good wife, as the French say—hey, Barnes?" asks the Colonel, rather

eagerly looking up in his nephew's face.

That countenance was lighted up with a generous enthusiasm. "To any woman, in any rank—to a nobleman's

daughter, my dear sir!" exclaims Sir Barnes.

"I want your sister, I want my dear Ethel for him, Barnes," cries Thomas Newcome, with a trembling voice, and a twinkle in his eyes. "That was the hope I always

had till my talk with your poor father stopped it. Vour ister was engaged to my Lord Kew then, and my wishes of course were impossible. The poor boy is very much cut up, and his whole heart is bent upon possessing her. She would not be if her family in the least encouraged him. I am sure she would not be if her family in the least encouraged him. Can either of these young folks have a better chance of happiness again offered to them in life? There's youth, there's mutual liking, there's wealth for them almost—only saddled with the encumbrance of an old dragoon, who won't be much in their way. Give us your good word, Barnes, and let them come together, and upon my word the res of my days will be made happy if I can eat my meal at their table."

Whilst the poor Colonel was making his appeal, Barnes had time to collect his answer, which, ance in our character of historians we take leave to explain gentlemen's motives as well as record their speeches and actions, we may thus interpret. "Confound the young beggar?" thinks Barnes then. "He will have three or four thousand a year, will he? Hang him, but it's a good sum of mone. What a fool his father is to give it away." Is he joking? No; he was always half crazy, 'the Colonel. Highgate seemed uncommonly sweet on her, and was always hanging about our house. Fainthoth has not been brought to book yet, and perhaps neither of them will propose for her. My grandmother, I should think, won't hear of her making a low marning, as this certainly is, but it's a pity to throw away four thousand a year, ain't it?" All these natural calculations passed baskly through Barnes Newcome's mind, as his uncle, from the opposite side of the fireplace, implored him in the above little speech.

"My dear Colonel," said Barnes, "my dear, kind Colonel! I needn't tell you that your proposal flatters us as much as your extraordinary generosity suppress me. I never heard anything fike 1t—never. Could I consult my own wishes, I would at once. I would, permit me to say, from sheer admiration of your noble character, say yes with all my heart to your proposal. But, alas, I haven't that power."

"Is-is she engaged?" asks the Colonel, look

blank and sad as Clive himself when Ethel had conversed

"No, I cannot say engaged, though a person of the very highest rank has paid her the most marked attention.

But my sister has, in a way, gone from our family, and from my influence as the head of it—an influence which I, I am with him.

sure, had most gladly exercised in your favour. My grand-mother, Lady Kew, has adopted her; purposes, I believe, to leave Ethel the greater part of her fortune, upon certain conditions; and, of course, expects the-the obedience, and so forth, which is customary in such cases. By the way, Colonel, is our young soupirant aware that papa is pleading

The Colonel said no, and Barnes lauded the caution which his uncle had displayed. It was quite as well for the his cause for him?" young man's interests (which Sir Barnes had most tenderly at heart) that Clive Newcome should not himself move in the affair or present himself to Lady Kew. Barnes would take the matter in hand at the proper season; the Colone might be sure it would be most eagerly, most ardently pressed. Clive came home at this juncture, whom Barnes saluted affectionately. He and the Colonel had talked over their money business; their conversation had been most satisfactory, thank you. "Has it not, Colonel?" The

As Barnes Newcome professed that extreme interest for three parted the very best of friends. his cousin and uncle, it is odd he did not tell them that Lady Kew and Miss Ethel Newcome were at that moment within a mile of them, at her ladyship's house in Queen Street, May Fair. In the hearing of Clive's servant, Barnes did not order his brougham to drive to Queen Street, but waited until he was in Bond Street before he gave the

And, of course, when he entered Lady Kew's house, he straightway asked for his sister, and communicated to he order. the generous offer which the good Colonel had made !

You see Lady Kew was in town and not in town. ladyship was but passing through, on her way from a tor of visits in the north to another tour of visits somewhe else. The newspapers were not even off the blinds. T proprietor of the house cowered over a bed-candle and a furtive teapot in the back drawing-room. Lady Kew's germ were not here. The tall canary ones with white polls only showed their plumage and sang in spring. The solitary wretch who takes charge of London houses, and the two servants specially affected to Lady Kew's person, were the only people in attendance. In fact her aldyship was not in town. And that is why, no doubt, Barnes Newcome said nothing about her being there.

CHAPTER XIV.

FAMILY SECRETS.

THE figure cowering over the furtive teapot glowered grimly at Barnes as he entered, and an old voice said, "Ho, it's

you!"
"I have brought you the notes, ma'am," says Barnes,
taking a packet of those documents from his pocket book.
"I could not come sooner; I have been engaged upon bank

business until now."

"I dare say! You smell of smoke, like a couner."

"A foreign capitalist; he would smoke. They will,

ma'am. I didn't smoke, upon my word."

"I don't see why you shouldn't, if you like it. You will never get anything out of me whether you do or don't. How is Clara? I sshe gone to the country with the children? Newcome is the best place for her."

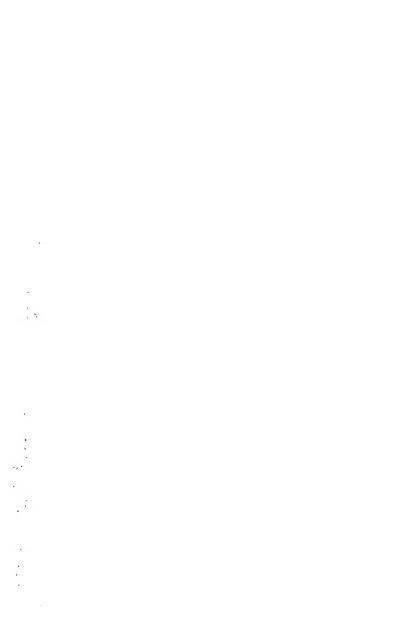
"Doctor Bambury thinks she can move in a fortnight.

The boy has had a little-"

"A little fiddlestick! I tell you it is she who likes to stay, and makes that fool Bamhury advise her not going away. I tell you to send her to Newcome, the air is good for her."

"By that confounded smoky town, my dear Lady Kew?"
"And invite your mother and little brothers and sisters to
stay Christmas there. The way in which you neglect them
is shameful, it is, Barnes."

"Upon my word, ma'am, I propose to manage my own



"And you spoiled her after she was found, sir. She told at part of her story that night she came to me. I know it true, Barnes. You have treated her dreadfully, sir."

"I know that she makes my life miscrable, and there is no alp for it," says Barnes, grinding a curse between his teeth. Well, well, no more about this. How is Ethel? Gone to leep after her journey? What do you think, ma'am, I have rought for her? A proposal."

"Bon Dieu! You don't mean to say Charles Belsize was a carnest!" ones the downger. "I always thought it was

"It is not from Lord Highgate, ma'am," Sir Barnes said loomily. "It is some time since I have known that he was

ot in earnest, and he knows that I am now."

"Gracious goodness! come to blows with him, too? You are not? That would be the very thing to make the world

ilk," says the dowager, with some anxiety.

"No," answers Barnes. "He knows well enough that here can be no open rupture. We had some words the ther day at a dinner he gave at his own house; Colonel sewtome, and that young bergar Clive, and that fool Mr. fobson were there. Lord Highgate was confoundedly inclent. He told me that I did not dare to quarrel with him actuse of the account he kept at our house. I should like o have massecred him! She has told him that I struck her. The insolent brute! he says he will tell it at my clubs; and threatens personal violence to me there if I do it gain lady Kew, I'm not safe from that man and that woman," ries poor Barnes, in an agony of terror.

"Fighting is Jack Belaize's busness, Barnes Newcome; anking is yours lucking," said the dowage. "As old Lord Highgate was to die, and his eldest son too, it is a pity cerainly they had not died a year or two cauher, and left poor Lord and Charles to come together. You should have maried some woman in the serious way; my daughter Walham could have found you one. Frank, I am told, and his wife p on very sweetly together; her mother-th-law governs the shole family. They have turned the theatre back into a chapel again; they have six little ploughbors dressed in surjects to sing the service, and Frank and the Vicar of Ker-

bury play at cricket with them on holidays. Stay, why should

not Clara go to Kewbury?"

"She and her sister have quarrelled about this very affair with Lord Highgate. Some time ago it appears they had words about it, and when I told Kew that bygones had best be bygones, that Highgate was very sweet upon Ethel now, and that I did not choose to lose such a good account as his, Kew was very insolent to me; his conduct was blackguardly, ma'am, quite blackguardly, and you may be sure but for our relationship I would have called him to——"

Here the talk between Barnes and his ancestress was interrupted by the appearance of Miss Ethel Newcome, taper in hand, who descended from the upper regions enveloped in

a shawl.

"How do you do, Barnes? How is Clara? I long to see my little nephew. Is he like his pretty papa?" cries the young lady, giving her fair cheek to her brother.

"Scotland has agreed with our Newcome rose," says es gallantly. "My dear Ethel, I never saw you in

ter beauty."

By the light of one bedroom candle! What should I be he whole room were lighted? You would see my face n was covered all over with wrinkles, and quite pale and ebegone with the dreariness of the Scotch journey. Oh, at a time we have spent!—haven't we, grandmamma?—I ter wish to go to a great castle again; above all, I never h to go to a little shooting-box. Scotland may be very ll for men; but for women—allow me to go to Paris when there is talk of a Scotch expedition. I had rather be a boarding-school in the Champs Elysées than in the t castle in the Highlands. If it had not been for a quarrel with Fanny Follington, I think I should have Glen Short am. Have you seen my dear, dear clonel?

he come?" asks Lady Kew.

re, grandmamma! did you ever I found it in a packet in my

the dowager, bending her "Your Colonel is a guiant

homme—that must be said of him—and in this does not quite take after the rest of the family. Hum! hum! Is he going away again soon?"

"He has made a fortune, a very considerable fortune for a man in that rank in life," says Sir Barnes. "He cannot have less than sixty thousand pounds."

"Is that much?" asks Ethel.

"Not in England, at our rate of interest; but his money is in India, where he gets a great percentage.—His income must be five or six thousand pounds, ma'am," says Barnes,

turning to Lady Kew.

"A few of the Indians were in society in my time, my dear," says Lady Kew misnight, "My father has often talked to me about Barwell, of Stanstead, and his house in St. James's Square; the man who ordered 'more curricles' when there were not carriages enough for his guests. I was taken to Mr. Hastings's trial. It was very stupid and long, The young man, the painter, I suppose will leave his paintpots now and set up as a gentleman. I suppose they were very poor, or his father would not have put him to such a profession. Barnes, why did you not make him a clerk in the bank, and says him from the humliantion?"

"Humiliation! why, he is proud of it. My uncle is as proud as a Plantagenet, though he is as humble as-as what? Git em a simile, Barnes. Do you know what my quarrel with Fanny Follington was about? She said we were not descended from the barber-surgeon, and laughed at the Battle of Bosworth. She says our createrandlather was a weater.

Was he a weaver?"

"How should I know? and what on earth does it matter, my child? Except the Gaunts, the Howards, and one or two more, there is scarcely any good blood in England. You are tucky in sharing some of mine. My poor Lord Kew's grandfather was an apothecary at Hampton Court, and founded the family by giving a dose of thubarb to Queen Caroline. As and, nobody is of a good family. Didn't that young many that son of the Colonel's, go about last year? How did h get in society? Where did we meet him? Oh, are yet, yes, when Barnes was counting, and my grandso 'Srandson-acted so wickedly." Here she began

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and to tremble so that her old stick shook under her hand. "Ring the bell for Ross.—Ross, I will go to bed.—Go you too, Ethel; you have been travelling enough to-day."

Her memory seems to fail her a little," Ethel whispered to her brother, "or she will only remember what she wishes.

Don't you see that she has grown very much older?" "I will be with her in the morning. I have business with

"Good-night. Give my love to Clara, and kiss the little ones her," said Barnes.

for me. Have you done what you promised me, Barnes?"

"To be-to be kind to Clara. Don't say cruel things to her. She has a high spirit, and she feels them, though she

says nothing."

"Doesn't she?" said Barnes grimly.
"Ah, Barnes, be gentle with her. Seldom as I saw you together, when I lived with you in the spring I could see that you were harsh, though she affected to laugh when sh spoke of your conduct to her. Be kind. I am sure it is th best, Barnes-better than all the wit in the world. Look in grandmamma, how witty she was and is, what a reputation she had, how people were afraid of her; and see her now-

"I'll see her in the morning quite alone, my dear," says Barnes, waving a little gloved hand. "Bye-bye!" and his brougham drove away. While Ethel Newcome had been under her brother's roof, where I and friend Clive and scores of others had been smartly entertained, there had been quarrels and recriminations, misery and heart-burning, cruel words and shameful struggles, the wretched combatants in which appeared before the world with smiling faces, resuming the battle when the feast was concluded and the company gon

On the next morning, when Barnes came to visit his gran mother, Miss Newcome was gone away to see her sisterlaw, Lady Kew said, with whom she was going to pass to morning;

tete-à-tête;

the prothe pro

the pre

would come to. An artist propose for Ethel! One of her

out of its own room."

"You did not tell Ethel this pretty news, I suppose?"

"Of course I didn't tell Ethel. Nor did I tell the Colonel that Ethel was in London. He fancies her in Scotland with

your ladyship at this moment " "I wish the Colonel were at Calcutta and his son with

him. I wish he was in the Ganges. I wish he was under Juggernaut's car," cried the old lady. "How much money has the wretch really got? If he is of importance to the bank, of course you must keep well with him. Five thousand a year, and he says he will settle it all on his son! He must be crazy. There is nothing some of these people will not do, no sacrifice they will not make, to ally themselves with good families. Certainly you must remain on good terms with him and his bank. And we must say nothing of the business to Ethel, and trot out of town as quickly as we can. Let me see. We go to Drummington on Saturday. This is Tuesday.-Barkins, you will keep the front drawingroom shutters shut, and remember we are not in town, unless Lady Glenlivet or Lord Farintosh should call." "Do you think Farintosh will-will call, ma'am?" asks

Sir Barnes demurely

"He will be going through to Newmarket. He has been where we have been at two or three places in Scotland," re-

place; his Notioux house is not interior. A young man of that station mucht to more and I want his places and he am casually; "and tired of the dissipated life he has been leading, let us hope he will mend his ways, and find a virtuous well-bred young woman to keep him right." With this her ladyship's apothecary is announced, and her banker and

grandson takes his leave.

Sir Barnes walked into the City with his umbrella, read his letters, conferred with his partners and confidential clerks; was for a while not the exasperated husband, or the affectionate brother, or the amiable grandson, but the shrewd, brisk banker, engaged entirely with his business. Presently he had occasion to go on 'Change or elsewhere to confer with brother capitalists, and in Cornhill behold he meets his uncle, Colonel Newcome, riding towards the India House, a groom behind him.

The Colonel springs off his horse, and Barnes greets him in the blandest manner. "Have you any news for me,

Barnes?" cries the officer.

"The accounts from Calcutta are remarkably good. That cotton is of admirable quality really. Mr. Briggs of our ouse, who knows cotton as well as any man in England, 'yz"

"It's not the cotton, my dear Sir Barnes," cries the other.

"The bills are perfectly good; there's no sort of difficulty about them. Our house will take half a million of 'em if——"

"You are talking of bills, and I am thinking of poor Clive," the Colonel interposes. "I wish you could give me

good news for him, Barnes."

"I wish I could. I heartily trust that I may some day. My good wishes, you know, are enlisted in your son's behalf," cries Barnes gallantly. "Droll place to talk sentiment in, Cornhill, isn't it? But Ethel, as I told you, is in the hands of higher powers, and we must conciliate Lady Kew if we can. She has always spoken very highly of Clive, very."

"Had I not best go to her?" asks the Colonel.

"Into the north, my good sir? She is—ah—she is travelling about. I think you had best depend upon me. Goodmorning. In the City we have no hearts, you know, Colonel. Be sure you shall hear from me as soon as Lady Kew and Ethel come to town."

And the banker hurried away, shaking his finger-tips to

uncle, and leaving the good Colonel utterly surprised at his statements. For the fact is, the Colonel knew that Lady Kew was in London, having been apprised of the circumstance in the simplest manner in the world-namely, by a note from Miss Ethel, which billet he had in his pocket whilst he was talking with the head of the house of Hobson Brothers.

"My dear uncle" (the note said), "how glad I shall be to see you! How shall I thank you for the beautiful shawl, and the kind, kind remembrance of me? I found your present yesterday evening, on our arrival from the north. We are only here en passant, and see nobody in Queen Street but Barnes, who has just been about business, and he does not count, you know. I shall go and see Clara to-morrow, and make her take me to see your pretty friend Mrs. Pendennis. How glad I should be if you happened to pay Mrs. P. a visit about two! Good-night. I thank you a thousand times, and am always your affectionate-

"Queen Street Tuesday night Twelve o'dock."
This note came to Colonel Newcome's breakfast-table, and he smothered the exclamation of wonder which was rising to his lips, not choosing to provoke the questions of Chre, who sate opposite to him. Clive's father was in a woeful perplexity all that forenoon. "Tuesday night, twelve o'clock," thought he. "Why, Barnes must have gone to his grand-mother from my dinner-table; and he told me she was of

Newcome say what is untrue to mislead me? The fellow actually went away simpering and Lissing his hand to me with a falsehood on his lips! What a pretty villain! A less.

and. the Colonel rode towards Richmond, where he was to happen to

call on Mrs. Pendennis. It was not much of a fib that Barnes had told. Lady Kew announcing that she was out of town, her grandson no doubt thought himself justified in saving so, as any other of

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her servants would have done. But if he had recollected how Ethel came down with the Colonel's shawl on her shoulders, how it was possible she might have written to thank her uncle, surely Barnes Newcome would not have pulled that unlucky long-bow. The Banker had other things

to think of than Ethel and her shawl.

When Thomas Newcome dismounted at the door of Honeymoon Cottage, Richmond, the temporary residence of A. Pendennis, Esq., one of the handsomest young women in England ran into the passage with outstretched arms, called him her dear old uncle, and gave him two kisses that I dare say brought blushes on his lean, sunburnt cheeks. Ethel clung always to his affection. She wanted that man, rather than any other in the whole world, to think well of her. When she was with him, she was the amiable and simple, the loving, impetuous creature of old times. She chose to think of no other. Worldliness, heartlessness, eager scheming, cold flirtations, marquis-hunting, and the like, disappeared for a while, and were not, as she sate at that honest man's side. Oh me, that we should have to record such charges against Ethel Newcome!

"He was come home for good now? He would never leave that boy he spoiled so, who was a good boy too; she wished she could see him oftener. At Paris, at Madame de Florac's-I found out all about Madame de Florac, sir," says Miss Ethel, with a laugh-"we used often to meet there; and here, sometimes, in London. But in London it was different. You know what peculiar notions some people have; and as I live with grandmamma, who is most kind to me and my brothers, of course I must obey her, and see her friends rather than my own. She likes going out into the world, and I am bound in duty to go with her," etc., etc. Thus the young lady went on talking, defending herself, whom nobody attacked, protesting her dislike to gaiety and dissipation; you would have fancied her an artless young country lass, only longing to trip back to her village, milk her cows at sunrise, and sit spinning of winter evenings by the fire.

"Why do you come and spoil my tête-à-tête with my uncle, Mr. Pendennis?" cries the young lady to the master of the house, who happens to enter. "Of all the men in the world

the one I like best to talk to! Does he not look younger than when he went to India? When Clive marries that pretty little Miss Mackenzie, you will marry again, uncle, and I will be jealous of your wife."

"Did Barnes tell you that we had met last night, my

dear?" asks the Colonel.

"Not one word. Your shawl and your dear kind note told me you were come. Why did not Barnes tell us? Why

do you look so grave?"

"He has not told her that I was here, and would have me believe her absent," thought Newcome, as his countenance fell "Shall I give her my own tenessage, and plead my poor boy's cause with her?" I know not whether he was about to lay his suit before her—he said himself subsequently that his mind was not made up—but at this juncture a procession of nurses and babies made their appearance, followed by the two mothers, who had been companing their mutual productions.

which she came to visit Mrs. Pendennis

Luncheon was served presently. The carriage of the Newcomes drove away, my wife smilingly pardoning Ethel for the

d Colonel held a

(though the recital of the circumstance brought tears into my wife's eyes); he mentioned it by the way, and as a matter that was scarcely to call for comment, much less praise.

Barner's extraordinary statements respecting Lady Kew's absence puzzled the elder Newcome, and he spoke of his nephew's conduct with much mdignation. In van I urged that the ladyship desung to be considered absent from London, her grandson was bound to keep her secret. "Keep her secret, yes, tell me hes, no!" cries out the Colonel. Sir Barner's conduct was, in fact, indefensible, though not altogether unusual; the worst deduction to be drawn from it

in my opinion, was that Clive's chance with the young lady was but a poor one, and that Sir Barnes Newcome, inclined to keep his uncle in good-humour, would therefore give him

no disagreeable refusal.

Now this gentleman could no more pardon a lie than he could utter one. He would believe all and everything a man told him until deceived once, after which he never forgave. And wrath being once roused in his simple mind and distrust firmly fixed there, his anger and prejudices gathered daily. He could see no single good quality in his opponent, and hated him with a daily increasing bitterness.

As ill luck would have it, that very same evening, at his return to town, Thomas Newcome entered Bays's club, of which at our request he had become a member during his last visit to England, and there was Sir Barnes as usual, on his way homewards from the city. Barnes was writing at a table, and sealing and closing a letter, as he saw the Colonel enter. He thought he had been a little inattentive and curt with his uncle in the morning; had remarked, perhaps, the expression of disapproval on the Colonel's countenance. He simpered up to his uncle as the latter entered the club-room, and apologized for his haste when they met in the City in the morning—all City men were so busy! "And I have been writing about that little affair just as you came in," he said—"quite a moving letter to Lady Kew, I assure you, and I do hope and trust we shall have a favourable answer in a day or two."

"You said her ladyship was in the north, I think?" said

the Colonel dryly.

"Oh yes—in the north, at—at Lord Wallsend's—great coalproprietor, you know."

"And your sister is with her?"
"Ethel is always with her."

"I hope you will send her my very best remembrances," said the Colonel.

"I'll open the letter, and add'em in a postscript," said Barnes.

"Confounded liar!" cried the Colonel, mentioning the circumstance to me afterwards; "why does not somebody pitch him out of the bow-window?"

If we were in the secret of Sir Barnes Newcome's corre-

spondence, and could but peep into that particular letter to bis grandmother, I dare say we should read that he had seen the Colonel, who was very anxious about his darling youth's suit, but, pursuant to Lady Kew's desire, Barnes had stoutly maintained that her ladyship was still in the north, enjoying the genal hospitality of Lord Wallsend, that of course he should say nothing to Ethel, except with Lady Kew's full permission; that he wished her a pleasant trip to——, and was, etc., etc.

Then, if we could follow him, we might see him reach his Belgravian mansion, and fling an angry word to his wife as the sits alone in the darkling drawing-com, poring over the embers. He will ask her, probably with an eath, why the company waiting? An hour hence, each with a smirk, and the lady in smart raiment, with flowers in her har, will be greeting their guests as they arrive. Then will come dimer, and such conversation as it brings. Then at night Sir Barnes will issue forth, cigar in mouth, to return to his own chamber at his own hour; to breakfast by himself; to go City-wards, money-getting. He will see his children one a fortnight, and exchange a dozen sharp words with his wife twice in that time.

More and more sad does the Lady Clara become from day to day, liking more to sit lonely over the fire, careless about the sarcasms of her husband, the prattle of her children. She cries sometimes over the crafte of the young her. She is aweary, aweary. You understand, the man to whom her parents sold her does not make her happy, though she has

CHAPTER XV.

IN WHICH KINSMEN FALL OUT.

Not the least difficult part of Thomas Newcome's pr business was to keep from his son all knowledge negotiation in which he was engaged on Clive's behalf. If my gentle reader has had sentimental disappointments, he or she is aware that the friends who have given him most sympathy under these calamities have been persons who have had dismal histories of their own at some time of their lives; and I conclude Colonel Newcome in his early days must have suffered very cruelly in that affair of which we have a slight cognizance, or he would not have felt so very much anxiety about Clive's condition.

A few chapters back and we described the first attack, and Clive's manful cure. Then we had to indicate the young gentleman's relapse, and the noisy exclamations of the youth under this second outbreak of fever. Calling him back after she had dismissed him, and finding pretext after pretext to see him, why did the girl encourage him, as she certainly did? I allow, with Mrs. Grundy and most moralists, that Miss Newcome's conduct in this matter was highly reprehensible; that if she did not intend to marry Clive, she should have broken with him altogether; that a virtuous young woman of high principle, etc., etc., having once determined to reject a suitor, should separate from him utterly then and there—never give him again the least chance of a hope, or reillume the extinguished fire in the wretch's bosom.

But coquetry, but kindness, but family affection, and a strong, very strong partiality for the rejected lover-are these not to be taken in account, and to plead as excuses for her behaviour to her cousin? The least unworthy part of her conduct, some critics will say, was that desire to see Clive and be well with him. As she felt the greatest regard for him, the showing it was not blamable; and every flutter which she made to escape out of the meshes which the world had cast about her, was but the natural effort at liberty. It was her prudence which was wrong, and her submission wherein she was most culpable. In the early church story, do we not read how young martyrs constantly had to disobey worldly papas and mammas, who would have had them silent, and not utter their dangerous opinions? how their parents locked them up, kept them on bread and water, whipped and tortured them, in order to enforce obedience? Nevertheless they would declare the truth; they would defy the gods by law established, and deliver themselves up to the lions or the tormentors. Are not there Heathen Idols enshrined among us still? Does not the world worship them, and persecute those who refuse to kneel? Do not many timid souls sacrifice to them; and other bolder spurits rebel, and, with rage at their hearts, bend down their stubborn knees at their altars? See! I began by siding with Mrs. Grundy and the world, and at the next turn of the see-saw have lighted down on Ethel's side, and am disposed to think that the very best part of her conduct has been those escapades which—which right-minded persons most justly condemn. At least, that a young beauty should torture a man with alternate liking and indifference; allure, dismiss, and call him back out of banishment; practise arts-to-please upon him, and ignore them when rebuked for her coquetry—these are surely occurrences so common in young women's history as to call for no special censure; and if on these charges Miss Newcome is guilty, is she, of all her sex, alone in her criminality?

So Ethel and her duenna went away upon their tour of visits to mansions so splendid, and among hosts and guests so polite, that the present modest historian does not dare to follow them. Suffice it to say that Duke This and Earl That were, according to their hospitable custom, entertaining a brilliant circle of friends at their respective castles, all whose names the Morning Pest gave, and among them those of the Dowager Countess of Kew and Miss Newcome.

During her absence Thomas Newcome grimly awaited the result of his application to Barnes That Baronet showed his

uncle a letter, or rather a postscript, from Lady Kew, which imself, in which the Colonel Newcome's

ie had very different

views for her grand-daughter, Miss Newcome's choice of course views for her grand-daughter, Mass Newcome's choice of course lay with herself. Meanwhile, Lady K and Ethel were en-gaged in a round of visits to the country, and there would be plenty of time to resume this subject when they came to London for the scason. And, lest dear Ethel's feelings should be needlessly aguitated by a discussion of the subject, and the Colonel should take a fancy to write to her privately, Lady Kew gave orders that all letters from Londop—wild be dispatched under cover to her ladyship, and carefully examined the contents of the packet before Ethel received her

share of the correspondence.

To write to her personally on the subject of the marriage, Thomas Newcome had determined was not a proper course for him to pursue. "They consider themselves," says he, "above us, forsooth, in their rank of life (oh, mercy! what pigmies we are! and don't angels weep at the brief authority in which we dress ourselves up!), and of course the approaches on our side must be made in regular form, and the parents of the young people must act for them. Clive is too honourable a man to wish to conduct the affair in any other way. He might try the influence of his beaux yeux, and run off to Gretna with a girl who had nothing; but the young lady being wealthy, and his relation, sir, we must be on the point of honour, and all the Kews in Christendom shan't have more pride than we in this matter."

All this time we are keeping Mr. Clive purposely in the background. His face is so woebegone that we do not care to bring it forward in the family picture. His case is so common that surely its lugubrious symptoms need not be described at length. He works away fiercely at his pictures, and in spite of himself improves in his art. He sent a "Combat of Cavalry," and a picture of "Sir Brian the Templar carrying off Rehecca," to the British Institution this year; both of which pieces were praised in other journals besides the Pall Mall Gazette. He did not care for the newspaper praises. He was rather surprised when a dealer purchased his "Sir Brian the Templar." He came and went from our house a melancholy swain. He was thankful for Laura's kindness and pity. J. J.'s studio was his principal resort; and I dare say, as he set up his own easel there, and worked by his friend's side, he bemoaned his lot to his sympathizing friend.

Sir Barnes Newcome's family was absent from London during the winter. His mother, and his brothers and sisters, his wife and his two children, were gone to Newcome for Christmas. Some six weeks after seeing him, Ethel wrote her uncle a kind, merry letter. They had been performing private theatricals at the country house where she and Lady Kew were staying. "Captain Crackthorpe made an admir-

able Jeremy Diddler in 'Raising the Wind.' Lord Farintosh broke down lamentably as Fusbos in 'Bombastes Furioso,'" Miss Ethel had distinguished herself in both of these facetious little comedies. "I should like Clive to paint me as Miss Plainways," she wrote. "I wore a powdered front, painted my face all over wrinkles, imitated old Lady Griffin as well as I could, and looked sixty at least "

Thomas Newcome wrote an answer to his fair niece's pleasant letter. "Clive," he said, "would be happy to bargain to paint her, and nobody else but her, all the days of his life : and," the Colonel was sure, "would admire her at sixty as much as he did now, when she was forty years younger."
But, determined on maintaining his age.

respecting Miss Newcor

and desired him to forw

the note, and promised to usputen it. The communications between him and his uncle had been very brief and cold since the telling of those little fibs concerning old Lady Kew's visits to London, which the Baronet dismissed from his mind as soon as they were spoken, and which the good Colonel never could forgive Barnes asked his uncle to dinner once or twice, but the Colonel was engaged. How was Barnes to know the reason of the elder's refusal? A London man, a banker, and a member of Parliament has a thousand things to think of, and no time to wonder that Griends enfrer 1

g tc - were soon off the last accounts from Index

his senio about the

thought.

hence." 's seems thought he was conducting the business very smartly and diplomatically.

I heard myself news at this period from the gallant Crackthorpe, which, being interested in my young friend's happiness, filled me with some dismay. "Our friend the painter and glazier has been hankering about our barracks at Knightsbridge" (the noble Life Guards Green had now pito heir tents in that suburb), "and pumping me about 4

I don't like to break it to him-I don't really, now. But it's all up with his chance, I think. Those private theatricals at Fallowfield have done Farintosh's business. He used to rave about the Newcome to me, as we were riding home from hunting. He gave Bob Henchman the lie, who told a story which Bob got from his man, who had it from Miss Newcome's lady's-maid, about-about some journey to Brighton which the cousins took." Here Mr. Crackthorpe grinned most facetiously. "Farintosh swore he'd knock Henchman down; and vows he will be the death of-will murder our friend Clive when he comes to town. As for Henchman, he was in a desperate way. He lives on the Marquis, you know, and Farintosh's anger or his marriage will be the loss of free quarters and ever so many good dinners a year to him." I did not deem it necessary to impart Crackthorpe's story to Clive, or explain to him the reason why Lord Farintosh scowled most fiercely upon the young painter, and passed him without any other sign of recognition one day as Clive and I were walking together in Pall Mall. If balk him, and would have been a very fierce customer to deal with in his actual state of mind.

A pauper child in London at seven years old knows how to go to market, to fetch the beer, to pawn father's coat, to choose the largest fried fish or the nicest ham-bone, to nurse Mary Jane of three—to conduct a hundred operations of trade or housekeeping, which a little Belgravian does not perhaps acquire in all the days of her life. Poverty and necessity force this precociousness on the poor little brat. There are children who are accomplished shop-lifters and liars almost as soon as they can toddle and speak. I dare say little Princes know the laws of etiquette as regards them selves, and the respect due to their rank, at a very early period of their royal existence. Every one of us according to his degree can point to the Princekins of private life who are flattered and worshipped, and whose little shoes grown men kiss as soon almost as they walk upon ground.

It is a wonder what human nature will support; and that, considering the amount of flattery some people are crammed

rith from their cradles, they do not grow worse and more elfish than they are. Our poor little pauper just mentioned s dosed with Daffy's Elixir, and somehow survives the drugrincekin or Lordkin from his earliest days has nurses, deendants, governesses, little friends, school-fellows, school-

o you and me is decently respectful, becomes straightway rantically servile before Princekin. Honest folks at railway stations whisper to their families, "That's the Marquis of Farintosh," and look hard at him as he passes. Landlords ry, "This way, my lord, this room for your lordship." They say at public schools Princekin is taught the beauties of equality, and thrashed into some kind of subordination. Pshal Toad-eaters in pinafores surround Princekin. Do not respectable people send their children so as to be at the same school with him; don't they follow him to college, and

at his toads through life?

And as for women-O my dear friends and brothren in his vale of tears-did you ever see anything so curious, nonstrous, and amazing as the way in which women court Princekin when he is marriageable, and pursue him with their laughters? Who was the British nobleman in old, old days who brought his three daughters to the king of Mercia, that nis Majesty might choose one after inspection? Mercia was but a petty province, and its king in fact a Princekin. Ever since those extremely ancient and venerable times the ustom exists, not only in Mercia, but in all the rest of the

ance, the Marquis of Farmtosh, could remember on which he had not been flattered, and no society which did not pay him court. At a private school he could recollect the master's wife stroking his pretty curls and treating him furtively to goodies. bowing as he swa

clubs would make mere pique-assiette Did you break the seal, sir? There was nothing to steal in my letter to Miss Newcome. He tells me people are out of town whom he goes to see in the next street, after leaving my table, and whom I see myself half an hour before he lies to me about their absence."

"D-n you, go out, and don't stand staring there, you booby!" screams out Sir Barnes to the clerk. "Stop, Boltby. Colonel Newcome, unless you leave this room I

shall—I shall——"

"You shall call a policeman. Send for the gentleman, and I will tell the Lord Mayor what I think of Sir Barnes Newcome, Baronet. Mr. Boltby, shall we have the constable in?"

"Sir, you are an old man, and my father's brother, or you

know very well I would-"

"You would what, sir? Upon my word, Barnes Newcome" (here the Colonel's two hands and the bamboo cane came from the rear and formed in front), "but that you are my father's grandson, after a menace like that, I would take you out and cane you in the presence of your clerks. repeat, sir, that I consider you guilty of treachery, falsehood, and knavery. And if ever I see you at Bays's Club, I will make the same statement to your acquaintance at the west end of the town. A man of your baseness ought to be known, sir, and it shall be my business to make men of honour aware of your character. Mr. Boltby, will you have the kindness to make out my account. Sir Barnes Newcome, for fear of consequences that I should deplore, I recommend you to keep a wide berth of me, sir." And the Colonel twirled his mustachios, and waved his cane in an ominous manner, and Barnes started back spontaneously out of its dangerous circle.

What Mr. Boltby's sentiments may have been regarding this extraordinary scene in which his principal cut so sorry a figure—whether he narrated the conversation to other gentlemen connected with the establishment of Hobson Brothers, or prudently kept it to himself, I cannot say, having no means of pursuing Mr. B.'s subsequent career. He speedily quitted his desk at Hobson Brothers; and let us presume that Barnes thought Mr. B. had told all the

other clerks of the avuncular quarrel. That conviction will make us imagine Barnes still more comfortable. Hobson Newcome no doubt was rejoiced at Barnes's discomfiture. He had been insolent and domineering beyond measure of late to his vulgar good-natured uncle; whereas, after the above interview with the Colonel, he became very humble and quiet in his demeanour, and for a long, long time never said a rude word. Nay, I fear Hobson must have carried an account of the transaction to Mrs. Hobson and the circle in Bryanston Square; for Sam Newcome, now entered at Cambridge, called the Baronet "Barnes" quite familiarly, asked after Clara and Ethel, and requested a small loan of Barnes.

Of course the story did not get wind at Bays's; of course Tom Eaves did not know all about it, and say that Sir Barnes had been beaten black and blue. Having been treated very ill by the committee in a complaint which he made about the club cookery. Sir Barnes Newcome never came to Bays's, and at the end of the year took off his name from the lists of the club.

Sir Barnes, though a little taken aback in the morning, and not ready with an imprompts reply to the Colonel and his cane, could not allow the occurrence to pass without a protest; and indited a letter which Thomas Newcome kept along with some others previously quoted by the compiler of the present memoirs. It is as follows --

"BELGRAVE STREET, Feb. 15, 18-

"COLONEL NEWCOME, C.B. Private.

"Sir,-The incredible insolence and violence of your behaviour to-day (inspired by whatever causes or mistakes of your own) cannot be passed without some comment on my part. I laid before a friend of your own profession a statement of the words which you applied to me in the presence of my partner and one of my clerks this morning; and my adviser is of opinion that, considering the relationship unhappily subsisting between us, I can take no notice of insults for which you knew, when you uttered them, I could not call you to account."

"There is some truth in that," said the Col

couldn't fight, you know; but then he was such a liar I

could not help speaking my mind."

"I gathered, from the brutal language which you thought fit to employ towards a disarmed man, the ground of one of your monstrous accusations against me, that I deceived you in stating that my relative Lady Kew was in the country, when in fact she was at her house in London.

"To this absurd charge I at once plead guilty. The venerable lady in question was passing through London, where she desired to be free from intrusion. At her ladyship's wish I stated that she was out of town; and would, under the same circumstances, unhesitatingly make the same statement. Your slight acquaintance with the person in question did not warrant that you should force yourself on her privacy, as you would doubtless know were you more familiar with the customs of the society in which she moves.

"I declare, upon my honour as a gentleman, that I gave her the message which I promised to deliver from you, and also that I transmitted a letter with which you entrusted me; and repel with scorn and indignation the charges which you were pleased to bring against me, as I treat with contempt the language and the threats which you thought fit to employ.

"Our books show the amount of $\alpha \not\in \alpha s$. αd . to your credit, which you will be good enough to withdraw at your earliest convenience; as of course all intercourse must cease

henceforth between you and yours, etc.,

"B. NEWCOME NEWCOME."

"I think, sir, he doesn't make out a bad case," Mr. Pendennis remarked to the Colonel, who showed him this majestic letter.

"It would be a good case, if I believed a single word of it, Arthur," replied my friend, placidly twirling the old grey moustache. "If you were to say so and so, and say that I had brought false charges against you, I should cry mea culpa and apologize with all my heart. But as I have a perfect conviction that every word this fellow says is a lie, what is the use of arguing any more about the matter? I would not believe him if he brought twenty other liars as witnesses, and

if he End all he was thank in the face. Give me the walnuts.

I wonder who Sir Bernes's military friend was."

Bernes's military friend was our gallant anyunitations General Sir George Tutin, K.C.B., who a short while afterwards taked over the graned with the Colonel, and markely teld him that (in his George's common) he was wrong. A The link begar behaved very well, I shought, in the first best-ness. Von bellied him so, and in the front of his regiment, toneint it was almost past bearing; and when he deplicated with teers in his eyes, almost, the Etile humbur: that his relatinghip prevented him calling you out, each, I believed Him. It was in the second affile that poor finite Extracy showed he was a cocknil."

"What second affair?" asked Thomas Newcone.

"Don't you know? He! he! this is famous!" ories Sir Grange "Why, sir, two days after your business, be comes to me with another bone, and a face as long as my name's, by Jore! And that letter, Newtone, was from your young 'm. Stop, here it is : " and from his padded bosom General Sir George Tutio dies a pocket-book and from the pocketbook a copy of a letter, inscribed, Cire Newtonia, Esq., to Su E. N. Newman. "There's no misuke about your faller. Colonel. No - tim: " and the man of war fired a waller of out's as a salve to Cire.

And the Colonel on homebook, thing by the other carrily

consisting read as follows :-

"George Street, Hantre Strate, "Fernoy It.

"Six,-Colonel Newtonie this membry showed me a letter being your similars, in which you state—1. This Collect Nervouse has careed calcurates and insolem charges amins you. 2. That Colmed Nervouse so specks, knowing that you could take no procee of his charges of filsehood and treathery, on account of the relationship substaining between you

"Your summers would endently imply that Colonel Newsons has been pully of ungentermible conduct, and of covarian transit you.

"As there can be no reason why are should not meet in any manner that you desire, I here beg leave to state on

own part, that I fully coincide with Colonel Newcome in his opinion that you have been guilty of falsehood and treachery, and that the charge of cowardice which you dare to make against a gentleman of his tried honour and courage is another wilful and cowardly falsehood on your part.

"And I hope you will refer the bearer of this note, my friend, Mr. George Warrington, of the Upper Temple, to the military gentleman whom you consulted in respect to the just charges of Colonel Newcome. Waiting a prompt

reply, believe me, sir, your obedient servant,

"CLIVE NEWCOME.

"SIR BARNES NEWCOME NEWCOME, BART., M.P., etc."

"What a blunderhead I am!" cries the Colonel, with delight on his countenance, spite of his professed repentance. "It never once entered my head that the youngster would take any part in the affair. I showed him his cousin's letter casually, just to amuse him, I think, for he has been deuced low lately, about—about a young man's scrape that he has got into. And he must have gone off and dispatched his challenge straightway. I recollect he appeared uncommonly brisk at breakfast the next morning. And so you say, General, the Baronet did not like the poulet?"

"By no means; never saw a fellow show such a confounded white feather. At first I congratulated him, thinking your boy's offer must please him, as it would have pleased any fellow in our time to have a shot. Dammy! but I was mistaken in my man. He entered into some confounded long-winded story about a marriage you wanted to make with that infernal pretty sister of his who is going to marry young Farintosh, and how you were in a rage because the scheme fell to the ground, and how a family duel might occasion unpleasantries to Miss Newcome; though I showed him how this could be most easily avoided, and that the lady's name need never appear in the transaction. 'Confound it, Sir Barnes,' says I, 'I recollect this boy, when he was a youngster, throwing a glass of wine in your face! We'll put it upon that, and say it's an old feud between you.' He turned quite pale, and he said your fellow had apologized for the glass of wine."

"Yes," said the Colonel sadly, "my boy apologized for the glass of wine It is curious how we have disliked that

Barnes ever since we set eves on him."

"Well, Nercome," Sir George resumed, as his mettled charger suddenly jumped and curvetted, displaying the padded warrior's cavalry-sent to perfection. "Quiet, old lady!—easy, my dear! Well, sir, when I found the little beggar turning tail in this way, I said to him, 'Dash me, sir, if you don't want me, why the dash do you send for me, dash me? Vesterday you talked as if you would bite to Colonel's head off; and to-day, when his son offers you every accommodation, by dash, sir, you're afraid to meet him. It's my belief you had better send for a policeman; A 22 is your man, Sir Barnes Newcome' And with that I turned on my heel and left him. And the fellow went off to Newcome that very nicht."

"A poor devil can't command courage, General," said the Colonel, quite peaceably, "any more than he can make him-

self six feet high."

"Then why the dash did the beggar send for me?" called out General Sir George Tufto, in a loud and resolute voice, and presently the two officers parted company.

When the Colonel reached home, Mr Warrington and Mr. Pendennis happened to be on a visit to Clive, and all three were in the young fellow's painting-room. We knew our Iad was unhappy, and did our little best to amuse and console him. The Colonel came in. It was in the dark February days; we had lighted gas in the studio. Clive had made a sketch from some favourite verses of mine and George's—those charmine lines of Sective.

"He turned his charger as he spake, Beside the river shore; He gave his bridle-rein a shake, With adieu for evermore, My dear? Adieu for evermore!"

Thomas Newcome held up a finger at Warrington, and he came up to the picture and looked at it; and George and I trolled out

"Adieu for evermore, My dear! Adieu for evermore!"

From the picture the brave old Colonel turned to t painter, regarding his son with a look of beautiful, inexpressible affection. And he laid his hand on his son's should and smiled, and stroked Clive's yellow moustache.

"And-and did Barnes send no answer to that letter ye

wrote him?" he said slowly.

Clive broke out into a laugh that was almost a sob. E took both his father's hands. "My dear, dear old father says he, "what a—what an—old—trump you are!" Meyes were so dim I could hardly see the two men as the embraced.

CHAPTER XVI.

AS A TRAGICAL ENDING.

CLIVE presently answered the question which his father put to him in the last chapter by producing from the ledge of his easel a crumpled paper, full of cavendish now, but or which was written Sir Barnes Newcome's reply to his cousin's polite invitation.

Sir Barnes Newcome wrote "that he thought a reference to a friend was quite unnecessary in the most disagreeable and painful dispute in which Mr. Clive desired to interfere as a principal; that the reasons which prevented Sir Barnes from taking notice of Colonel Newcome's shameful and ungentlemanlike conduct applied equally, as Mr. Clive Newcome very well knew, to himself; that if further insult was offered or outrage attempted, Sir Barnes should resort to the police for protection; that he was about to quit London, and certainly should not delay his departure on account of Mr. Clive Newcome's monstrous proceedings; and that he desired to take leave of an odious subject, as of an individual whom he had striven to treat with kindness, but from whom, from youth upwards, Sir Barnes Newcome had received nothing but insolence, enmity, and ill-will."

"He is an ill man to offend," remarked Mr. Pendennis, "I don't think he has ever forgiven that claret, Clive."

"Pooh! the feud dates from long before that," said Clive.
"Barnes wanted to lick me when I was a boy, and I declined—in fact, I think he had rather the worst of it; but then I operated freely on his shuns, and that wasn't fair in

war, you know."

"Heaven forgive me!" cries the Colonel "I have always clet the fellow was my enemy, and my mind is relieved now war is declared. It has been a kind of hypoensy with me to shake his hand and eat his dinner. When I trusted him it was against my better instinct, and I have been struggling against it these ten years, thinking it was a wicked prejudice, and ought to be overcome."

"Why should we overcome such instancts?" asks Mr. Warrington. "Why shouldn't we hate what is hateful in people, and scorn what is mean? From what finend Pen has described to me, and from some other accounts which have come to my ears, your respectable nephew is about as loathsome a little villan as crawls on the earth. Good seems to be out of his sphere and away from his contemplation. He illhreats every one he comes near; or if gentle to them, it is that they may serve some base purpose. Since my attention has been drawn to the creature, I have been con-

with a natural propensity to darkness and evil—as a bug crawls, and stings, and stinks 1 don't suppose the fellow feels any more remorse than a cat-that runs away with a mutton-chop. I recognize the Evil Spirit, sir, and do honow to Ahrmanes in taking off my hat to this young man. He seduced a poor girl in his father's country town; is it not natural? deserted her and her children; don't you recognize the beat? married for rank; could you expecotherwise from him? invites my Lord Highgare to his house in consideration of his balance at the bank;—sir, unless somebody's heel shall counch him on the way, there is no height to which this applying vermin mayn't crawl. I look to see Sir Barnes Newcome prosper more and more. I make no doubt he will die an immense capitalist and an exalted Peer of this realm. He will have a marble monument and a pathetic funeral sermon. There is a divine in your family, Clive, that shall preach it. I will weep respectful tears over the grave of Baron Newcome, Viscount Newcome, Earl Newcome; and the children whom he has deserted, and who, in the course of time, will be sent by a grateful nation to New South Wales, will proudly say to their brother convicts, 'Yes, the Earl was our honoured father!'"

"I fear he is no better than he should be, Mr. Warrington," says the Colonel, shaking his head. "I never heard the

story about the deserted children."

"How should you? O you guileless man!" cries Warrington. "I am not in the ways of scandal-hearing myself much, but this tale I had from Sir Barnes Newcome's own country. Mr. Batters of the Newcome Independent is my steemed client. I write leading articles for his newspaper; and when he was in town last spring, he favoured me with the anecdote, and proposed to amuse the member for Newcome by publishing it in his journal. This kind of writing is not much in my line, and out of respect to you and your young one, I believe, I strove with Mr. Batters, and entreated him, and prevailed with him, not to publish the

story. That is how I came to know it."

I sate with the Colonel in the evening, when he commented on Warrington's story and Sir Barnes's adventures in his simple way. He said his brother Hobson had been with him the morning after the dispute, reiterating Barnes's defence of his conduct, and professing on his own part nothing but good will towards his brother. "Between ourselves, the young baronet carries matters with rather a high hand sometimes, and I am not sorry that you gave him a little dressing. But you were too hard upon him, Colonel—really you were." "Had I known that child-deserting story, I would have given it harder still, sir," says Thomas Newcome, twirling his mustachios; "but my brother had nothing to do with the quarrel, and very rightly did not wish to engage in it. He has an eye to business, has Master Hobson too," my friend continued; "for he brought me a cheque for my private account, which of course he said to the said the real street my

quarrel with Barnes. But the Indian bank account, which is pretty large, he supposed need not be taken away, and indeed why should it? So that, which is little business of mine, remains where it was, and brother Hobson and I remain perfectly good friends.

show that he is beaten. But I know he is a good deal cut " e agreed willingly enough

be out of the way when

arms-Miss Ahce.

all go to Paris; I don't know where else besides. These misfortunes do good in

one way, hard as they are to bear, they unite people who love each other. It seems to me my boy has been nearer to me, and likes his old father better than he has done of late." And very soon after this talk our friends departed.

The Bulgarian minister having been recalled, and Lady Ann Newcome's house in Park Lane being vacant, her ladyship and her family came to occupy the mansion for this eventful season, and sate once more in the dismal diningroom under the picture of the defunct Sir Brian. A little of the splendour and hospitality of old days was revived in the house: entertainments were given by Lady Ann, and amongst other festivities a fine ball took place, where pretty Miss Alice, Miss Ethel's youngest sister, made her first appearance in the world, to which she was afterwards to be presented by the Marchioness of Farintosh. All the little sisters were charmed, no doubt, that the beautiful Ethel was to become a beautiful Marchioness, who, as they came up to womanhood one after another, would introduce them severally to amiable young earls, dukes, and marquises, when they would be married off, and wear coronets and diamonds of their own right. At Lady Ann's ball I saw my acquaintance young Mumford, who was going to Oxford next October, s at the head of the e whirled round the with whose mamma he used to take tes at Rugby, and for whose pretty sake Mumford did Alfred Newcome's verses for him and let him off his thrashings. Poor Mumford! he dismally went about under the protection of young Alfred, a fourth-form boy. Not one soul did he know in that rattling London ball-room; his young face was as white as the large white tie, donned two hours since at the Tavistock with such

nervousness and beating of heart! With these lads, and decorated with a tie equally splendid, moved about young Sam Newcome, who was shirking from his sister and his mamma. Mrs. Hobson had actually assumed clean gloves for this festive occasion. Sam stared at all the "Nobs," and insisted upon being introduced to "Farintosh," and congratulated his lordship with much graceful ease, and then pushed about the rooms, perseveringly hanging on to "Alfred's jacket. "I say, I wish you wouldn't call me Al'," I eard Master Alfred say to his cousin. Seeing my face, Mr. Samuel ran up to claim acquaintance. He was good enough to say he thought Farintosh seemed devilish haughty. Even my wife could not help saying that Mr. Sam was an odious little creature.

So it was for young Alfred and his brothers and sisters, who would want help and protection in the world, that Ethel was about to give up her independence, her inclination perhaps, and to bestow her life on yonder young nobleman. Looking at her as a girl devoting herself to her family, her sacrifice gave her a melancholy interest in our eyes. My wife and I watched her, grave and beautiful, moving through the rooms, receiving and returning a hundred greetings, bending to compliments, talking with this friend and that. with my lord's lordly relations, with himself, to whom she listened deferentially, faintly smiling as he spoke now and again, doing the honours of her mother's house. Lady after lady of his lordship's clan and kinsfolk complimented the girl and her pleased mother. Old Lady Kew was radiant (if one can call radiance the glances of those darkling old eyes). She sate in a little room apart, and thither people went to pay their court to her. Unwillingly I came in on this levee with my wife on my arm; Lady Kew scowled at me over her crutch, but without a sign of recognition. What an awful

countenance that old woman has, Laura whispered as we

retreated out of that gloomy presence.

And Doubt (as its wont is) whispered too a question in my ear, "Is it for her brothers and sisters only that Miss Ethel is sacrificing herself? Is it not for the coronet, and the triumph, and the fine houses?" When two motives may actuate a friend, we surely may try and believe in the good one, says Laura. But-but I am glad Clive does not marry her, poor fellow; he would not have been happy with her. She belongs to this great world, she has spent all her life in it. Clive would have entered into it very likely in her train; "and you know, sir, it is not good that we should be our husbands' superiors," adds Mrs Laura, with a curtsy,

She presently pronounced that the air was very hot in the rooms, and in fact wanted to go home to see her child. As we passed out, we saw Sir Barnes Newcome, eagerly smiling, smirking, bowing, and in the fondest conversation with his sister and Lord Farintosh. By Sir Barnes presently brushed Lieutenant-General Sir George Tufto, K.C.B., who, when he saw on whose foot he had trodden, grunted out, "H'm, beg your pardon!" and turning his back on Barnes, forthwith began complimenting Ethel and the Marquis. "Served with your lordship's father in Spain; glad to make your lordship's acquaintance," says Sir George. Ethel bows to us as we pass out of the rooms, and we hear no more of Sir George's conversation. T- 4L. 1 1

upper rooms, and so very tedious waiting for the carnages, The gentleman advances towards me with a military stride, and says, "How do you do, Mr. Pendennis? How's our young friend the painter?" I answer Lord Highgate civilly enough, whereas my wife will scarce speak a word in reply to Lady Clara Newcome.

Lady Clara asked us to her ball, which my wife declined altogether to attend. Sir Barnes published a series of quite

splendid entertainments on the happy occasion of his sister's betrothal. We read the names of all the clan Farintosh in the Morning Post, as attending these banquets. Mr. and Mrs. Hobson Newcome, in Bryanston Square, gave also signs of rejoicing at their niece's marriage. They had a grand banquet, followed by a tea, to which latter amusement the present biographer was invited. Lady Ann and Lady Kew, and her grand-daughter, and the Baronet and his wife, and my Lord Highgate, and Sir George Tufto attended the dinner: but it was rather a damp entertainment. "Farintosh," whispers Sam Newcome, "sent word just before dinner that he had a sore throat, and Barnes was as sulky as possible. Sir George wouldn't speak to him, and the dowager wouldn't speak to Lord Highgate. Scarcely anything was drank," concluded Mr. Sam, with a slight hiccup. "I say, Pendennis, how sold Clive will be!" And the amiable youth went off to commune with others of his parents' guests.

Thus the Newcomes entertained the Farintoshes, and the Farintoshes entertained the Newcomes. And the Dowager Countess of Kew went from assembly to assembly every evening, and to jewellers and upholsterers and dressmakers every morning; and Lord Farintosh's town house was splendidly re-decorated in the newest fashion; and he seemed to grow more and more attentive as the happy day approached, and he gave away all his cigars to his brother Rob; and his sisters were delighted with Ethel, and constantly in her company; and his mother was pleased with her, and thought a girl of her spirit and resolution would make a good wife for her son; and select crowds flocked to see the service of plate at Handyman's, and the diamonds which were being set for the lady; and Smee, R.A., painted her portrait, as a souvenir for mamma when Miss Newcome should be Miss Newcome no more; and Lady Kew made a will leaving all she could leave to her beloved grand-daughter Ethel, daughter of the late Sir Brian Newcome, Baronet; and Lord Kew wrote an affectionate letter to his cousin, congratulating her, and wishing her happiness with all his heart; and I was glancing over the Times newspaper at breakfast one morning, when I laid it down with an exclamation which caused my wife to start with surprise.

"What is it?" cries Laura; and I read as follows:-

"DEATH OF THE COUNTESS DOWNER OF KEW.—We regret to have to announce the awfully sudden death of this venerable lady. Her ladyship, who had been at several parties of the nobility the night before last, seemingly in perfect health, was seized with a fit as she was waiting for her carriage, and about to quit Lady Pallgrave's assembly. Immediate medical assistance was procured, and her ladyship was carned to her own house, in Queen Street, May Fair. But she never rallied, or, we believe, spoke, after the first fatal seizure, and sank at eleven o'clock last evening. The deceased, Louiss Joanna Gaunt, widow of Frederic, first Earl of Kew, was daughter of Charles, Earl of Gaunt, and sister of the late and aunt of the present Marquis of Steyne. The present E

father, Lc

first earl.
this sad event. Society has to deplore the death of a lady who has been its ornamer.

who was known, we may markable sense, extraordir

markable sense, extraordi

CHAPTER XVII.

BÁRNES'S SKELETON CLOSET.

The demiss of Lady Kew of course put a stop for a while to the matrimonial projects so interesting to the house of Newcome. Hymen blew his torch out, put it into the cupboard for use on a future day, and exchanged his garish saffroncoloured robe for decent temporary mourning. Charles Honeyman improved the occasion at Lady Whittlesea's chapel hard by, and "Death at the Festual" was one of his most thilling sermons, repinted at the request of some of the congregation. There were those of his flock, especially a pair whose quarter of the fold was the organ-loft, who were always charmed with the plping of that melodious

Shall we too, while the coffin yet rests on the out surface, enter the chapel whither these void remai dear sister departed are borne by the smug undertaker's gentlemen, and pronounce an elegy over that bedizened box of corruption? When the young are stricken down, and their roses nipped in an hour by the destroying blight, even the stranger can sympathize who counts the scant years on the gravestone, or reads the notice in the newspaper corner. The contrast forces itself on you. A fair young creature, bright and blooming yesterday, distributing smiles, levying homage, inspiring desire, conscious of her power to charm, and gay with the natural enjoyment of her conquests-who in his walk through the world has not looked on many such a one, and at the notion of her sudden call away from beauty, triumph, pleasure, her helpless outcries during her short pain, her vain pleas for a little respite, her sentence and its execution, has not felt a shock of pity? When the days of a long life come to its close, and a white head sinks to rise no more, we bow our own with respect as the mourning train passes, and salute the heraldry and devices of yonder pomp as symbols of age, wisdom, deserved respect and merited honour, long experience of suffering and action. The wealth he may have achieved is the harvest which he sowed; the titles on his hearse, fruits of the field he bravely and laboriously wrought in. But to live to fourscore years, and be found dancing among the idle virgins! to have had near a century of allotted time, and then be called away from the giddy notes of a May Fair fiddle! To have to yield your roses too, and then drop out of the bony clutch of your old fingers a wreath that came from a Parisian band-box! One fancies around some graves unseen troops of mourners waiting; many and many a poor pensioner trooping to the place; many weeping charities; many kind actions; many dear friends beloved and deplored rising up at the toll of that bell to follow the honoured hearse; dead parents waiting above, and calling, "Come, daughter!" lost children, Heaven's foundlings, hovering round like cherubim, and whispering, "Welcome, mother!" Here is one who reposes after a long feast where no love has been, after girlhood without kindly maternal nurture, marriage without affection, matronhood without its precious griefs and joys—after four-score years of lonely vanity. Let us take off our hats to that procession too as it passes, admiring the different lots awarded to the children of men, and the various usages to which

Hearen puts its creatures.

Leave we yonder velvet-palled box, spangled with fantastic heraldry, and containing within the aged slough and envelope of a soul gone to render its account. Look rather at the living audience standing round the shell; the deep grief on Barnes Newcome's fine countenance; the sadness depicted in the face of the most noble the Marquis of Farintosh; the sympathy of her ladyship's medical man (who came in the third mourning carriage); better than these, the awe and reverence and emotion exhibited in the kind face of one of the witnesses of this scene, as he listens to those words which the priest rehearses over our dead. What magnificent words! what a burning faith, what a glorious triumph, what a heroic life, death, hope they record! They are read over all of us alike, as the sun shines on just and unjust. We have all of us heard them, and I have fancied, for my part, that they fell and smote like the sods on the coffin.

The ceremony over, the undertaker's gentlemen clamber on the roof of the vacant hearse, into which palls, trestles, trays of feathers, are inserted, and the horses break out into a trot, and the empty carriages, expressing the deep grief of the deceased lady's friends, depart homeward. It is remarked that Lord Kew hardly has any communication with his cousin Sir Barnes Newcome. His lordship jumps into a cab, and goes to t

goes to t' of Farin

and retr

tosh as far as Oxford Street, where he gets a cab and goes to the City. For business is business, and must be attended to. though grief be ever so severe.

A very short time previous to her demise, Mr. Rood (that was Mr. Rood, that other little gentleman in black who shared the third mourning coach along with her ladyship's medical man) had executed a will by which almost all the Countest's property was devised to her grand-daughter, Ethel Newcome. Lady Kew's decease of course delayed thrage projects for a while. The young heiress retu

her mother's house in Park Lane. I dare say the deep mourning habiliments in which the domestics of that establishment appeared were purchased out of the funds left in his hands, which Ethel's banker and brother had at her disposal.

Sir Barnes Newcome, who was one of the trustees of his sister's property, grumbled no doubt because his grandmother had bequeathed to him but a paltry recompense of five hundred pounds for his pains and trouble of trusteeship; but his manner to Ethel was extremely bland and respectful: an heiress now, and to be marchioness in a few months, Sir Barnes treated her with a very different regard to that which he was accustomed to show to other members of his family. For while this worthy baronet would contradict his mother at every word she uttered, and take no pains to disguise his opinion that Lady Ann's intellect was of the very poorest order, he would listen deferentially to Ethel's smallest observations, exert himself to amuse her under her grief, which he chose to take for granted was very severe, visit her constantly, and show the most charming solicitude for her general comfort and welfare.

During this time my wife received constant notes from Ethel Newcome, and the intimacy between the two ladies much increased. Laura was so unlike the women of Ethel's circle, the young lady was pleased to say, that to be with her was Ethel's greatest comfort. Miss Newcome was now her own mistress, had her carriage, and would drive day after day to our cottage at Richmond. The frigid society of Lord Farintosh's sisters, the conversation of his mother, did not amuse Ethel, and she escaped from both with her usual impatience of control. She was at home every day dutifully to receive my Lord's visits; but though she did not open her mind to Laura as freely regarding the young gentleman as she did when the character and disposition of her future mother and sisters-in-law was the subject of their talk, I could see, from the grave look of commiseration which my wife's face bore after her young friend's visits, that Mrs. Pendennis augured rather ill of the future happiness of this betrothed pair. Once, at Miss Newcome's special request, I took my wife to see her in Park Lane, where the Marquis of Farintosh found us. His Lordship and I had already a half acquaintance, which was not, however, improved after my regular presentation to him by Miss Newcome; he scowled at me with a countenance indicative of anything but welcome, and did not seem in the least more pleased when Ethel entreated her friend Laura not to take her bonnet, not to think of going away so soon. She came to see us the very next day, stayed much longer with us than usual, and returned to town quite late in the evening, in spite of the entreaties of the inhospitable Laura, who would have had her leave us long before. "I am sure," says clear-sighted Mrs. Laura, "she is come out of bravado, and after we went away yesterday that there were words between her and Lord Farintosh on our account."

"Confound the young man 1" breaks out Mr. Pendennis, in a fume; "what does he mean by his insolent airs?"

"He may think we are partisans de l'autre," says Mrs. Pendennis, with a smile first and a sigh afterwards, as she said, " Poor Clive "

"Do you ever talk about Clive?" asks the husband.

"Never. Once, twice perhaps, in the most natural manner in the world, we mentioned where he is; but nothing further passes. The subject is a sealed one between us. She often looks at his drawings in my album (Clive had drawn our baby there and its mother in a great variety of attitudes), and gazes at his sketch of his dear old father, but of him she never says a word."

"So it is best," says Mr. Pendennis

"Yes, best," echoes Laura, with a sigh.

"You think, Laura," continues the husband-"you think she---"

"She what?" What did Mr. Pendennis mean? Laura his wife certainly understood him, though upon my conscience the sentence went no further, for she answered at once -

"Yes, I think she certainly did, poor boy. But that, of course, is over now; and Ethel, though she cannot help being a worldly woman, has such firmness and resolution of character, that if she has once determined to conquer any inclination of that sort, I am sure she will mast 't, and make Lord Farintosh a very good wife."

"Since the Colonel's quarrel with Sir Barnes," cries Mr. Pendennis, adverting by a natural transition from Ethel to her amiable brother, "our banking friend does not invite us any more; Lady Clara sends you no cards. I have a great

mind to withdraw my account."

Laura, who understands nothing about accounts, did not perceive the fine irony of this remark; but her face straightway put on the severe expression which it chose to assume whenever Sir Barnes's family was mentioned, and she said, "My dear Arthur, I am very glad indeed that Clara sends us no more of her invitations. You know very well why I disliked them."

"Why?"

"I hear baby crying," says Laura—O Laura, Laura! how could you tell your husband such a fib?—and she quits the room without deigning to give any answer to that "Why."

Let us pay a brief visit to Newcome in the north of England, and there we may get some answer to the question of which Mr. Pendennis had just in vain asked a reply from his wife. My design does not include a description of that great and flourishing town of Newcome, and of the manufactures which caused its prosperity, but only admits of the introduction of those Newcomites who are concerned in the affairs of the family which has given its respectable name to these volumes.

Thus in previous pages we have said nothing about the Mayor and Corporation of Newcome, the magnificent bankers and manufacturers who had their places of business in the town, and their splendid villas outside its smoky precincts—people who would give their thousand guineas for a picture or a statue, and write you off a cheque for ten times the amount any day; people who, if there was talk of a statue to the Queen or the Duke, would come down to the Town 'All and subscribe their one, two, three 'undred apiece (especially if in the neighbouring city of Slowcome they were putting up a statue to the Duke or the Queen). Not of such men have I spoken—the magnates of the place—but of the humble Sarah Mason in Jubilee Row; of the Reverend Dr. Bulders the Vicar, Mr. Vidler the apothecary, Mr. Puff the baker; of Tom Potts, the jolly reporter of the Newcome Independ.

cit, and — Batters, Esq., the proprietor of that journal—persons with whom our friends have had already, or will be found presenfly to have, some connection. And it is from these that we shall arrive at some particulars regarding the Newcome family which will show us that they have a skeleton or two in their closets, as well as their neighbours.

ton or two in that closes, as went as their regionous. Now, how will you have the story? Worthy mammas of families, if you do not like to have your daughters told that had husbands will make bad wives; that marriages begun in indifference make homes unhappy; that men whom girls are brought to swear to love and honour are sometimes false, selfish, and cruel, and that women forget the oaths which they have been made to swear—if you will not hear of this, ladies, close the book, and send for some other. Banush the mexpaper out of your houses, and shut your eyes to the truth, the awful truth, of life and sin. Is the world made of Jennies and Jessamies, and passon the play of schoolboys and schoolgrifs, scribbling valentures and interchanging lolipops? Is life all over when Jenny and Jessamy are married? and are there no subsequent trials, griefs, wars, butter heartpangs, dreadful templations, defeats, remorses, sufferings to

young ones to suppose the words are mere form, and don't apply to us? to some outcasts in the free seats, probably, or those haughty boys playing in the churchyard? Are they not to know that we ere too, and pray with all our hearts to be rescued from temptation? If such a knowledge is wrong for them, send them to church apart. Go you and worship in private; or if not too proud, kneel humby in the midst of them, owning your wrong, and praying Heaven to be merci-

render himsell popular in the borough. He gave handsome entertainments to the townsfolk and to the country gentry; he tried even to bring those two warring classes together. He endeavoured to be civil to the Newcome Independent, the Opposition paper, as well as to the Newcome Sentinel, that true old uncompromising Blue. He asked the Dissenting clergyman to dinner, and the Low Church clergyman, as well as the orthodox Doctor Bulders and his curates. He gave a lecture at the Newcome Athenæum, which everybody said was very amusing, and which Sentinel and Independent both agreed in praising. Of course he subscribed to that statue which the Newcomites were raising, to the philanthropic missions which the Reverend Low Church gentlemen were engaged in, to the races (for the young New-comite manufacturers are as sporting gents as any in the North), to the hospital, the People's Library, the restoration of the rood screen, and the great painted window in Newcome Old Church (Rev. J. Bulders); and he had to pay, in fine, a most awful price for his privilege of sitting in Parliament as representative of his native place—as he called it in his speeches, "the cradle of his forefathers, the home of his race," etc., though Barnes was in fact born at Clapham.

Lady Clara could not in the least help this young statesman in his designs upon Newcome and the Newcomites. After she came into Barnes's hands, a dreadful weight fell upon her. She would smile and simper, and talk kindly and gaily enough at first, during Sir Brian's life, and among women when Barnes was not present. But as soon as he joined the company, it was remarked that his wife became silent, and looked eagerly towards him whenever she ventured to speak. She blundered, her eyes filled with tears; the little wit she had left her in her husband's presence. He grew angry, and tried to hide his anger with a sneer, or broke out with a gibe and an oath when he lost patience, and Clara, whimpering, would leave the room. Everybody at Newcome

knew that Barnes bullied his wife.

People had worse charges against Barnes than wife-bullying. Do you suppose that little interruption which occurred at Barnes's marriage was not known in Newcome? His victim had been a Newcome girl, the man to whom she was betrothed was in a Newcome factory. When Barnes was a young man, and in his occasional visits to Newcome lived along with those dashing young blades Sam Jollyman (Jolly-

man, Brothers, and Bowcher), Bob Homer, Cross Country, Bull, Al. Rucker (for whom his father had to pay eighteen thousand pounds after the Leger the year Toggery won it), and that wild lot, all sorts of stories were told of them, and of Bames especially. Most of them were settled, and steady business men by this time Al, it was known, had become every scrious, besides making his fortune in cotton. Bob Homer managed the Bank; and as for S. Jollyman, Mrs. S. J. took uncommon good care that & dubrit break of bounds any more, why, he was not even allowed to play a game at billiards, or to dime out without her... I could go ngiwing you interesting particulars of a hundred members of the Newcome aristoracy, were not our attention especially directed to one respectable family.

All Barnes's endeavours at popularity were vain, partly from his own fault, and partly from the nature of mankind, and of the Newcome folks especially, whom no single person could possibly conciliate. Thus, suppose he gave the advertisements to the Independent, the old Blue paper, the Sentinel, was very angry; suppose he asked Mr. Hunch, the Dissenting minister, to bless the tablecloth after dinner, as he had begged Dr. Bulders to utter a benediction on the first course. Hunch and Bulders were both angry subscribed to the races-what heathenism! to the missionaries-what sanctimonious humbug! And the worst was that Barnes, being young at that time, and not able to keep his tongue in order, could not help saying, not to, but of such and such a man that he was an informal ass, or a confounded old idiot, and so forth-peevish phrases, which undid in a moment the work of a dozen dinners, countless compliments, and months of grinning good-humour.

Now he is wiser. He is very proud of being Newcome of Newcome, and quite believes that the place is his hereditary principality. But still he says his father was a fool for ever representing the borrough. "Dammy, sir," cries Sir Barnes, "never sit for a place that hes at your park gates, and above all never try to conciliate 'em. Curse 'em.! Hate 'em well, sir. Take a line, and flog the fellows on the other side. Since I have sate in Parliament for another place, I have saved myself I don't know how much a year. I never go to

CHAPTER XVIII.

ROSA OUO LOCORUM SERA MORATUR.

CLIVE NEWCOME bore his defeat with such a courage and resolution as those who knew the young fellow's character were sure he would display. It was whilst he had a little lingering hope still that the poor lad was in the worst condition, as a gambler is restless and unhappy whilst his last few guineas remain with him, and he is venturing them against the overpowering chances of the bank. His last piece, however, gone, our friend rises up from that unlucky table—beaten at the contest but not broken in spirit. He goes back into the world again, and with the world again again.

of making that tour with his son which in early days had been such a favourite project with the good man. They travelled Rhineland and Switzerland together; they crossed into Italy-went from Milan to Venice (where Clive saluted the greatest painting in the world, the glorious "Assump-tion" of Titin); they went to Trieste, and over the beautiful Styrian Alps to Vienna; they beheld the Danube, and the plain where the Turk and Sobieski fought. They travelled at a proligious fan pece. They did not speak much to one another. They were a pattern pair of English travellers. I date say many persons whom they met smiled to observe them, and shrugged their shoulders at the aspect of or Anglais. They did not know the care in the young travel-ler's mind, and the deep tenderness and solicitude of the elden. Clive wrote to say it was a very pleasant tour; but I think I should not have liked to join it. Let us dismiss it in this single sentence. Other gentlemen have taken the same journey, and with sorrow, perhaps, as their selent fellow-traveller. How you remember the places afterwards, and the thoughts which pursued you. If in after days, when your grief is dead and buried, you revise the scenes in which it was your companion, how its gnost rises and shows itself again! Suppose this pair of Mr. Clive's life were to be desended at length in several chapters, and not in a single brief sentence, what dream pages they would be! In two or three months our friends sew a number of men, cities, mountains, rivers, and what not. It was yet early autumn when they were back in France again, and September found them 21 Brussels, where James Binnie, Esc., and his family were established to comfortable quarters, and where we may be sure Clive and his father were very welcome.

Druged abroad at fert sorely against his will, James Elrorie had found the Continental life pretry much to his Biding. He had passed a water at Pan, a summer at Vichy, where the waters had done him good. His beliefs had made several charming foreign acquaintances. Mrs. Mackennie had quite a list of Counts and Marchionesses among her fisheds. The excellent Captan Goby wavefered about the country with them. Was it to Rosey, was it to her mother, the Captain was not standard? Bossy received him as a

god-papa; Mrs. Mackenzie, as a wicked, odious, good-fornothing, dangerous, delightful creature. Is it humiliating, is it consolatory, to remark with what small wit some of our friends are amused? The jovial sallies of Goby appeared exquisite to Rosey's mother, and to the girl probably; though that young Bahawder of a Clive Newcome chose to wear a grave face (confound his insolent airs!) at the very best of

the Goby jokes.

In Goby's train was his fervent admirer and inseparable young friend, Clarence Hoby. Captain Hoby and Captain Goby travelled the world together, visited Hombourg and Baden, Cheltenham and Learnington, Paris and Brussels, in company, belonged to the same club in London-the centre of all pleasure, fashion, and joy for the young officer and the older campaigner. The jokes at the Flag, the dinners at the Flag, the committee of the Flag, were the theme of their constant conversation. Goby-fifty years old, unattached, and with dyed moustaches-was the affable comrade of the youngest member of his club; when absent, a friend wrote him the last riddle from the smoking-room; when present, his knowledge of horses, of cookery, wines, and cigars, and military history rendered him a most acceptable companion. He knew the history and achievements of every regiment in the army, of every general and commanding officer. He was known to have been "out" more than once himself, and had made up a hundred quarrels. He was certainly not a man of an ascetic life or a profound intellectual culture; but though poor, he was known to be most honourable; though more than middle-aged, he was cheerful, busy, and kindly; and though the youngsters called him Old Goby, he bore his years very gaily and handsomely, and I dare say numbers of ladies besides Mrs. Mackenzie thought him delightful. Goby's talk and rattle perhaps somewhat bored James Binnie; but Thomas Newcome found the Captain excellent company, and Goby did justice to the good qualities of the Colonel.

Clive's father liked Brussels very well. He and his son occupied very handsome quarters near the spacious apartments in the Park which James Binnie's family inhabited. Waterloo was not far off, to which the Indian officer paid several visits, with Captain Goby for a guide; and many of

Mariborough's battle-fields were near, in which Goby certainly took but a minor interest: but, on the other hand, Clivebehid these with the greatest pleasure, and painted more than one dashing piece, in which Churchill and Eugene, cuts and Cadogan, were the heroes, whose flowing perivsigs, huge boots, and thundering Flemish chargers were, he thought, more novel and picturesque than the Duke's surtout and the French Grenadiers' hairy caps, which so many Endish and French artists have portrayed.

Mr. and Mrs. Pendenns were invited by our kind Colonel to pass a month—six months if they chose—at Brussels, and were most splendidly entertained by our friends in that city. A suite of handsome tooms was set apart for us. My study communicated with Clive's action. Many an hour did we pass, and many a ride and walk did we take together. I observed that Clive never mentioned Aliss Newcome's name, and Laura and I agreed that it was as well not to recall it. Only once, when we read the death of Lady Glenlivet, Lord Farintosh's mother, in the newspaper, I remember to have said. "I sunose that marriage will be put off again."

"Qu'est-ce que cela me fait?" says Mr. Chve gloomily, over his picture, a cheerful piece representing Count Egmont going to execution, in which I have the honour to figure as a halberdier, Capitain Hoby as the Count, and Capitain Goby

as the Duke of Alva, looking out of window.

Mrs. Mackenzie was in a state of great happoness and glory during this writer. She had a carriage, and worked that vehicle most indefangably. She knew a great deat of grood company at Brussels. She had an evening for receiving She herself went to countless evening parties, and had the joy of being invited to a couple of court balls, at which I am bound to say her daughter and herself both locked way handsome. The Colonel brushed up his old uniform and attended these entertainments. M Newcome file as Farneyed judge, was not the worst-looking man in the recent and a second colonel.

His eyes did not seem to be looking at us, though; they and his thoughts were turned another way. He moved off immediately, with his head down, puffing his eternal cigar, and lost in his own meditations; our going or our staying was of very little importance to the lugubrious youth.

"I think it was a great pity they came to Brussels," says Laura, as we sate on the deck, while her unconscious infant was cheerful, and while the water of the lazy Scheldt as yet

was smooth.

"Who—the Colonel and Clive? They are very handsomely lodged; they have a good maître-d'hôtel; their dinners, I am sure, are excellent; and your child, madam, is

as healthy as it possibly can be."

"Blessed darling! yes." (Blessed darling crows, moos, jumps in his nurse's arms, and holds out a little mottled hand for a biscuit of Savoy, which mamma supplies.) "I can't help thinking, Arthur, that Rosey would have been much happier as Mrs. Hoby than she will be as Mrs. Newcome."

"Who thinks of her being Mrs. Newcome?"

"Her mother, her uncle, and Clive's father. Since the Colonel has been so rich, I think Mrs. Mackenzie sees a great deal of merit in Clive. Rosey will do anything her mother bids her. If Clive can be brought to the same obedience, Uncle James and the Colonel will be delighted. Uncle James has set his heart on this marriage. (He and his sister agree upon this point.) He told me last night that he would sing 'Nunc Dimittis' could he but see the two children happy, and that he should lie easier in purgatory if that could be brought about."

"And what did you say, Laura?"

"I laughed, and told Uncle James I was of the Hoby faction. He is very good-natured, frank, honest, and gentlemanlike, Mr. Hoby. But Uncle James said he thought Mr. Hoby was so—well, so stupid that his Rosey would be thrown away upon the poor Captain. So I did not tell Uncle James that before Clive's arrival Rosey had found Captain Hoby far from stupid. He used to sing duets with her, he used to ride with her before Clive came. Last winter, when they were at Pau, I feel certain Miss Rosey

thought Captain Hoby very pleasant indeed. She thinks she was attached to Clive formerly, and now she admires him, and is dreadfully afraid of him. He is taller and handsomer, and richer and cleverer than Captain Hoby, certainly."

"I should think so, indeed," breaks out Mr. Pendennis. "Why, my dear, Clive is as fine a fellow as one can see on a summer's day. It does one good to look at him. What a pair of frank, bright blue eyes he has-or used to have, till this mishap overclouded them! What a pleasant laugh he has! What a well-built, agile figure it is! What pluck, and spirit, and honour there is about my joung chap! I don't say be is a genius of the highest order, but he is the stanchest, the bravest, the cheeriest, the most truth-telling, the kindest heart. Compare him and Hoby! Why, Clive is an eagle, and ronder little creature a mousing owl!"

"I like to hear you speak so," cries Mrs. Laura, very tenderly. "People say that you are always sneering, Arthur, but I know my husband better.-We know papa better, don't we, baby?" (Here my wife kisses the infant Pendennis with great effusion, who has come up dancing on his nurse's arms.) "But," says she, coming back and snuggling by her husband's side again-"but suppose your favourite Clive is an eagle, Arthur, don't you think he had better have an eagle for a mate? If he were to marry little Rosey, I dare say he would be very good to her, but I think neither he nor she would be very happy. My dear, she does not care for his pursuits; she does not understand him when he talks. The two Captains, and Rosey and I, and the Campaigner, as you call her, laugh and talk, and prattle, and have the merriest little jokes with one another, and we all are as quiet as mice when you and Clive come in"

"What! am I an eagle too? I have no aquiline preten-

sions at all, Mrs. Pendennis."

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"No. Well, we are not afraid of you.-We are not afraid of papa, are we, darling?" this young woman now calls out to the other member of her family, who, if you will calculate, has just had time to be walked twice up and down the deck of the steamer whilst Laura has been making her speech about eagles. And soon the mother, child, and attendant descend into the lower cabins; and then dinner is announced,

and Captain Jackson treats us to champagne from his end of the table; and yet a short while and we are at sea, and conversation becomes impossible; and morning sees us under the grey London sky, and amid the million of masts on the Thames.

CHAPTER XIX.

ROSEBURY AND NEWCOME.

THE friends to whom we were engaged in England were Florac and his wife, Madame la Princesse de Montcontour, who were determined to spend the Christmas houdays at the Princess's country-seat. It was for the first time since their reconciliation that the Prince and Princess dispensed their hospitalities at the latter's château. It is situated, as the reader has already been informed, at some five miles from the town of Newcome-away from the chimneys and smoky atmosphere of that place, in a sweet country of rural woodlands, over which quiet villages, grey church spires, and ancient gabled farm-houses are scattered, still wearing the peaceful aspect which belonged to them when Newcome was as yet but an antiquated country town, before mills were erected on its river banks, and dyes and cinders blackened its stream. Twenty years since Newcome Park was the only great house in that district; now scores of fine villas have sprung up in the suburb lying between the town and Park. Newcome New Town, as everybody knows, has grown round the Park gates, and the New Town Hotel (where the railway station is) is a splendid structure in the Tudor style, more ancient in appearance than the Park itself; surrounded by little antique villas with spiked gables, stacks of crooked chimneys, and plate-glass windows looking upon trim lawns; with glistening hedges of evergreens, spotless gravel walks, and Elizabethan gig-houses. Under the great railway viaduct of the New Town goes the old tranquil winding London highroad, once busy with a score of gay coaches, and ground by innumerable wheels; but at a few miles from the New Town Station the road has become so mouldy that the grass actually grows on it, and Rosebury, Madame de Montcontour's house, stands at one end of a village green, which is even more quiet now than it was a hundred years ago.

When first Madame de Florac bought the place, it scarcely ranked amongst the county houses; and she, the sister of manufacturers at Newcome and Manchester, did not, of course, visit the county families. A homely little body, married to a Frenchman from whom she was separated, may or may not have done a great deal of good in her village, have had pretty gardens, and won prizes at the Newcome such an aristocratic county as we all know ---shire is. She had her friends and relatives from Newcome. Many of them were Ourkers, many were retail shopkeepers. She even frequented the little branch Ebenezer on Rosebury Green, and it was only by her chanties and kindness at Christmas time that the Rev. Dr. Potter, the rector at Rosebury, knew her. The old clergy, you see, live with the county families. Good httle Madame de Florac was pitted and patronized by the Doctor, treated with no little superciliousness by Mrs. Potter and the young ladies, who only kept the first society. Even when her rich brother died, and she got her share of all that money, Mrs. Potter said poor Madame de Florac did well in not trying to move out of her

Madame de Florac did well, we say, not to endeavour to leave her natural sphere, and that The County never would receive her. Tom Potter, the rector's son, with whom I had the good fortune to be a Fellow-student at Saint Bonilarce College, Oxbridge—a ratting, forward, and, it must be owned, vulgar youth—asked me whether Florac was not a billiard-marker by profession, and was even so kind as to caution his sisters not to speak of billiards before the lady of Rosebury. Tom was surprised to learn that Monseur Paul de Florac was

that of any

ing your o hold to your pedigree). But the truth is, heraldical ing, that union with the Higgs of Manchester wa

misalliance which the Florac family had made for long, long years. Not that I would wish for a moment to insinuate that any nobleman is equal to an English nobleman; nay, that an English snob, with a coat-of-arms bought yesterday or stolen out of Edmonton, or a pedigree purchased from a peerage-maker, has not a right to look down upon any of

your paltry foreign nobility.

One day the carriage-and-four came in state from Newcome Park, with the well-known chaste liveries of the Newcomes, and drove up Rosebury Green, towards the parsonage gate, where Mrs. and the Miss Potters happened to be standing, cheapening fish from a donkey-man, with whom they were in the habit of dealing. The ladies were in their pokiest old head-gear and most dingy gowns, when they perceived the carriage approaching; and considering, of course, that the visit of the Park people was intended for them, dashed into the rectory to change their clothes, leaving Rowkins, the costermonger, in the very midst of the negotiation about the three mackerel. Mamma got that new bonnet out of the band-box; Lizzy and Liddy skipped up to their bedroom, and brought out those dresses which they wore at the dejetiner at the Newcome Athenæum, when Lord Leveret came down to lecture; into which they no sooner had hooked their lovely shoulders, than they reflected with terror that mamma had been altering one of papa's flannel waistcoats, and had left it in the drawing-room, when they were called out by the song of Rowkins, and the appearance of his donkey's ears over the green gate of the rectory. To think of the Park people coming, and the drawing-room in that dreadful state!

But when they came downstairs the Park people were not in the room, the woollen garment was still on the table (how they plunged it into the chiffonier!), and the only visitor was Rowkins, the costermonger, grinning at the open French windows, with the three mackerel, and crying, "Make it sixpence, Miss; don't say fippens, Ma'am, to a pore fellow that has a wife and family." So that the young ladies had to cry, "Impudence!"—"Get away, you vulgar, insolent creature! Go round, sir, to the back door"—"How dare you?" and the like, fearing lest Lady Ann Newcome and

young Ethel and Barnes should enter in the midst of this

enoble controversy.

They never came at all-those Park people. How very odd! They passed the rectory gate; they drove on to Madame de Florac's lodge. They went in. They stayed for half an hour, the horses driving round and round the gravel-road before the house; and Mrs. Potter and the girls speedily going to the upper chambers, and looking out of the room where the maids slept, saw Lady Ann, Ethel, and Barnes walking with Madame de Florac, going into the conservatories, issuing thence with MWhirter, the gardener, bearing huge bunches of grapes and large fasces of flowers; they saw Barnes talking in the most respectful manner to Madame de Florac; and when they went downstairs and had their work before them-Liddy her gilt music-book, Lizzy her embroidered altar-cloth, Mamma her scarlet cloak for one of the old women-they had the agony of seeing the barouche over the railings whisk by, with the Park people inside, and Barnes driving the four horses.

It was on that day when Barnes had determined to take up Madame de Florac; when he was bent upon reconciling her to her husband. In spite of all Mrs. Potter's predictions. the county families did come and visit the manufacturer's daughter; and when Madame de Florac became Madame la Princesse de Montcontour, when it was announced that she was coming to stay at Rosebury for Christmas, I leave you to imagine whether the circumstance was or was not mentioned in the Newcome Sentinel and the Newcome Independent, and whether Rev. G. Potter, D.D., and Mrs. Potter did or did not call on the Prince and Princess. I leave you to imagine whether the lady did or did not inspect all the alterations which Vineer's people from Newcome were making at Rosebury House-the chaste yellow satm and gold of the drawing-room - the carved oak for the dining-room - the chintz for the bedrooms-the Princess's apartment-the Prince's apartment-the guests' apartments-the smokingroom, gracious goodness -the stables (these were under Tom Potter's superintendence), "and I'm dashed," says he one day, "if here doesn't come a billiard-table !"

The house was most comfortably and snugly appointed

misalliance which the Florac family had made for long, long years. Not that I would wish for a moment to insinuate that any nobleman is equal to an English nobleman; nay, that an English snob, with a coat-of-arms bought yesterday or stolen out of Edmonton, or a pedigree purchased from a peerage-maker, has not a right to look down upon any of

your paltry foreign nobility. One day the carriage-and-four came in state from Newcome Park, with the well-known chaste liveries of the Newcomes, and drove up Rosebury Green, towards the parsonage gate, where Mrs. and the Miss Potters happened to be standing, cheapening fish from a donkey-man, with whom they were in the habit of dealing. The ladies were in their pokiest old head-gear and most dingy gowns, when they perceived the carriage approaching; and considering, of course, that the visit of the Park people was intended for them, dashed into the rectory to change their clothes, leaving Rowkins, the costermonger, in the very midst of the negotiation about the three mackerel. Mamma got that new bonnet out of the band-box; Lizzy and Liddy skipped up to their bedroom, and brought out those dresses which they wore at the déjetiner at the Newcome Athenæum, when Lord Leveret came down to lecture; into which they no sooner had hooked their lovely shoulders, than they reflected with terror that mamma had been altering one of papa's flannel waistcoats, and had left it in the drawing-room, when they were called out by the song of Rowkins, and the appearance of his donkey's ears over the green gate of the rectory. To think of the Park people coming, and the drawing-room in that dreadful state!

But when they came downstairs the Park people were not in the room, the woollen garment was still on the table (how they plunged it into the chiffonier!), and the only visitor was Rowkins, the costermonger, grimning at the open French windows, with the three mackerel, and crying, "Make it sixpence, Miss; don't say fippens, Ma'am, to a pore fellow that has a wife and family." So that the young ladies had to cry, "Impudence!"—"Get away, you vulgar, insolent creature! Go round, sir, to the back door"—"How dare you?" and the like, fearing lest Lady Ann Newcome and

ignoble controversy.

They never came at all-those Park people. How very odd! They passed the rectory gate; they drove on to Madame de Florac's lodge. They went in. They stayed for half an hour, the horses driving round and round the gravel-road before the house; and Mrs. Potter and the girls speedily going to the upper chambers, and looking out of the room where the maids slept, saw Lady Ann, Ethel, and Barnes walking with Madame de Florac, going into the con servatories, issuing thence with MWhirter, the gardener, bearing huge bunches of grapes and large fasces of flowers they saw Barnes talking in the most respectful manner to Madame de Florac; and when they went downstairs and had their work before them-Liddy her gilt music-book Lizzy her embroidered altar-cloth. Mamma her scarlet cloak for one of the old women-they had the agony of seeing the barouche over the railings whisk by, with the Park people inside, and Bames driving the four horses.

It was on that day when Barnes had determined to take un Madame de Florac, when he was bent upon reconciling her to her husband. In spite of all Mrs. Potter's predictions the county families did come and visit the manufacturer's daughter; and when Madame de Florac became Madame Is Princesse de Montcontour, when it was announced that she was coming to stay at Rosebury for Christmas, I leave you to imagine whether the circumstance was or was not mentioned in the Newcome Sentinel and the Newcome Independent, and whether Rev. G. Potter, D.D., and Mrs. Potter did or die not call on the Prince and Princess. I leave you to im agine whether the lady did or did not inspect all the altera tions which Vincer's people from Newcome were making a Rosebury House-the chaste yellow satin and gold of the drawing-room - the carved oak for the dining-room - the chintz for the bedrooms-the Princess's apartment-the Prince's apartment-the guests' apartments-the smoking room, gracious goodness !-- the stables (these were unde Tom Potter's superintendence), "and I'm dashed," says he one day, "if here doesn't come a billiard-table!"

The house was most comfortably and snug

from top to bottom; and thus it will be seen that Mr. and Mrs. Pendennis were likely to be in very good quarters for

their Christmas of 184-.

Tom Potter was so kind as to call on me two days after our arrival, and to greet me in the Princess's pew at church on the previous day. Before desiring to be introduced to my wife, he requested me to present him to my friend the Prince. He called him "your Highness." His Highness, who had behaved with exemplary gravity, save once when he shrieked an "ah!" as Miss Liddy led off the children in the organ-loft in a hymn, and the whole pack went woefully out of tune, complimented Monsieur Tom on the sermon of Monsieur his father. Tom walked back with us to Rosebury Lodge gate. "Will you not come in, and make a party of billiard with me?" says his Highness. "Ah, pardon! I forgot, you do not play the billiard the Sunday!" "Any other day, Prince, I shall be delighted," says Tom, and squeezed his Highness's hand tenderly at parting. "Your comrade of college, was he?" asks Florac. "My dear, what men are these comrades of college! What men are you English! My word of honour, there are some of them here, if I were to say to them wax my boots, they would take them and wax them! Didst thou see how the Révérend eyed us during the sermon? He regarded us over his book. my word of honour!"

Madame de Florac said simply she wished the Prince would go and hear Mr. Jacob at the Ebenezer. Mr. Potter

was not a good preacher certainly.

"Savez-vous qu'elle est furieusement belle la fille du Révérend?" whispered his Highness to me. "I have made eyes at her during the sermon. They will be of pretty neighbours these Meess!" and Paul looked unutterably roguish and victorious as he spoke. To my wife, I am bound to say, Monsieur de Montcontour showed a courtesy, a respect and kindness, that could not be exceeded. He admired her. He paid her compliments innumerable, and gave me, I am sure, sincere congratulations at possessing such a treasure. I do not think he doubted about his power of conquering her or any other of the daughters of women. But I was the friend of his misfortunes—his guest—and he spared me.

I have seen nothing more amusing, odd, and pleasant than Florac at this time of his prosperity. We arrived, as this veracious chronicle has already asserted, on a Saturday evening. We were conducted to our most comfortable apart-ments, with crackling fires blazing on the hearths, and every warmth of welcome. Florac expanded and beamed with good-nature. He shook me many times hy the hand; he patted me; he called me his good—his brave. He cried to his maitre-d'hôtel, "Frédénc, remember Monsieur is master here! Run before his orders. Prostrate thyself to him. He

· Monsieur Pen-

for her angelic infant, and the bonne. None of thy garnson tricks with that young person, Frédéric, vieux scélérat! Garde-toi de la, Frédéric; si non, je t'envoie à Botani Bay; je te traduis devant le Lord Maire !"

"En Angleterre je me fais Anglais, vois tu, mon ami," continued the Prince. "Demain c'est Sunday, et tu vas voir! I hear the bell; dress thyself for the dinner, my friend!" Here there was another squeeze of both hands from the good-natured fellow. "It do good to my art to are you in my 'ouse! Henh!" He hugged his guest; he had tears in his eyes as he performed this droll, this kind embrace. Not less kind in her way, though less expansive and embracree, was Madame de Montcontour to my wife, as I found on comparing notes with that young woman when the day's hospitalises were ended. The little Princess rotted from bedchamber to nursery to see that everything was made comfortable for her guests. She sate and saw the child washed and put to bed. She had never beheld

She was in the nursery almost as early as the child's mother. "Ah," sighed the poor little woman, "how happy you must be to have one!" In fine, my wife was quite overcome by her goodness and welcome.

Sunday morning arrived in the course of time, and then Florac appeared as a most wonderful Briton indeed!

wore top-boots and buckskins, and after breakfast, when we went to church, a white greatcoat with a little cape, in which garment he felt that his similarity to an English gentleman was perfect. In conversation with his grooms and servants he swore freely; not that he was accustomed to employ oaths in his own private talk, but he thought the employment of these expletives necessary as an English country gentleman. He never dined without a roast beef, and insisted that the piece of meat should be bleeding, "as you love it, you others." He got up boxing-matches, and kept birds for combats of cock. He assumed the sporting language with admirable enthusiasm, drove over to cover with a steppère, rode across countri like a good one, was splendid in the hunting-field in his velvet cap and Napoleon boots, and made the Hunt welcome at Rosebury, where his good-natured little wife was as kind to the gentlemen in scarlet as she used to be of old to the stout Dissenting gentlemen in black, who sang hymns and spake sermons on her lawn. These folks, a scared at the change which had taken place in the little Princess's habits of life, lamented her falling away; but in the county she and her husband got a great popularity, and in Newcome town itself they were not less liked, for her benefactions were unceasing, and Paul's affability the theme of all praise. The Newcome Independent and the Newcome Sentinel both paid him compliments—the former journal contrasting his behaviour with that of Sir Barnes, their member. Florac's pleasure was to drive his Princess with four horses into Newcome. He called his carriage his "trappe," his "drague." The street boys cheered and hurrayed the Prince as he passed through the town. One haberdasher had a yellow stock called "The Montcontour" displayed in his windows; another had a pink one marked "The Princely," and as such recommended it to the young Newcome gents.

The "drague" conveyed us once to the neighbouring house of Newcome, whither my wife accompanied Madame de Montcontour at that lady's own request, to whom Laura very properly did not think fit to confide her antipathy for Lady Clara Newcome. Coming away from a great house, how often she and I, egotistical philosophers, thanked our fates

that our own home was a small one! How long will great houses last in this world? Do not their owners now prefer a lodging at Brighton, or a little entresol on the Boulevard. to the solitary ancestral palace in a park barred round with snow? We were as glad to get out of Newcome as out of a prison. My wife and our hostess skipped into the carriage, and began to talk freely as the lodge gates closed after us. Would we be lords of such a place under the penalty of living in it? We agreed that the little angle of earth called Faircals was dearer to us than the clumsy Newcome pile of Tudor masonry. The house had been fitted up in the time of George IV, and the quasi-Gothic revival. We were made to pass through Gothic dining rooms where there was now no hospitality, Gothic drawing-rooms shrouded in brown hollands, to one little room at the end of the dusky suite, where Lady Clara sate alone, or in the company of the nurses and children. The blank gloom of the place had fallen upon the poor lady. Even when my wife talked about children (good-natured Madame de Montcontour vaunting ours as a prodigy) Lady Clara did not brighten up. Her pair of young ones was exhibited and withdrawn A something weighed upon the woman. We talked about Ethel's marriage, She said it was fixed for the new year, she believed. She did not know whether Glenlivet had been very handsomely fitted up. She had not seen Lord Farintosh's house in London. Sir Barnes came down once-twice-of a Saturday sometimes, for three or four days to hunt, to amuse himself,

norels. "She has chosen some pretty books," says Paul, as

here,

thread of white which we knew came from the fire by which the lonely mistress of Newcome was seated. "Ouf es Florac, playing his whip, as the lodge gates closed

his term of horses ratiled merrily along the

blessing it is to be out of that vault of a place! There is something fatal in this house—in this woman. One smells misfortune there."

The hotel which our friend Florac patronized on occasion of his visits to Newcome was the King's Arms, and it happened, one day as we entered that place of entertainment in company, that a visitor of the house was issuing through the hall, to whom Florac seemed as if he would administer one of his customary embraces, and to whom the Prince called out "Jack," with great warmth and kindness, as he ran towards the stranger.

Jack did not appear to be particularly well pleased on beholding us; he rather retreated from before the French-

man's advances.

"My dear Jack, my good, my brave 'Ighgate! I am delighted to see you!" Florac continues, regardless of the stranger's reception, or of the landlord's looks towards us,

who was bowing the Prince into his very best room.

"How do you do, Monsieur de Florac?" growls the new-comer surlily; and was for moving on after this brief salutation; but having a second thought seemingly, turned back and followed Florac into the apartment whither our host conducted us. A la bonne heure! Florac renewed his cordial greetings to Lord Highgate. "I knew not, mon bon, what fly had stung you," says he to my lord. The landlord, rubbing his hands, smirking and bowing, was anxious to know whether the Prince would take anything after his drive. As the Prince's attendant and friend, the lustre of his reception partially illuminated me. When the chief was not by, I was treated with great attention (mingled with a certain degree of familiarity) by my landlord.

Lord Highgate waited until Mr. Taplow was out of the room, and then said to Florac, "Don't call me by my name

here, please, Florac; I am here incog."

"Plaît-ii," asks Florac, "where is incog.?" He laughed when the word was interpreted to him. Lord Highgate had turned to me. "There was no rudeness you understand intended, Mr. Pendennis; but I am down here on some business, and don't care to wear the handle to my name. Fellows work it so, don't you understand? never leave you

at rest in a country town-that sort of thing. Heard of our friend Clive lately?"

"Whether you 'ave 'andle or no 'andle, Jack, you are always the bien venu to me. What is thy affair? Old mon-

ster | I wager--"

"No, no, no such nonsense," says Jack, rather eagerly. "I give you my honour, I-I want to-to raise a sum of money-that is, to invest some in a speculation down heredeuced good the speculations down here; and, by the way, if the landlord asks you, I'm Mr. Harns-I'm a civil engineer-I'm waiting for the arrival of the Canada at Liverpool from America, and very uneasy about my brother who is on board."

"What does he recount to us there? Keep these stories for the landlord, Jack; to us 'tis not the pain to lie. 'My good Mr. Harns, why have we not seen you at Rosebury? The Princess will scold me if you do not come; and you must bring your dear brother when he arrive too Do you hear?" The last part of this sentence was uttered for Mr. Taplow's benefit, who had re-entered the George bearing

a tray of wine and biscuit.

The Master of Rosebury and Mr. Harris went out presently to look at a horse which was waiting the former's inspection in the stable yard of the hotel. The landlord took advantage of his business to hear a bell which never was rung, and to ask me questions about the guest who had been staying at his house for a week past. Did I know that party? Mr. Pendennis said, "Yes, he knew that party."

"Most respectable party, I have no doubt," continues Boniface. "Do you suppose the Prince of Montcontour knows any

but respectable parties?" asks Mr. Pendennis; a query of which the force was so great as to discomfit and silence our landlord, who retreated to ask questions concerning

Mr. Harris of Florac's grooms.

What was Highgate's business here? Was it mine to know? I might have suspicions, but should I entertain them, or communicate them, and had I not best eep them to myself? I exchanged not a word on the su gate with Florac as we drove home, though

in which we looked at one another, each saw that the other was acquainted with that unhappy gentleman's secret. We fell to talking about Madame la Duchesse d'Ivry as we trotted on, and then of English manners by way of contrast, of intrigues, elopements, Gretna Grin, etc., etc. "You are a droll nation!" says Florac. "To make love well, you must absolutely have a chaise-de-poste, and a scandal afterwards. If our affairs of this kind made themselves on the grand route, what armies of postilions we should need!"

I held my peace. In that vision of Jack Belsize I saw misery, guilt, children dishonoured, homes deserted—ruin for all the actors and victims of the wretched conspiracy. Laura marked my disturbance when we reached home. She even divined the cause of it, and charged me with it at night, when we sate alone by our dressing-room fire, and had taken leave of our kind entertainers. Then, under her cross-examination, I own that I told what I had seen—Lord Highgate, under a feigned name, staying at Newcome. It might be nothing. Nothing! Gracious heavens! could not this crime and misery be stopped? "It might be too late," Laura's husband said sadly, bending down his head into the fire.

She was silent too for a while. I could see she was engaged where pious women ever will betake themselves in moments of doubt, of grief, of pain, of separation, of joy even, or whatsoever other trial. They have but to will, and as it were an invisible temple rises round them; their hearts can kneel down there; and they have an audience of the great, the merciful, untiring Counsellor and Consoler. She would not have been frightened at Death near at hand. I have known her to tend the poor round about us or to bear pain—not her own merely, but even her children's and mine—with a surprising outward constancy and calm. But the idea of this crime being enacted close at hand, and no help for it, quite overcame her. I believe she lay awake all that night, and rose quite haggard and pale after the bitter thoughts which had deprived her of rest.

She embraced her own child with extraordinary tenderness that morning, and even wept over it, calling it by a thousand fond names of maternal endearment. "Would I leave you,

my darling? could I ever, ever, ever quit you, my blessing and treasure? "The unconscious little thing, hugged to his mother's bosom, and scared at her tones and tragic face, clung frightened and weeping round Laura's neck. Would you ask what the husband's feelings were as he looked at that sweet love, that sublime tenderness, that pure Saint blessing the life of him unworthy? Of all the gits of Heaven to us below that felicity is the sum and the chief. I tremble as I hold it least I should lose it, and be left alone in the blank world without it; again, I feel humiliated to think that I possess it, as, hastening home to a warm fireside and a plentiful table, I feel ashamed sometimes before the poor cuteast begraer shivering in the street.

Breakfait was scarcely over when Laura asked for a pony carriage, and said she was bent on a private vsit. She took her baby and nurse with her. She refused our company, and would not even say whither she was bound until she had passed the lodge gate. I may have suspected what the object was of her journey. Florac and I did not talk of it. Wrode out to meet the hounds of a cheery winter morning. On another day I might have been amused with my hostie splendour of his raiment, the neatness of his velvet cap, the gloss of his hunting-boots; the cheers, shouts, salutations, to dog and man; the caths and outeres of this Nimod, who shouted louder than the whole field and the whole pack to—but on this morning I was thinking of the tragedy yonder enacting, and came away early from the bunting-field, and found my wife already returned to Rosebury.

Laura had been, as I suspected, to Lady Clara. She did not know why, indeed. She scarce knew what she should say when she arrived—how she could say what she had in

her, prayed—that is, hoped—I might find a word of consolation for that poor lady. Do you know I think she has hardly ever heard a kind word? She said so; she was very much affected after we had talked together a little.

"At first she was very indifferent; cold and haughty in her manner; asked what had caused the pleasure of this visit, for I would go in, though at the lodge they told me her ladyship was unwell, and they thought received no company. I said I wanted to show our boy to her—that the children ought to be acquainted—I don't know what I said. She seemed more and more surprised; then all of a sudden—I don't know how—I said, 'Lady Clara, I have had a dream about you and your children, and I was so frightened that I came over to you to speak about it.' And I had the dream, Pen; it came to me absolutely as I was speaking to her.

"She looked a little scared, and I went on telling her the dream. 'My dear,' I said, 'I dreamed that I saw you happy with those children.'

"'Happy!' says she; the three were playing in the con-

servatory, into which her sitting-room opens.

"'And that a bad spirit came and tore them from you, and drove you out into the darkness; and I saw you wandering about quite lonely and wretched, and looking back into the garden, where the children were playing. And you asked and implored to see them; and the Keeper at the gate said, 'No, never.' And then—then I thought they passed by you, and they did not know you.

"'Ah!' said Lady Clara.

"'And then I thought, as we do in dreams, you know, that it was my child who was separated from me, and who would not know me; and oh, what a pang that was! Fancy that. Let us pray God it was only a dream. And worse that. Let us pray God it was only a dicam. And worse than that, when you, when I implored to come to the child, and the man said, 'No, never,' I thought there came a spirit—an angel that fetched the child to heaven, and you said, 'Let me come too; oh, let me come too, I am so miserable!' And the angel said, 'No, never, never.'

"By this time Lady Clara was looking very pale. do you mean?' she asked of me, Laura continued.

"O dear lady, for the sake of the little ones and Him who calls them to Him, go you with them. Never, never part from them! Cling to His knees, and take shelter there? I took her hands, and I said more to her in this way, Arthur, that I need not, that I ought not to speak again. But she was touched at length when I kissed her, and she said I was very kind to her, and no one had ever been so, and that she was quite alone in the world, and had no friend to fly to; and would I go and stay with her? and I said 'Yes;' and we must go, my dear. And I think you should see that person at Newcome—see him, and warn him," cred Laura, warming as she spoke, "and pray God to enlighten and threngthen him, and to keep him from this temptation, and implore him to leave this poor, weak, fughtened, trembling creature. If he has the heart of a gentleman and the courage of a man, he will, I know he will."

"I think he would, my dearest," I said, "if he but heard the petitioner." Laura's cheeks were blushing, her eyes brightened, her vonce rang with a sweet pathos of love that vibrates through my whole being sometimes. It seems to me as if evil must give way, and bad thoughts retire, before

that purest creature

"Why has she not some of her family with her, poor thing?" my wife continued. "She persites in that solitude. Her husband prevents her, I think—and—oh.—I know we nough of him to know what his hife is. I shudder, Arthur, to see you take the hand of that wicked, selfish man. You must break with him, do you hear, sir?"

"Before or after going to stay at his house, my love?"

asks Mr. Pendennis.

"Poor thing! she lighted up at the idea of any one coming. She ran and showed me the rooms we were to have. It will be very stupid, and you don't like that. But you can write your book, and still hunt and shoot with our friends here And Lady Ann Newcome must be made to come back again. Sir Barnes quarrelled with his mother and drove her out of the house on her last visit—think of that! The servants here know it. Martha brought me the whole story from the housekeeper's room. This Sir Barnes Newcome is a dreadful creature, Arthur. I am so glad I foathed him from the very first moment I saw him."

our neighbours at Newcome! that was more extraordinary. "Que diable goest thou to do in this galley?" asks our host

as we sate alone over our wine.

But Laura's intended visit to Lady Clara was never to have a fulfilment; for on this same evening, as we sate at our dessert, comes a messenger from Newcome, with a note for my wife from the lady there.

"Dearest, kindest Mrs. Pendennis," Lady Clara wrote, with many italics, and evidently in much distress of mind, "your visit is not to be. I spoke about it to Sir B., who arrived this visit is not to be. I spoke about it to Sir B., who arrived this afternoon, and who has already begun to treat me in his usual way. Oh, I am so unhappy! Pray, pray do not be angry at this rudeness—though indeed it is only a kindness to keep you from this wretched place! I feel as if I cannot bear this much longer. But, whatever happens, I shall always remember your goodness, your beautiful goodness and kindness, and shall worship you as an angel deserves to be worshipped. Oh, why had I not such a friend earlier! But, alas! I have none—only this odious family thrust upon me for companions to the wretched, lonely C. N.

"P.S.—He does not know of my writing. Do not be surprised if you get another note from me in the morning, written in a ceremonious style, and regretting that we cannot have the pleasure of receiving Mr. and Mrs. Pendennis for

the present at Newcome.
"P.S.—The hypocrite!"

This letter was handed to my wife at dinner-time, and she save it to me as she passed out of the room with the other ladies.

I told Florac that the Newcomes could not receive us, and that we would remain, if he willed it, his guests for a little longer. The kind fellow was only too glad to keep us. "My wife would die without Bébi," he said. "She becomes quite dangerous about Bébi." It was gratifying that the good old lady was not to be parted as yet from the innocent object of her love.

My host knew as well as I the terms upon which Sir Barnes and his wife were living. Their quarrels were the

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talk of the whole county. One side brought forward his treatment of her, and his conduct elsewhere, and said that he
was so bad that honest people should not know him. The
other party laid the blame upon her, and declared that Lady
Clara was a languid, silly, weak, frivolous creature; always
crying out of season; who had notoriously taken Si Barnes
for his money, and who as certainly had had an attachment
elsewhere. Ves, the accusations were true on both sides. A
bad, selfash husband, had married a woman for her rank; a

crucity, fierce mutual recriminations, bitter tears shed in private, husband's curses and maledictions, and open scenes of wrath and violence for servants to witness and the world to sneer at. We arrange such matches every day; we sell or buy beauty, or rank, or wealth; we inaugurate the bargain in churches with sacramental services, in which the parties engaged call upon Heaven to witness their rows—we know them to be hes, and we seat them with God's name. "I, Barnes, promise to take you, Clant, to love and honour till death do us part." "I, Clara, promise to take you, Barnes, etc, etc. Who has not heard the ancient words; and how many of us have uttered them, knowing them to be unitrue; and is there a bishop on the bench that has not amen'd the humbug in his lawn sleeves, and called a blessing over the kneeting pair of perjuters?

"Does Mr. Harris know of Newcome's return?" Florac asked, when I acquainted him with this intelligence. "Ce

scient de Highgate—val"

"Does Newcome know that Lord Highgate is here?" I
thought within myself, admining my wife's faithfulness and
simplicity, and trying to believe with that pure and guileless
creature that it was not yet too late to save the unhappy

Lady Clara.

"Mr. Harris had best be warned," I said to Florac; "will you write him a word, and let us send a messenger to

Newcome?"

At first Florac said, "Parbleu! no;" the affair was none

of his; he attended himself always to this resu Lad

Switzer,

Clara's marriage. He had even complimented Jack upon it years before at Baden, when scenes enough tragic, enough comical, ma foi, had taken place apropos of this affair. Why

should be meddle with it now?

"Children dishonoured," said I, "honest families made miserable; for Heaven's sake, Florac, let us stay this catastrophe if we can." I spoke with much warmth, eagerly desirous to avert this calamity if possible, and very strongly moved by the tale which I had heard only just before dinner from that noble and innocent creature, whose pure heart had already prompted her to plead the cause of right and truth, and to try and rescue an unhappy desperate sister trembling on the verge of ruin.

"If you will not write to him," said I, in some heat, "if your grooms don't like to go out of a night" (this was one of the objections which Florac had raised), "I will walk." We were talking over the affair rather late in the evening, the ladies having retreated to their sleeping apartments, and some guests having taken leave, whom our hospitable host and hostess had entertained that night, and before whom I naturally did not care to speak upon a subject so dangerous.

"Parbleu, what virtue, my friend! what a Joseph!" cries Florac, puffing his cigar. "One sees well that your wife had made you the sermon. My poor Pendennis, you are henpecked, my pauvre bon! You become the husband model.

It is true my mother writes that thy wife is an angel!"

"I do not object to obey such a woman when she bids me do right," I said; and would indeed at that woman's request have gone out upon the errand, but that we here found another messenger. On days when dinner-parties were held at Rosebury, certain auxiliary waiters used to attend from Newcome, whom the landlord of the King's Arms was accustomed to supply; indeed, it was to secure these, and make other necessary arrangements respecting fish, game, etc., that the Prince de Montcontour had ridden over to Newcome on the day when we met Lord Highgate, alias Mr. Harris, before the bar of the hotel. Whilst we were engaged in the above conversation a servant enters, and says, "My lord, Jenkins and the other man is going back to Newcome in their cart, and is there anything wanted?"

"It is the Heaven which sends him," says Florac, turning round to me with a kugh. "Make Jenkins to wait five minutes, Robert; I have to write to a gentleman at the King's Arms." And so saying, Florac wrote a line which he showed me, and having sealed the note, directed it to Mr. Harris at the King's Arms. The eart, the note, and the assistant waiters depart on their way to Newcome. Florac hade me go to rest with a clear conscience. In truth, the warning was better given in that way than any other, and a word from Florac was more likely to be effectual than an expostulation from me. I had never thought of making it, perhaps, except at the etyperssed desire of a lady whose counsel in all the difficult circumstances of life I own I am disposed to take.

Mr. Jenkins's horse no doubt trotted at a very brisk pace,

to communicate itself to them somehow, and the claret get into their heels. Before midnight the letter for Mr. Harris was in Mr. Harris's hands in the King's Arms

It has been said that in the Boscawen Room at the Arms some of the jolly fellows of Newcome had a club, of which Partot the auctioneer, Tom Potts the talented reporter (now editor) of the Independent, Vidler the apothecary, and other gentlemen, were members.

When we first had occasion to mention that society, it was at an early stage of this history, long before Clive Newcome's fine moustache had grown. If Vidler the apothecary was old and infirm then, he is near ten years older now. He has had various assistants, of course, and one of them of late years had become his partner, though the firm continues to be known by Vidler's ancient and respectable name. A joyal fellow was this partner—a capital convival member of the

as to be in rinking, and inking enters

with a note, which he straightway delivers to Mr. Vidler's

partner. "From Rosebury? The Princess ill again, I suppose," says the surgeon, not sorry to let the company know hat he attends her. "I wish the old girl would be ill in the lay time. Confound it," says he, "what's this?" And he eads out, "'Sir Newcome est de retour. Bon voyage, mon ami.-F.' What does this mean?"

"I thought you knew French, Jack Harris!" says Tom Potts; "you're always bothering us with your French songs."

"Of course I know French," says the other; "but what's

the meaning of this?"

"Screwcome came back by the five o'clock train. I was in it, and his royal highness would scarcely speak to me. Took Brown's fly from the station. Brown won't enrich his family much by the operation," says Mr. Potts.

"But what do I care?" cries Jack Harris; "we don't attend him, and we don't lose much by that. Howell attends

him, ever since Vidler and he had that row."

"Hallo! I say it's a mistake," cries Mr. Taplow, smoking in his chair. "This letter is for the party in the Benbow -the gent which the Prince spoke to him, and called him Jack the other day when he was here. Here's a nice business, and the seal broke, and all. Is the Benbow party gone to bed? John, you must carry him in this here note." John. quite innocent of the note and its contents, for he that moment had entered the club-room with Mr. Potts's supper. took the note to the Benbow, from which he presently returned to his master with a very scared countenance. He said the gent in the Benbow was a most harbitrary gent. He had almost choked John after reading the letter, and John wouldn't stand it; and when John said he supposed that Mr. Harris in the Boscawen-that Mr. Jack Harris, had opened the letter, the other gent cursed and swore awful.

"Potts," said Taplow, who was only too communicative on some occasions after he had imbibed too much of his own brandy-and-water, "it's my belief that that party's name is no more Harris than mine is. I have sent his linen to the wash, and there was two white pocket-handkerchiefs with

H. and a coronet."

On the next day we drove over to Newcome, hoping perhaps to find that Lord Highgate had taken the warning

nt to him and quitted the place. But we were disappointed. e was walking in front of the hotel, where a thousand rsons might see him as well as ourselves.

We entered into his private apartment with him, and there postulated upon his appearance in the public street, where arnes Newcome or any passer-by might recognize him, e then told us of the mishap which had befallen Florac's

tter on the previous night.

"I can't go away now, whatever might have happened eviously; by this time that villain knows that I am here. I go, he will say I was afraid of him, and ran away Oh, ow I wish he would come and find me." He broke out

nterposed sadly

great softness, "your ife is a good woman. God bless her! God bless her for all ie has said and done-would have done, if that villain had ther! Do you know the poor thing hasn't a single friend in e world, not one, one-except me, and that girl they are lling to Farintosh, and who does not count for much? He is driven away all her friends from her, one and all turn upon r. Her relations of course, when did they ever fail to hit-a sor fellow or a poor girl when she was down? The poor igel! The mother who sold her comes and preaches at er: Kew's wife turns up her little cursed nose and scorns er; Rooster, forsooth, must ride the high horse, now he is arried and lives at Chanticlere, and give her warring to old my company or his! Do you know the only friend

ic ever had was that old woman with the stick-old Kew: our months ago, after nobthe family? She used to

eaven bless her for it, wherer she is now, the old hag-a good word won't do her any 1rm. Ha! ha!" his laughter was cruel to hear.

"Why did I come down?" he continued, in reply to our id queries. "Why did I come down, do you ask? Because ie was wretched, and sent for me Because if I was at the ad at the -- 13 , 1 1 'Jack, come!' I'd come."

d his friends. If she told into the sea, do you think I would not do it? But I go; and when she is alone with him, do you know what he does? He strikes her. Strikes that poor little thing! He has owned to it. She fled from him and sheltered with the old woman who's dead. He may be doing it now! Why did I ever shake hands with him? that's humiliation sufficient, isn't it? But she wished it; and I'd black his boots, curse him, if she told me. And because he wanted to keep my money in his confounded bank; and because he knew he might rely upon my honour and hers, poor dear child, he chooses to shake hands with me-me, whom he hates worse than a thousand devils—and quite right too. Why isn't there a place where we can go and meet, like man to man, and have it over? If I had a ball through my brains I shouldn't mind, I tell you. I've a mind to do it for myself, Pendennis. You don't understand me, Viscount."

"Il est vrai," said Florac, with a shrug, "I comprehend neither the suicide nor the chaise-de-poste. What will you? I am not yet enough English, my friend. We make marriages of convenance in our country, que diable, and what follows follows; but no scandal afterwards. Do not adopt our institutions à demi, my friend. Vous ne me comprenez pas

non plus, mon pauvre Tack!"

"There is one way still, I think," said the third of the speakers in this scene. "Let Lord Highgate come to Rosebury in his own name, leaving that of Mr. Harris behind him. If Sir Barnes Newcome wants you, he can seek you there. If you will go, as go you should, and God speed you, you can go, and in your own name, too."

"Parbleu, c'est ça," cries Florac; "he speaks like a book—the Romancier!" I confess, for my part, I thought that a good woman might plead with him, and touch that manly not disloyal heart now trembling on the awful balance be-

tween evil and good.

"Allons! let us make to come the drague!" cries Florac. "Jack, thou returnest with us, my friend! Madame Pendennis, an angel, my friend, a quakre the most charming, shall roucoule to thee the sweetest sermons. My wife shall tend thee like a mother—a grandmother. Go make thy packet!"

Lord Highgate was very much pleased and relieved seem-

ingly. He shook our hands; he said he should never forget our kindness, never! In truth, the didactic part of our conversation was carried on at much greater length than as her noted down; and he would come that evening, but not with us, thank you—he had a particular engagement, some letters he must write. Those done, he would not fail us, and would be at Rosebury by dinnerttime.

CHAPTER XX.

"ONE MORE UNFORTUNATE."

THE Fates did not ordain that the plan should succeed which Lord Highgate's friends had devised for Lady Clara's rescue or respite. He was bent upon one more interview with the unfortunate lady, and in that meeting the future destiny of their luckless lives was decided. On the morning of his return home, Barnes Newcome had information that Lord Highgate, under a feigned name, had been staying in the neighbourhood of his house, and had repeatedly been seen in the company of Lady Clara. She may have gone out to meet him but for one hour more. She had taken no leave of her children on the day when she left her home, and, far from making preparations for her own departure, had been engaged in getting the house ready for the reception of members of the family, whose armal her husband announced as speedily to follow his own. Ethel and Lady Ann and some of the children were coming Lord Farintosh's mother and sisters were to follow. It was to be a reunion previous to the marriage which was closer to unite the two families. Lady Clara said Yes to her husband's orders, rose mechanically to obey his wishes and arrange for the reception of the guests; and spoke tremblingly to the housekeeper as her husband gibed at her. The little ones had been consigned to bed early and before Sir Barnes's arrival. He did not think fit to see them in their sleep; nor did their mother. She did not know, as the poor little creatures left her recent in charge of their nurses, that she looked on them for time. Perhaps, had she gone to their bedsides that

had the wretched panic-stricken soul been allowed leisure to pause, and to think, and to pray, the fate of the morrow might have been otherwise, and the trembling balance of the scale have inclined to right's side. But the pause was not allowed her. Her husband came and saluted her with his accustomed greetings of scorn, and sarcasm, and brutal insult. On a future day he never dared to call a servant of his household to testify to his treatment of her, though many were ready to attend to prove his cruelty and her terror. On that very last night, Lady Clara's maid, a country girl from her father's house at Chanticlere, told Sir Barnes, in the midst of a conjugal dispute, that her lady might bear his conduct, but she could not, and that she would no longer live under the roof of such a brute. The girl's interference was not likely to benefit her mistress much: the wretched Lady Clara passed the last night under the roof of her husband and children, unattended save by this poor domestic, who was about to leave her, in tears and hysterical outcries, and then in moaning stupor. Lady Clara put to sleep with laudanum, her maid carried down the story of her wrongs to the servants' quarters; and half a dozen of them took in their resignation to Sir Barnes as he sat over his breakfast the next morningin his ancestral hall-surrounded by the portraits of his august forefathers-in his happy home.

Their mutiny of course did not add to their master's goodhumour, and his letters brought him news which increased Barnes's fury. A messenger arrived with a letter from his man of business at Newcome, upon the receipt of which he started up with such an execration as frightened the servant waiting on him, and letter in hand he ran to Lady Clara's sitting-room. Her ladyship was up. Sir Barnes breakfasted rather late on the first morning after an arrival at Newcome. He had to look over the bailiff's books, and to look about him round the park and grounds; to curse the gardeners; to damn the stable and kennel grooms; to yell at the woodman for clearing not enough or too much; to rail at the poor old workpeople brooming away the fallen leaves, etc. So Lady Clara was up and dressed when her husband went to her room, which lay at the end of the house, as we have said, the last of a suite of ancestral halls.

The mutinous servant heard high voice and curses within; then Lady Clara's screams; then Sir Barnes Newcome burst out of the room, locking the door, and taking the key with him, and saluting with more curses James, the mutmeer, over

whom his master ran.

"Curse your wife, and don't curse me, Sir Barnes Newcome i" said James, the mutineer; and knocked down a hand which the infuriated Baronet raised against him, with an arm that was thrice as strong as Barnes's own. man and maid followed their mistress in the sad journey upon which she was bent. They treated her with unalterable respect. They never could be got to see that her conduct was wrong When Barnes's counsel subsequently tried to impuen their testimony, they dared bim; and burt the plaintiff's case very much. For the balance had weighed over; and it was Barnes himself who caused what now ensued; and what we learned in a very few hours afterwards from Newcome, where it was the talk of the whole neighbourhood.

Florae and I, as yet ignorant of all that was occurring, met Barnes near his own lodge-gate riding in the direction of Newcome, as we were ourselves returning to Rosebury. The Prince de Montcontour, who was driving, affably saluted the Baronet, who gave us a scowling recognition, and rode on, his groom behind him. "The figure of this gargon," says Florac, as our acquaintance passed, "is not agreeable. Of pale, he has become livid. I hope these two men will not meet, or evil will come!" Evil to Barnes there might be, Florac's companion thought, who knew the previous little affairs between Barnes and his uncle and cousin, and that Lord Highgate was quite able to take care of himself.

In half an hour after Florac spoke, that meeting between Barnes and Highgate actually had taken place-in the open square of Newcome, within four doors of the King's Arms Inn, close to which lives Sir Barnes Newcome's man of business; and before which, Mr. Harris, as he was called, was walking, and waiting till a carriage which he had ordered came round from the inn yard. As Sir Barnes Newcome rode into the place many people touched their hats to him, however little they loved him. He was bowing and smi 'ng to one of these, when he suddenly saw Belsize.

He started back, causing his horse to back with him on to the pavement, and it may have been rage and fury, or accident and nervousness merely, but at this instant Barnes Newcome, looking towards Lord Highgate, shook his whip.

"You cowardly villain!" said the other, springing forward.

"I was going to your house."

"How dare you, sir," cries Sir Barnes, still holding up that

unlucky cane, "how dare you to-to-"

"Dare, you scoundrel!" said Belsize. "Is that the cane you strike your wife with, you ruffian?" Belsize seized and tore him out of the saddle, flinging him screaming down on the pavement. The horse, rearing and making way for himself, galloped down the clattering street. A hundred people were round Sir Barnes in a moment.

The carriage which Belsize had ordered came round at this very juncture. Amidst the crowd, shrinking, bustling, expostulating, threatening, who pressed about him, he shouldered his way. Mr. Taplow, aghast, was one of the hundred

pectators of the scene.

"I am Lord Highgate," said Barnes's adversary. "If Sir arnes Newcome wants me, tell him I will send him word where he may hear of me." And getting into the carriage, he told the driver to go "to the usual place."

Imagine the hubbub in the town, the conclaves at the inns, the talks in the counting-houses, the commotion amongst the factory people, the paragraphs in the Newcome papers, the bustle of surgeons and lawyers, after this event. Crowds gathered at the King's Arms, and waited round Mr. Speers the lawyer's house, into which Sir Barnes was carried. vain policemen told them to move on; fresh groups gathered after the seceders. On the next day, when Barnes Newcome, who was not much hurt, had a fly to go home, a factory man shook his fist in at the carriage window, and, with a curse, said, "Serve you right, you villain." It was the man whose sweetheart this Don Juan had seduced and deserted years before-whose wrongs were well known amongst his matesa leader in the chorus of hatred which growled round Barnes Newcome.

Barnes's mother and sister Ethel had reached Newcome shortly before the return of the master of the house.

people there were in disturbance. Lady Ann and Miss Newcome came out with pallid looks to greet him. He laughed, and reassured them about his accident . indeed his hurt had been trifling : he had been bled by the surgeon, a little jarred by the fall from his horse; but there was no sort of danger. Still their pale and doubtful looks continued. What caused them? In the open day, with a servant attending her, Lady Clara Newcome had left her husband's house; and a letter was forwarded to him that same evening from my Lord Highgate informing Sir Barnes Newcome that Lady Clara Pulleyn could bear his tyranny no longer, and had left his roof; that Lord Highgate proposed to leave England almost immediately, but would remain long enough to afford Sir Barnes Newcome the opportunity for an interview, in case he should be disposed to demand one; and a friend (of Lord Highgate's late regiment) was named who would receive letters and act in any way necessary for his lordship.

The debates of the House of Lords must tell what followed afterwards in the dreasy history of Lady Clara Pulleyn. The proceedings in the Newcome Divorce Bill filled the usual number of columns in the papers—especially the Sunday papers. The wincesses were examined by learned peers whose business—nay, pleasure—it seems to be to enter into such matters; and, for the ends of justice and morahty, doubtless, the whole story of Barnes Newcome's household was told to the British public. In the previous trail in the Court of Queen's Bench, how grandly Serjeant Rowland stood up for the rights of British husbands's with what pathos he depicted the conjugal paraduse, the innocent children

dress on his country! Rowland wept freely during his nohle harangue. At not a shilling under twenty thousand pounds would he estimate the cost of his client's injuries. The jury was very much affected The evening papers gave Rowland's address, in extense, with some pretty sharp raps at tocracy in general. The Day, the principal morning of that period, came out with a leading article morning, in which every puny concerned and eve ...

tion was knocked about. The disgrace of the peerage, the ruin of the monarchy (with a retrospective view of the well-known case of Gyges and Candaules), the monstrosity of the crime, and the absurdity of the tribunal and the punishment, were all set forth in the terrible leading article of the Day.

But when, on the next day, Serjeant Rowland was requested to call witnesses to prove that connubial happiness which he

had depicted so pathetically, he had none at hand.

Oliver, Q.C., now had his innings. A man, a husband, and a father, Mr. Oliver could not attempt to defend the conduct of his unfortunate client; but if there could be any excuse for such conduct, that excuse he was free to confess the plaintiff had afforded, whose cruelty and neglect twenty witnesses in court were ready to prove-neglect so outrageous, cruelty so systematic, that he wondered the plaintiff had not been better advised than to bring this trial, with all its degrading particulars, to a public issue. On the very day when the ill-omened marriage took place, another victim of cruelty had interposed as vainly—as vainly as Serjeant Rowland himself interposed in court to prevent this case being made knownand with piteous outcries, in the name of outraged neglected woman, of castaway children pleading in vain for bread, had besought the bride to pause, and the bridegroom to look upon the wretched beings who owed him life. Why had not Lady Clara Pulleyn's friends listened to that appeal? And so on, and so on, between Rowland and Oliver the battle waged fiercely that day. Many witnesses were mauled and slain. Out of that combat scarce anybody came well, except the two principal champions, Rowland, Serjeant, and Oliver, Q.C. The whole country looked on and heard the wretched story, not only of Barnes's fault and Highgate's fault, but of the private peccadilloes of their suborned footmen and conspiring housemaids. Mr. Justice C. Sawyer charged the jury at great length. Those men were respectable men and fathers of families themselves: of course they dealt full measure to Lord Highgate for his delinquencies, consoled the injured husband with immense damages, and left him free to pursue the further steps for releasing himself altogether from the tie which had been bound with affecting Episcopal benediction at St. George's, Hanover Square.

So Lady Clara flies from the custody of her tyrant, but to what a rescue? The very man who loves her, and gives her asylum, pities and deplores her. She scarce dares to look

that malice and scorn whisper behind her. People, as criminal but undiscovered, make room for her, as if her touch were pollution. She knows she has darkened the lot and made wretched the home of the man whom she loves best; that his friends who see her, treat her with but a doubtful respect, and the domestics who attend her, with a suspicious obedience. In the country lanes, or the streets of

.. ... www. He is uriven perforce to the company of flatterers and men of infenor sort; his equals, at least in his own home, will not live with him She would be kind, perhaps, and charitable to the cottagers round about her; but she fears to visit them, lest they too should scorn her. The clergyman who distributes her charities blushes and looks awkward on passing her in the children. Shall they go to the Continent, and set up a grand house at Pans or at Florence? There they can get society, but of what a sort? Our acquaintances of Baden—Madame Schlangenbad, and Madame de Cruchecassée, and Madame d'Ivry, and Messrs Loder, and Punter, and Blackball, and Deuceace-will come, and dance, and flirt, and quarrel, and gamble, and feast round about her; but what in common with such wild people has this poor, timid, shrinking soul? Even these scorn her. The leers and laughter on those painted faces are quite unlike her own sad countenance. She has no reply to their wit. Their infernal gaiety scares her more than the solitude at home. No wonder that her for a short while in the ie is away all day, how

made so wretched? In the midst of her sorrow, and doubt, and misery, a

comes to her. How she clings to it! How her whole being and hope, and passion centres itself on this feeble infant!..... But she no more belongs to our story: with the new name she has taken, the poor lady passes out of the history of the Newcomes.

If Barnes Newcome's children meet yonder solitary lady do they know her? If her once-husband thinks upon the unhappy young creature whom his cruelty drove from him does his conscience affect his sleep at night? Why should Sir Barnes Newcome's conscience be more squeamish that his country's, which has put money in his pocket for having trampled on the poor weak young thing, and scorned her and driven her to ruin? When the whole of the account of that wretched bankruptcy are brought up for final audit which of the unhappy partners shall be shown to be mos guilty? Does the Right Reverend Prelate who did the bene dictory business for Barnes and Clara his wife repent in secret Do the parents who pressed the marriage, and the fine folk who signed the book, and ate the breakfast, and applauder the bridegroom's speech, feel a little ashamed? O Hymer Hymenæe! The bishops, beadles, clergy, pew-openers, and other officers of the temple dedicated to Heaven under the invocation of St. George, will officiate in the same place a scores and scores more of such marriages; and St. George of England may behold virgin after virgin offered up to the devouring monster Mammon (with many most respectable female dragons looking on)—may see virgin after virgin giver away, just as in the Soldan of Babylon's time, but with never a champion to come to the rescue !

CHAPTER XXI.

IN WHICH ACHILLES LOSES BRISEIS.

Although the years of the Marquis of Farintosh were few he had spent most of them in the habit of command, and from his childhood upwards had been obeyed by all person round about him. As an infant he had but to roar, and his mother and nurses were as much frightened as though he had



able. The jovial rogues had the run of my lord's kitchen, stables, cellars, and cigar-boxes. A new marchioness might hate hunting, smoking, jolly parties, and toad-eaters in general, or might bring into the house favourites of her own. I am sure any kind-hearted man of the world must feel for the position of these faithful, doubtful, disconsolate vassals, and have a sympathy for their rueful looks and demeanour as they eye the splendid preparations for the ensuing marriage, the grand furniture sent to my lord's castles and houses, the magnificent plate provided for his tables—tables at which they may never have a knife and fork, castles and houses of which the poor rogues may never be allowed to pass the doors.

When, then, "the elopement in High Life" which has been described in the previous pages burst upon the town in the morning papers, I can fancy the agitation which the news occasioned in the faithful bosoms of the generous Todhunter and the attached Henchman. My lord was not in his own house as yet. He and his friends still lingered on in the little house in May Fair, the dear little bachelor's quarters, where they had enjoyed such good dinners, such good suppers, such rare doings, such a jolly time. I fancy Hench coming down to breakfast and reading the Morning Post. I imagine Tod dropping in from his bedroom over the way, and Hench handing the paper over to Tod, and the conversation which ensued between those worthy men. "Elopement in high lifeexcitement in N-come, and flight of Lady Cl-N-come, daughter of the late and sister of the present Earl of D-rking, with Lord H-gate; personal rencontre between Lord H-gate and Sir B-nes N-come. Extraordinary disclosures." I say, I can fancy Hench and Tod over this awful piece of news.

"Pretty news, ain't it, Toddy?" says Henchman, looking up from a Périgord pie, which the faithful creature is dis-

cussing.

"Always expected it," remarks the other. "Anybody who saw them together last season must have known it. The chief himself spoke of it to me."

"It'll cut him up awfully when he reads it. Is it in the Morning Post? He has the Post in his bedroom. I know

he has rung his bell; I heard it .- Bowman, has his lordship read his paper yet?"

Bowman, the valet, said, "I believe you, he have read his paper. When he read it, he jumped out of bed and swore most awful. I cut as soon as I could," continued Mr. Bowman, who was on familiar, nay, contemptuous terms with the

other two gentlemen.

"Enough to make any man swear," says Toddy to Henchman; and both were alarmed in their noble souls, reflecting that their chieftain was now actually getting up and dressing himself; that he would speedily, and in the course of nature, come downstairs, and then, most probably, would begin swearing at them.

The most noble Mungo Malcolm Angus was in an awful state of mind when at length he appeared in the breakfastroom. "Why the dash do you make a tap-room of this?" he cries. The trembling Henchman who has begun to smoke -as he has done a hundred times before in this bachelor's

hall-flings his eigar into the fire. "There you go-nothing like it! Why don't you fling some more in? You can get 'em at Hudson's for five guineas

a pound," bursts out the youthful peer,

"I understand why you are out of sorts, old boy," says Henchman, stretching out his manly hand. A tear of compassion twinkled in his eyelid and coursed down his mottled cheek. "Cut away at old Bob, Farintosh-a fellow who has been attached to you since before you could speak. It's not when a fellow's down and cut up and riled, naturally riled, as you are, I know you are, Marquis—it's not then that I'm going to be angry with you. Pitch into old Bob Henchman; hit away, my young one." And Bob put himself into an attitude as of one prepared to receive a pugilistic assault. He bared his breast, as it were, and showed his scars, and said, "Stnke!" Bob Henchman was a flond toady. My uncle, Major Pendennis, has often laughed with me about the fellow's pompous flatteries and ebullient fidelity.

"You have read this confounded paragraph?" says the Marquis.

"We have read it, and were deucedly cut up too," says Henchman, "for your sake, my dear boy."

"I remembered what you said last year, Marquis," cries Todhunter (not unadroitly). "You yourself pointed out, in this very room, I recollect, at this very table—that night Coralie and the little Spanish dancer and her mother supped here, and there was a talk about Highgate—you yourself pointed out what was likely to happen. I doubted it, for I have dined at the Newcomes', and seen Highgate and her together in society often. But though you are a younger bird, you have better eyes than I have, and you saw the thing at once—at once, don't you remember? and Coralie said how glad she was, because Sir Barnes ill-treated her friend.—What was the name of Coralie's friend, "Itech?"

"How should I know her confounded name?" Henchman briskly answers. "What do I care for Sir Barnes Newcome and his private affairs? He is no friend of mine. I never said he was a friend of mine. I never said I liked him. Out of respect for the Chief here, I held my tongue about him, and shall hold my tongue.—Have some of this pâté, Chief! No? Poor old boy! I know you haven't got an appetite. I know this news cuts you up. I say nothing, and make no pretence of condolence; though I feel for you, and you know you can count on old Bob Henchman—don't you, Malcolm?" And again he turns away to conceal his gallant

sensibility and generous emotion.

"What does it matter to me?" bursts out the Marquis, garnishing his conversation with the usual expletives which adorned his eloquence when he was strongly moved. "What do I care for Barnes Newcome and his confounded affairs and family? I never want to see him again but in the light of a banker, when I go to the City, where he keeps my account. I say, I have nothing to do with him, or all the Newcomes under the sun. Why, one of them is a painter, and will paint my dog, Ratcatcher, by Jove! or my horse, or my groom, if I give him the order. Do you think I care for any one of the pack? It's not the fault of the Marchioness of Farintosh that her family is not equal to mine. Besides two others in England and Scotland, I should like to know what family is! I tell you what, Hench. I bet you five to two that before an hour is over my mother will be here, and down on her knees to me, begging me to break off this engagement."

"And what will you do, Farintosh?" asks Henchman

slowly. "Will you break it off?"

"No!" shouts the Marquis. "Why shall I break off with the finest girl in England, and the best-plucked one, and the eleverest and wittiest, and the most beautiful creature, by Jove, that ever stepped, for no fault of hers, and because he sister-in-law leaves her brother, who I know treated her infernally? We have talked this matter over at home before. I wouldn't dine with the fellow, though he was always asking me; nor meet, except just out of civility, any of his confounded family. Lady Ann is different. She is a lady, she is. She is a good woman; and Kew is a most respectable man, though he is only a peer of George the Third's creation, and you should hear how & speaks of Miss Newcome, though she refused him. I should like to know who is to prevent me marrying Lady Ann Newcome's daugher: "

"By Jove, you are a good-plucked fellow, Farintosh; give

me your hand, old boy," says Henchman.

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"Hehl am I? You would have said, 'Give me your hand, old boy,' whichever way I determined, Hench: I tell you I aim't intellectual, and that sort of thing. But I know my rank, and I know my place; and when a man of my station gives his word, he sticks to it, sir; and my lady and my sisters may go on their knees all round, and by Jore I won't flinch."

The justice of Lord Faintosh's views was speedly proved by the appearance of his kordship's nother, Lady Glenlivet, whose arrival put a stop to a conversation which Captain Robert Henchman has often subsequently narrated. She besought to see her son in terms so argent that the young nobleman could not be denied to his parent; and no double a long and interesting interview took place, in which Lord Faintosh's mother passionately implored him to break off a match upon which he was as resolutely bent.

Was it a sense of honour, a longing desire to possess this young beauty and call her his own, or a ferce and profound dislike to being balked in any object of his wishes, which actuated the young lord? Certainly he had borne, very philosophically, delay after delay which had taken place in the devised union; and being quite sure of his man had being quite sure of his man and her and the devised union; and being quite sure of his man had being quite sure of his man and her a

not cared to press on the marriage, but lingered over the dregs of his bachelor cup complacently still. We all know in what an affecting farewell he took leave of the associates of his vie de garçon-the speeches made (in both languages) the presents distributed, the tears and hysterics of some o the guests assembled; the cigar-boxes given over to this friend, the écrin of diamonds to that, et cætera, et cætera, e cætera. Don't we know? If we don't, it is not Henchman's fault, who has told the story of Farintosh's betrothals a thousand and one times at his clubs, at the houses where he is asked to dine, on account of his intimacy with the nobility among the young men of fashion or no fashion whom this two-bottle Mentor and burly admirer of youth has since taken upon himself to form. The farewell at Greenwich was so affecting that all "traversed the cart," and took another farewell at Richmond, where there was crying too, but it wa Eucharis cried because fair Calypso wanted to tear her eye out; and where not only Telemachus (as was natural to hi age), but Mentor likewise, quaffed the wine-cup too freely You are virtuous, O reader! but there are still cakes and ale Ask Henchman if there be not. You will find him in the Park any afternoon; he will dine with you if no better man ask him in the interval. He will tell you story upon story regarding young Lord Farintosh, and his marriage, and wha happened before his marriage, and afterwards; and he wil sigh, weep almost at some moments, as he narrates their subsequent quarrel, and Farintosh's unworthy conduct, and tells you how he formed that young man. My uncle and Captain Henchman disliked each other very much, I an sorry to say; sorry to add that it was very amusing to hea either one of them speak of the other.

Lady Glenlivet, according to the Captain, then, had no success in the interview with her son, who, unmoved by the maternal tears, commands, and entreaties, swore he would marry Miss Newcome, and that no power on earth should prevent him. "As if trying to thwart that man could eve prevent his having his way!" ejaculated his quondam friend

But on the next day, after ten thousand men in clubs and coteries had talked the news over; after the evening had re peated and improved the delightful theme of our "morning contemporaries; " after Calypso and Eucharis driving together in the Park, and reconciled now, had kissed their hands to Lord Farintesh, and made him their compliments; after a night of natural doubt, disturbance, defiance, fury, as men whispered to each other at the club where his lordship dined, and at the theatre where he took his recreation; after an awful time at breakfast, in which Messrs. Bowman, valet, and Todhunter and Henchman, esplains of the Farintosh bodyguard, all got their share of kicks and growling—behold Lady Glenitwet came back to the charge again, and this time with such force that poor Lord Farintosh was shaken indeed.

Her ladyship's ally was no other than Miss Newcome herself, from whom Lord Farintosh's mother received, by that day's post, a letter which she was commissioned to read to her son.

"DEAR MADAM" (wrote the young lady, in her firmest handwriting), "Mamma is at this moment in a state of such grief and dismay at the cruel misfortune and humiliation which has

have ever received from you and yours ment truth and most grateful respect and regard from me And I feel after the late faital occurrence, what I have often and often owned to myself, though I did not dare to acknowledge it, that I ought to release Lord F., at once and for ever, from an engagement which he could never think of maintaining with a family a unfortunate as ours. I thank him with all my heart for his goodness in bearing with my humours so long; if I have given him pain, as I know I have sometimes, I beg his pardon, and would do so on my hates. I hope and pray he

ith me. He bidding himthat he will

believe in the esteem and gratitude of your most sincere "ETHEL NEWCOME,"

A copy of this farewell letter was seen by a lady who hap

pened to be a neighbour of Miss Newcome's when the family misfortune occurred, and to whom, in her natural dismay and grief, the young lady fled for comfort and consolation. "Dearest Mrs. Pendennis," wrote Miss Ethel to my wife, "I hear you are at Rosebury; do, do come to your affectionate E. N." The next day it was—"Dearest Laura, if you can, pray—pray come to Newcome this morning. I want very much to speak to you about the poor children, to consult you about something most important." Madame de Montcontour's pony-carriage was trotting constantly between Rosebury and Newcome in these days of calamity.

And my wife, as in duty bound, gave me full reports of all that happened in that house of mourning. On the very day of the flight, Lady Ann, her daughter, and some others of her family arrived at Newcome. The deserted little girl, Barnes's eldest child, ran with tears and cries of joy to her Aunt Ethel, whom she had always loved better than her mother, and clung to her and embraced her, and, in her artless little words, told her that mamma had gone away, and that Ethel should be her mamma now. Very strongly moved by the misfortune, as by the caresses and affection of the poor orphaned creature, Ethel took the little girl to her heart, and promised to be a mother to her, and that she would not leave her; in which pious resolve, I scarcely need say, Laura strengthened her, when at her young friend's urgent summons my wife came to her.

The household at Newcome was in a state of disorganization after the catastrophe. Two of Lady Clara's servants, it has been stated already, went away with her. The luckless master of the house was lying wounded in the neighbouring town. Lady Ann Newcome, his mother, was terribly agitated by the news, which was abruptly broken to her, of the flight of her daughter-in-law and her son's danger. Now she thought of flying to Newcome to nurse him, and then feared lest she should be ill received by the invalid—indeed ordered by Sir Barnes to go home, and not to bother him. So at home Lady Ann remained, where the thoughts of the sufferings she had already undergone in that house, of Sir Barnes's cruel behaviour to her at her last visit, which he had abruptly requested her to shorten, of the happy days which she had

passed as mistress of that house and wife of the defunct Sir

putied out of the tire by a nurse in the second year of his age, when he was all that a fond mother could wish—these incidents and reminiscences so agitated Lady Ann Newcome that she, for her part, went off in a series of hysterical fits, and acted as one distraught; ber second daughter screamed in sympathy with her; and Miss Newcome had to take command of the whole of this demented household—hysterical mamma and sister, mutincering servants, and shricking abandoned nursery—and bring young people and old to peace and quiet.

On the morrow after his little concussion Sir Barnes Newcome came home, not much hurt in body, but woefully afflicted in temper, and venting his wrath upon everybody employed

usekeeper,

elled mother herself—who rose from her couch and her salvolatile to fling herself round her dear boy's knees—all had
to suffer. Ethel Newcome, the Baronet's sister, was the only
person in his house to whom Sir Barnes did not utter oaths
or proffer rude speeches. He was afraid of offending her or
encountering that resolute spirit, and lapsed into a surly
silence in her presence. Indistinct maledictions growled
about Sir Barnes's chair when he beheld my wife's ponycarriage drive up, and he asked what brought her here.
But Ethel sternly told her brother that Mrs. Pendennis came
at her particular request, and asked him whether he supposed
anybody could come into that house for pleasure now, or for
any other motive but kindness. Upon which Sir Barnes
fairtly burst out into tears, intermingled with executations
against his enemies and his own fate, and assertions that he
was the most misreable beggar alive. He would not see his
children, but with more tears he would implore Ethel never
to leave them, and anon would ask what he should do when
he married, and he was left alone in that infernal house.

T. Potts, Esq., of the Newcome Independent, us

afterwards that the Baronet was in the direst terror of another meeting with Lord Highgate, and kept a policeman at the lodge-gate, and a second in the kitchen, to interpose in event of a collision. But Mr. Potts made this statement in after-days, when the quarrel between his party and paper and Sir Barnes Newcome was flagrant. Five or six days after the meeting of the two rivals in Newcome market-place, Sir Barnes received a letter from the friend of Lord Highgate. informing him that his lordship, having waited for him according to promise, had now left England, and presumed that the differences between them were to be settled by their respective lawyers-infamous behaviour, on a par with the rest of Lord Highgate's villany, the Baronet said. "When the scoundrel knew I could lift my pistol arm," Barnes said, "Lord Highgate fled the country"—thus hinting that death, and not damages, were what he intended to seek from his enemy.

After that interview in which Ethel communicated to Laura her farewell letter to Lord Farintosh, my wife returned to Rosebury with an extraordinary brightness and gaiety in her face and her demeanour. She pressed Madame de Montcontour's hands with such warmth, she blushed and looked so handsome, she sang and talked so gaily, that our host was struck by her behaviour, and paid her husband more compliments regarding her beauty, amiability, and other good qualities than need be set down here. It may be that I like Paul de Florac so much, in spite of certain undeniable faults of character, because of his admiration for my wife. She was in such a hurry to talk to me that night, that Paul's game and nicotian amusements were cut short by her visit to the billiard-room; and when we were alone by the cosy dressing-room fire, she told me what had happened during the day. Why should Ethel's refusal of Lord Farintosh have so much elated my wife?

"Ah!" cries Mrs. Pendennis, "she has a generous nature, and the world has not had time to spoil it. Do you know there are many points that she never has thought of—I would say problems that she has to work out for herself, only you, Pen, do not like us poor ignorant women to use such a

learned word as problems. Life and experience force things upon her mind which others learn from their parents or those who educate them, but for which she has never had any teachers. Nobody has ever told her, Arthur, that it was wrong to marry without love, or pronounce lightly those awful yows which we utter before God at the altar. I believe, if she knew that her life was fatile, it is but of late she has thought it could be otherwise, and that she might mend it. I have read (besides that poem of Goethe of which you are so fond) in books of Indian travels of Bayaderes, dancinggirls brought up by troops round about the temples, whose calling is to dance, and wear jewels, and look beautiful; I believe they are quite respected in—in Pagoda·land. They perform before the priests in the pagodas, and the Brahmins and the Indian princes marry them. Can we cry out against these poor creatures, or against the custom of their country? It seems to me that young women in our world are bred up in a way not very different. What they do they scatcely know to be wrong. They are educated for the world, and taught to display, their mothers will give them to the richest suitor, as they themselves were given before. How can these think scriously. Arthur, of souls to be saved, weak hearts to be kept out of temptation, prayers to be uttered, and a better world to be held always in view, when the vanities of this one are all their thought and scheme? Ethel's simple talk made me smile sometimes, do you know, and her strenuous way of imparting her discoveries. I thought of the shepherd boy who made a watch, and found on taking it into the town how very many watches there were, and how much better than his. But the poor child has had to make hers for herself, such as it is, and, indeed, is employed now in working on it. She told me very artlessly her little history. Arthur. It affected me to hear her simple talk, and-and I blessed God for our mother, my dear, and that my early days had had a better guide.

"You know that for a long time it was settled that she was to marry her cousin Lord Kew. She was hred to that notion from her earliest youth; about which she spoke as we all can about our early days. They were speat, she said, in the nurfery and scholroom for the most part. She was allow—"to come to her mother's dressing-room, and sometimes to see more of her during the winter at Newcome. She describes her mother as always the kindest of the kind; but from very early times the daughter must have felt her own superiority, I think, though she does not speak of it. You should see her at home now in their dreadful calamity. She seems the only person of the house who keeps her head.

"She told very nicely and modestly how it was Lord Kew who parted from her, not she who had dismissed him, as you know the Newcomes used to say. I have heard that—oh, that man Sir Barnes says so myself. She says humbly that her cousin Kew was a great deal too good for her; and so is

every one almost, she adds, poor thing!"

"Poor every one! Did you ask about him, Laura?" said

Mr. Pendennis.

"No; I did not venture. She looked at me out of her downright eyes, and went on with her little tale. 'I was scarcely more than a child then,' she continued, 'and though I liked Kew very much—who would not like such a generous, honest creature?—I felt somehow that I was faller than my cousin, and as if I ought not to marry him, or should make him unhappy if I did. When poor papa used to talk, we children remarked that mamma hardly listened to him; and so we did not respect him as we should, and Barnes was especially scoffing and odious with him. Why, when he was a boy he used to sneer at papa openly before us younger ones. Now Harriet admires everything that Kew says, and that makes her a great deal happier at being with him.' And then," added Mrs. Pendennis, "Ethel said, 'I hope you respect your husband, Laura; depend on it you will be happier if you do.' Was not that a fine discovery of Ethel's, Mr. Pen?

"'Clara's terror of Barnes frightened me when I stayed in the house,' Ethel went on. 'I am sure I would not tremble before any man in the world as she did. I saw early that she used to deceive him and tell him lies, Laura. I do not mean lies of words alone, but lies of looks and actions. Oh! I do not wonder at her flying from him. He was dreadful to be with—cruel, and selfish, and cold. He was made worse by marrying a woman he did not love; as she was, by that unfortunate union with him. Suppose he had

found a clever woman who could have controlled him and annused him, and whom he and his friends could have admired, instead of poor Clara, who made his home wearsome, and trembled when he entered it; suppose she could have married that unhappy man to whom she was attached early. I was frightened, Laura, to think how ill this worldly matrix had consecuted.

matches, and were quarrelling now as fiercely as though they had never loved each other. You remember that dreadful case in France of the Duc de —, who mutdered his duchess! That was a love-match, and I can remember the sort of screech with which Lady Kew used to speak about it, and of the journal which the poor duchess kept, and in which she noted down all her husbands' is the harsour."

"Hush, Laura! do you remember where we are? If the Princess were to put down all Florac's culpabilities in an album, what a ledger it would be—as big as Dr. Portman's Chrysostom!" But this was parenthened, and after a smile and a lutle respute, the young woman proceeded in

her narration of her friend's history.

""I was willing enough to listen," Ethel said, 'to grandmamma then-for we are glad of an excuse to do what we like; and I liked admiration and rank and great wealth, Laura, and Lord Fanntosh offered me these. I liked to surpass my conspirations, and I saw them so eager in pursuing him! You cannot think, Laura, what meannesses women in the world will commit—mothers and daughters too—in the pursuit of a person of his great rank. Those Miss Burrs, you should have seen them at the country houses where we visited together, and how they followed him; how they would meet him in the parks and shrubbenes; how they liked smoking, though I knew it made them til; how they were always finding pretexts for getting prare him! Oh, it was odious!"

I would not willingly interrupt the narrative, but let the reporter be allowed here to state that at this point of Miss Newcome's story (which my sife gave with a verificiation of the girl's manner) we both burst out

loud that little Madame de Montcontour put her head into the drawing-room and asked what we was a-laughing at? We did not tell our hostess that poor Ethel and her grandmother had been accused of doing the very same thing for which she found fault with the Misses Burr. Miss Newcome thought herself quite innocent, or how should she have cried out at the naughty behaviour of other people?

"'Wherever we went, however,' resumed my wife's young penitent, 'it was easy to see—I think I may say so without vanity—who was the object of Lord Farintosh's attention. He followed us everywhere, and we could not go upon any visit in England or Scotland but he was in the same house. Grandmamma's whole heart was bent upon that marriage, and when he proposed for me I do not disown that I was

very pleased and vain.

"It is in these last months that I have heard about him more, and learned to know him better—him and myself too, Laura. Some one—some one you know, and whom I shall always love as a brother—reproached me in former days for a worldliness about which you talk too sometimes. But it is not worldly to give yourself up for your family, is it? One cannot help the rank in which one is born, and surely it is but natural and proper to marry in it. Not that Lord Farintosh thinks me or any one of his rank? (Here Miss Ethel laughed.) 'He is the Sultan, and we, every unmarried girl in society, is his humblest slave. His Majesty's opinions upon this subject did not suit me, I can assure you; I have no notion of such pride!

"But I do not disguise from you, dear Laura, that after accepting him, as I came to know him better, and heard him, and heard of him, and talked with him daily, and understood Lord Farintosh's character, I looked forward with more and more doubt to the day when I was to become his wife. I have not learned to respect him in these months that I have known him, and during which there has been mourning in our families. I will not talk to you about him; I have no right—have I?—to hear him speak out his heart, and tell it to any friend. He said he liked me because I did not flatter him. Poor Malcolm! they all do. What was my acceptance of him, Laura, but flattery—yes, flattery, and servility to

nk, and a desire to possess it? Would I have accepted ain Malcolm Roy? I sent away a better than him, Laura. "These things have been brooding in my mind for some onths past. I must have been but an ill companion for im, and indeed he bore with my waywardness much more indly than I ever thought possible; and when four days nce we came to this sad house, where he was to have joined s, and I found only dismay and wretchedness, and these oor children deprived of a mother, whom I pity, God help er, for she has been made so miserable, and is now and just be to the end of her days; as I lay awake, thinking of ly own future life, and that I was going to marry, as poor lara had married, but for an establishment and a position life-I, my own mistress, and not obedient by nature, or a ave to others as that poor creature was-I thought to my-lf, why shall I do this? Now Clara has left us, and is, as were, dead to us who made her so unhappy, let me be the other to her orphans. I love the little girl, and she has Iways loved me, and came crying to me that day when we rrived, and put her dear little arms round my neck, and aid, "You won't go away, will you, Aunt Ethel?" in her sweet oice. And I will stay with her, and will try and learn myelf that I may teach her, and learn to be good too-better han I have been. Will praying help me, Laura? I did. am sure I was right, and that it is my duty to stay here."

Laura was greatly moved as she told her friend's confession : nd when the next day at church the clergyman read the pening words of the service, I thought a peculiar radiance nd happiness beamed from her bright face.

Some subsequent occurrences in the history of this branch if the Newcome family I am enabled to report from the estimony of the same informant who has just given us an ccount of her own feelings and life. Miss Ethel and my rife were now in daily communication, and "my-dearesting" ach other with that female fervour which, cold men of the record as we are—not only chary of warm expressions of inendship, but averse to entertaining warm feelings at all—re surely must admire in persons of the inferior se hose oves grow up and reach the skies in a night; wh .

brace, console, call each other by Christian names, in that sweet, kindly sisterhood of Misfortune and Compassion who are always entering into partnership here in life. I say the world is full of Miss Nightingales, and we, sick and wounded in our private Scutaris, have countless nurse-tenders. I did not see my wife ministering to the afflicted family at Newcome Park, but I can fancy her there amongst the women and children, her prudent counsel, her thousand gentle offices, her apt pity and cheerfulness, the love and truth glowing in her face, and inspiring her words, movements, demeanour.

Mrs. Pendennis's husband for his part did not attempt to console Sir Barnes Newcome Newcome, Baronet. I never professed to have a halfpennyworth of pity at that gentleman's command. Florac, who owed Barnes his principality and his present comforts in life, did make some futile efforts at condolence, but was received by the Baronet with such fierceness and evident ill-humour that he did not care to repeat his visits, and allowed him to vent his curses and peevishness on his own immediate dependants. We used to ask Laura on her return to Rosebury from her charity visits to Newcome about the poor suffering master of the house. She faltered and stammered in describing him and what she heard of him; she smiled, I grieve to say, for this unfortunate lady cannot help having a sense of humour; and we could not help laughing outright sometimes at the idea of that discomfited wretch, that overbearing creature overborne in his turn-which laughter Mrs. Laura used to chide as very naughty and unfeeling. When we went into Newcome, the landlord of the King's Arms looked knowing and quizzical; Tom Potts grinned at me and rubbed his hands. business serves the paper better than Mr. Warrington's articles," says Mr. Potts. "We have sold no end of Independents; and if you polled the whole borough, I bet that five to one would say Sir Screwcome Screwcome was served right. By the way, what's up about the Marquis of Farintosh, Mr. Pendennis? He arrived at the Arms last night, went over to the Park this morning, and is gone back to town by the afternoon train."

What had happened between the Marquis of Farintosh and Miss Newcome I am enabled to know from the report of Miss Newcome's confidente. On the receipt of that letter of one's which has been mentioned in a former chapter, his lordship must have been very much excited; for he left town straightway by that evening's mail, and on the next morning, after a few hours of rest at his nm, was at Newcome lodgegate demanding to see the Baronet.

On that moming it chanced that Sir Bames had left home with Mr. Speers, his legal adviser, and hereupon the Marquis asked to see Miss Newcome; nor could the lodge-keeper venture to exclude so distinguished a person from the Park. His lordship drove up to the house, and his name was taken to Miss Ethel. She turned very pale when she heard it, and my wife divined at once who was her visitor. Lady Ann had not left her room as yet Laura Pendennis remained in command of the little conclave of children, with whom the two ladies were sitting when Lord Farntosh arrived. Little Clara wanted to go with her aunt as she rose to leave the room; the child could scarcely be got to part from her now.

At the end of an hour the carriage was seen driving away,

aunt's company. Aunt Ethel cut up the mutton-chop very neatily, and then having seen the child comfortably seated at the meal, went with her friend into a neighbouring apartment (of course, with some pretext of showing Laura a picture, or a piece of china, or a new child's frock, or with some other hypocritical pretence by which the ingenuous female attendants pretended to be utterfy blinded), and there, I have no doubt, before beginning her story, dearest Laura embraced dearest Ethel, and were very laura embraced dearest Ethel, and were very laurance.

"He is gone!" at length gasps dearest Ethel.

"Pour toujours? poor young man!" sighs dearest Laura, "Was he very unhappy, Ethel?"

"He was more angry," Ethel answers. "He had a right to be hurt, but not to speak as he did He lost his temper quite at last, and broke out in the most frantic reproaches. He forgot all respect and even gentlemanlike behaviour. Do you know he used words—words such as Barness uses sometimes when he is angry, and dared this language to me. 1

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was sorry till then, very sorry, and very much moved; but I know more than ever now that I was right in refusing Lord Farintosh."

Dearest Laura now pressed for an account of all that had happened, which may be briefly told as follows. Feeling very deeply upon the subject which brought him to Miss Newcome, it was no wonder that Lord Farintosh spoke at first in a way which moved her. He said he thought her letter to his mother was very rightly written under the circumstances, and thanked her for her generosity in offering to release him from his engagement. But the affair-the painful circumstance of Highgate, and that -which had happened in the Newcome family was no fault of Miss New-come's, and Lord Farintosh could not think of holding her accountable. His friends had long urged him to marry, and it was by his mother's own wish that the engagement was formed, which he was determined to maintain. course through the world (of which he was getting very tired) he had never seen a woman, a lady who was so-you understand, Ethel-whom he admired so much, who was likely to make so good a wife for him as you are. "You allude," he continued, "to differences we have had—and we have had them-but many of them, I own, have been from my fault. I have been bred up in a way different to most young men. I cannot help it if I have had temptations to which other men are not exposed; and have been placed by-by Providence in a high rank of life. I am sure if you share it with me you will adorn it, and be in every way worthy of it, and make me much better than I have been. If you knew what a night of agony I passed after my mother read that letter to me, I know you'd pity me, Ethel-I know you would. The idea of losing you makes me wild. My mother was dreadfully alarmed when she saw the state I was in; so was the Doctor-I assure you he was. And I had no rest at all, and no peace of mind, until I determined to come down to. you, and say that I adored you, and you only; and that I would hold to my engagement in spite of everything, and prove to you that—that no man in the world could love you more sincerely than I do." Here the young gentleman was so overcome that he paused in his speech, and gave way to

an emotion for which surely no man who has been in the ame condition with Lord Farintosh will blame him.

Miss Newcome was also much touched by this exhibition of natural feeling, and I date say it was at this time that bet eyes showed the first symptoms of that malady of which the traces were visible an hour after.

"You are very generous and kind to me, Lord Farintosh," she sidd. "Your constancy homours me very much, and proves how good and loyal you are, but—but do not think hardly of me for saying that the more I have thought of what has happened here—of the wretched consequences of interested marriages, the long union growing each day so miscreated marriages, the long union growing each day so miscreated that at last it becomes intolerable, and is burst saturder, as in poor Clara's case—the more I am resolved not to commit that first fatal step of entering into a marriage without—without the degree of affection which people who take that yow ought to feel for one another."

"Affection! can you doubt it? Gracious heavens, I adore you! Isn't my being here a proof that I do?" cries

the young lady's lover.

"But 17" answered the grl. "I have asked my own heart that question before now. I have thought to myself, If he comes after all—if his affection for me survives this very one of us should

bow at least gratitude

devote myself to one who makes such saenfaces for me? But before all things I owe you the truth, Lord Fanntosh. I never could make you happy—I know I could not—nor obey you as you are accustomed to be obeyed, nor give you such a devotion as you have a right to expect from your wife. I thought I might none; I can't now! I know that I took you because you were rich and had a great name, not because you were honest and stached to me, as you show yourself to be. I sak your pardon for the deceit I practised on you. Look at Clara, poor child, and her misery! My pride, I know, would tever have let me fall as far as she has done; but oh, I am humiliated to think that I could have been made to say I would take the first step in that awful career!"

"What career, in God's name?" cries the astorished

suitor. "Humiliated, Ethel? who's going to humiliate you? I suppose there is no woman in England who need be humiliated by becoming my wife. I should like to see the one that I can't pretend to—or to royal blood if I like; it's not better than mine. Humiliated, indeed! That is news. Ha! ha! You don't suppose that your pedigree, which I know all about, and the Newcome family, with your barber-surgeon to Edward the Confessor, are equal to—"

"To yours? no. It is not very long that I have learned to disbelieve in that story altogether. I fancy it was an odd whim of my poor father's, and that our family were quite

poor people."

"I knew it," said Lord Farintosh. "Do you suppose

there was not plenty of women to tell it me?"

"It was not because we were poor that I am ashamed," Ethel went on. "That cannot be our fault, though some of us seem to think it is, as they hide the truth so. One of my uncles used to tell me that my grandfather's father was a labourer in Newcome; but I was a child then, and liked to believe the prettiest story best."

"As if it matters!" cries Lord Farintosh.

"As if it matters in your wife, n'est-te pas? I never thought that it would. I should have told you, as it was my duty to tell you all. It was not my ancestors you cared for, and it is you yourself that your wife must swear before Heaven to love."

"Of course it's me," answers the young man, not quite understanding the train of ideas in his companion's mind. "And I've given up everything—everything—and have broken off with my old habits and—and things, you know, and intend to lead a regular life, and will never go to Tattersall's again, nor bet a shilling, nor touch another cigar if you like—that is, if you don't like; for I love you so, Ethel—I do, with all my heart I do!"

"You are very generous and kind, Lord Farintosh," Ethel said. "It is myself, not you, I doubt. Oh, I am humili-

ated to make such a confession!"

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"How humiliated?" Ethel withdrew the hand which the young nobleman endeavoured to seize.

"If," she continued-"if I found it was your birth and

your name and your wealth that I coveted, and had nearly taken, ought I not to feel humilated, and ask pardon of you and of God? Oh, what perjuries poor Clara was made to speak I and see what has befallen her! We stood by and heard her without being shocked. We applauded even. And to what shame and misery we brought her! Why did her parents and mine consign her to such ruin? She might have lived pure and happy but for us. With her example before me (not her flight, poor child—I am not afraid of that happening to me—but her long solitude, the misery of her wasted years, my brother's own wretchedness and faults aggravated a hundredfold by his unhappy union with her! I must pause while it is yet time, and recall a promise which I know I should make you unhappy if I fulfilled. I ask your pardon that I deceived you, Lord Tamitosh, and feel sahamed for myself that I could have consented to do so." "Do you mean," cred the young Marous, "that after my "Do you mean," cred the young Marous, "that after my

conduct to you fater my loving you so that even this—this disgrace in your family don't prevent my going on; after my mother has been down on her knees to me to break off, and I wouldn't—no, I wouldn't, after all White's incerning at me, and all my firends, friends of my family, who would go to—go anywhere for me, advising me, and esying, 'Farintosh, what a fool you are! I break off this match,' and I wouldn't back out because I loved you so, by Heaven, and because, as a man and a gentleman, when I give my word I keep it—do you mean that you throw me over? It's a shame—it's a shame!" And again there were teass of rage and anguish in Farintosh's eyes.

"What I did was a shame, my lord," Ethel said humbly, "and again I ask your pardon for it. What I do now is only to tell you the truth, and to greeve with all my soul only to tell you.

"You u make

him frantic in love with you, and then you fling him over I wonder you can look me in the face after such an infernal treason. You've done it to twenty fellows before, I know you have. Everybody said so, and warned me. You draw

hem on, and get them to be in love, and then you fling hem away. Am I to go back to London, and be made

he laughing-stock of the whole town-I, who might marry my woman in Europe, and who am at the head of the nobility of England?"

"Upon my word, if you will believe me after deceiving you once," Ethel interposed, still very humbly, "I will never say that it was I who withdrew from you, and that it was not you who refused me. What has happened here fully authorzes you. Let the rupture of the engagement come from you, my lord. Indeed, indeed, I would spare you all the pain I can. I have done you wrong enough already, Lord Farintosh."

And now the Marquis burst forth with tears and imprecations, wild cries of anger, love, and disappointment, so fierce and incoherent that the lady to whom they were addressed did not repeat them to her confidante. Only she generously charged Laura to remember, if ever she heard the matter talked of in the world, that it was Lord Farintosh's family which broke off the marriage, but that his lordship had acted most kindly and generously throughout the whole affair.

He went back to London in such a state of fury, and raved so wildly amongst his friends against the whole New come family, that many men knew what the case really was But all women averred that that intriguing, worldly Ethe Newcome, the apt pupil of her wicked old grandmother had met with a deserved rebuff; that after doing everything in her power to catch the great parti, Lord Farintosh, who had long been tired of her, flung her over, not liking the connection; and that she was living out of the world nov at Newcome, under the pretence of taking care of that un fortunate Lady Clara's children, but really because she was pining away for Lord Farintosh, who, as we all know, mar ried six months afterwards.

CHAPTER XXII

IN WHICH WE WRITE TO THE COLONFIL

DEENING that her brother Barnes had cares enough of his own presently on hand, Ethel did not think fit to confide to him the particulars of her interview with Lord Fanntosh; nor even was poor Lady Ann informed that she had lost a noble son-in-law. The news would come to both of them soon enough. Ethel thought; and indeed, before many hours were over, it reached Sir Barnes Newcome in a very abrupt and unpleasant way. He had dismal occasion now to see his lawyers every day; and on the day after Lord Farintosh's abrupt visit and departure, Sir Barnes, going into Newcome upon his own unfortunate affairs, was told by his attorney, Mr. Speers, how the Marquis of Farintosh had slept for a few hours at the King's Arms, and returned to town the same evening by the train. We may add, that his lordship had occupied the very room in which Lord Highgate had previously slept; and Mr. Taplow recommends the bed accordingly, and shows it with pride to this very day.

Much disturbed by this intelligence, Sir farmes was making his way to his cheerless home in the evening, when near his own gate he overtook another messenger. This was the railway porter, who daily brought telegraphic messages from his uncle and the bank in London. The message of that day was,—"Convols, so and-so. French Rettes, so much. Highquels and Farinion's accounts withdrawn." The wretched keeper of the lodge owned, with trembling, in reply to the curses and queries of his employer, that a gentleman, calling himself the Marquis of Farintosh, had gone up to the house the day before, and come away an hour afterwards,—did not like to speak to Sir Barnes when he came home, Sir Barnes looked so bad his.

Now, of course, there could be no concealment from her brother, and Lithel and Barnes had a conversation, in which the latter expressed husself with that freedom of language which characterized the head of the house of Newcome. Madame de Montcontour's pony-chaise was in waiting at the hill door when the owner of the house entered it:

my wife was just taking leave of Ethel and her little people when Sir Barnes Newcome entered the lady's sitting-room.

The livid scowl with which Barnes greeted my wife sur prised that lady, though it did not induce her to prolong her visit to her friend. As Laura took leave, she heard Si Barnes screaming to the nurses to "take those little beggar away," and she rightly conjectured that some more un pleasantries had occurred to disturb this luckless gentleman' temper.

On the morrow, dearest Ethel's usual courier, one of the boys from the lodge, trotted over on his donkey to deares Laura at Rosebury, with one of those missives which were

daily passing between the ladies. This letter said:-

"Barnes m'a fait une scène terrible hier. I was obliged to tell him everything about Lord F., and to use the plaines language. At first, he forbade you the house. He think that you have been the cause of F.'s dismissal, and charged me, most unjustly, with a desire to bring back poor C. N I replied as became me, and told him fairly I would leave the house if odious insulting charges were made against me—imp friends were not received. He stormed, he cried, he employed his usual language—he was in a dreadful state He reiented, and asked pardon. He goes to town to-nigh by the mail-train. Of course you come as usual, dear, dea Laura. I am miserable without you; and you know cannot leave poor mamma. Clarykin sends a thousant

ate, E. N. "Will the gentlemen like to shoot our pheasants? Pleas ask the Prince to let Warren know when. I sent a brac to poor dear old Mrs. Mason, and had such a nice lette

kisses to little Arty; and I am his mother's always affection

from her!"

"And who is poor dear Mrs. Mason?" asks Mr. Perdennis, as yet but imperfectly acquainted with the history of the Newcomes.

And Laura told me—perhaps I had heard before, and forgotten—that Mrs. Mason was an old nurse and pensione of the Colonel's, and how he had been to see her for the sake of old times; and how she was a great favourite with Ethel. And Laura kissed her little son, and was exceedingly

bright, cheerful, and hilarious that evening, in spite of the affliction under which her dear friends at Newcome were labouring.

People in country houses should be exceedingly careful about their blotting paper. They should bring their own portfolios with them. If any kind readers will bear this simple little hint in mind, how much mischief may they save themselves—nay, enjoy possibly, by looking at the pages of the next portfolio in the next friend's bedroom in which they sleep. From such a book I once cut out, in Charles Slybe

the words. "

ham Gate, Le paper as on

After showing the paper round to the company, I enclosed it in a note and sent it to Mr Slyboots, who married Miss Hartington three months afterwards. In such a book at the club I read, as plainly as you may read this page, a holograph page of the Right Honourable the Earl of Bareacres, which informed the whole club of a painful and private circumstance, and said, "My dear Green,-I am truly sorry that I shall not be able to take up the bill for eight hundred and fifty-six pounds, which becomes due next

Tu....." And upon such a book, going to write a note in

sels," I read, in this young woman's handwriting; and asked, turning round upon Laura, who entered the room just as I discovered her guilt, "What have you been writing to Colonel Newcome about, Miss?" "I wanted him to get me some lace," she said,

"To lace some nightcaps for me, didn't you, my dear? He is such a fine judge of lace! If I had known you had been writing, I would have asked you to send him a message. I want something from Brussels. Is the letter-ahem-gone?" (In this artful way, you see, I just hinted that I should like to see the letter.)

"The letter is—ahem—gone," says Laura. "What do you want from Brussels, Pen?"

"I want some Brussels sprouts, my love; they are so fine

in their native country."

"Shall I write to him to send the letter back?" palpitates poor little Laura; for she thought her husband was offended,

by using the ironic method.

"No, you dear little woman! You need not send for the letter back; and you need not tell me what was in it. And I will bet you a hundred yards of lace to a cotton night-cap—and you know whether I, Madam, am a man à bonnet-de-coton—I will bet you that I know what you have been writing about, under pretence of a message about lace, to our Colonel."

"He promised to send it me; he really did. Lady

Rockminster gave me twenty pounds-" gasps Laura.

"Under pretence of lace, you have been sending over a love message. You want to see whether Clive is still of his old mind. You think the coast is now clear, and that dearest Ethel may like him. You think Mrs. Mason is growing very old and infirm, and the sight of her dear boy would——"

"Pen! Pen! did you open my letter?" cries Laura; and a laugh which could afford to be good-humoured (followed by yet another expression of the lips) ended this colloquy. No, Mr. Pendennis did not see the letter; but he knew the writer—flattered himself that he knew women in general.

"Where did you get your experience of them, sir?" asks Mrs. Laura. Question answered in the same manner as the

previous demand.

"Well, my dear, and why should not the poor boy be made happy?" Laura continues, standing very close up to her husband. "It is evident to me that Ethel is fond of him. I would rather see her married to a good young man whom she loves, than the mistress of a thousand palaces and coronets. Suppose—suppose you had married Miss Amory, sir, what a wretched worldly creature you would have been by this time; whereas now—"

"Now that I am the humble slave of a good woman, there is some chance for me," cries this model of husbands.

'And all good women are match-makers, as we know very well; and you have had this match in your heart ever since you saw the two young people together. Now, Madam, ince I did not see your letter to the Colonel-though I have guessed part of it-tell me, what have you said in it? Have you by any chance told the Colonel that the Farintosh diance was broken off?"

Laura owned that she had finted as much.

"You have not ventured to say that Ethel is well inclined to Clive?"

"Oh, no-oh dear, no " But after much cross-examining, and a little blushing on Laura's part, she is brought to conless that she has asked the Cotonel whether he will not come and see Mrs. Mason, who is pining to see him, and is growing very old. And I find out that she has been to see this Mrs. Mason-that she and Miss Newcome visited the old lady the day before yesterday; and Laura thought, from the manner in v up in the park

was very much .

Pendennis is most eager about the answer to it, and day after day examines the bag, and is provoked that it brings no letter bearing the Brussels post-mark,

Madame de Montcontour seems perfectly well to know what Mrs. Laura has been doing and is hoping. "What, no letters again to-day! Ain't it provoking?" she cries. She is in the conspiracy, too; and presently Florac is one of the "These women wish to backer a marriage between the belle Miss and le petit Clave," Florac announces to me. 17- -- 17 14 10

what of beauty, what roses! And then they are so adorably good. Go, Pendennis, thou art a happy coquin!" Mr. Pendennis does not say no. He has won the twenty thousand pound prize; and we know there are worse than blanks in that lottery.

subtracted for his own benefit no inconsiderable portion of her income. Thus the carriage-horses were hers; for what need had he, a miserable bachelor, of anything more than a riding-horse and a brougham? A certain number of the domestics were hers; and as he could get no scoundrel of his own to stay with him, he took Miss Newcome's servants. He would have had her pay the coals which burnt in his grate, and the taxes due to our Sovereign Lady the Queen; but in truth, at the end of the year, with her domestic bounties and her charities round about Newcome, which daily increased as she became acquainted with her indigent neighbours, Miss Ethel, the heiress, was as poor as many poorer

persons.

Her charities increased daily with her means of knowing the people round about her. She gave much time to them and thought; visited from house to house, without ostentation; was awe-stricken by that spectacle of the poverty which we have with us always, of which the sight rebukes our selfish griefs into silence, the thought compels us to charity, humility, and devotion. The priests of our various creeds, who elsewhere are doing battle together continually, lay down their arms in its presence and kneel before it, subjugated by that overpowering master. Death never dying out, hunger always crying, and children born to it day after day-our young London lady, flying from the splendours and follies in which her life had been passed, found herself in the presence of these; threading darkling alleys which swarmed with wretched life; sitting by naked beds, whither by God's blessing she was sometimes enabled to carry a little comfort and consolation, or whence she came heart-stricken by the overpowering misery, or touched by the patient resignation of the new friends to whom fate had directed her. And here she met the priest upon his shrift, the homely missionary bearing his words of consolation, the quiet curate pacing his round, and was known to all these, and enabled now and again to help their people in trouble. "Oh! what good there is in this woman," my wife would say to me, as she laid one of Miss Ethel's letters aside. "Who would have thought this was the girl of your glaring London ball-room? If she has had grief to bear, how it has chastened and improved her."

1.

And now I have to confess that all this time, whilst Ethel Newcome had been growing in grace with my wife, poor Clive has been Inping sadly out of favour. She has no patience with Clive. She drubs her httle foot when his name is mentioned, and turns the subject. Whither are all the tears and pities fied now? Mrs. Laura has transferred all her regard to Ethel; and when that lady's ex-suitor writes to his old friend, or other news is had of him, Laura flies out the usual trades against the world, the horrd, wicked, selfish world, which spoils everybody who comes near it. What

only does not

of harm—not the least, only she has lost all interest in him. And the Colonel too, the poor good old Colonel, was actually in Mrs. Pendennis's black books; and when he sent her the Brussels well which we have heard of, she did not think it was a bargain at all—not particularly pretty—in fact, rather dear at the money. When we met Mr and Mrs. Clive Newcome in London, whither they came a few months after their marriage, and where Rosey appeared as pretty, happy, good-humoured a little blushing binde as eyes need behold. Mrs. Pendennis's reception of her was quite a curosity of decorum. "In or receive her well!" cried Laura. "How on earth would you have me receive her? I talked to her about everything, and she only answered yes or no. I showed her the children, and she did not seem to care. Her only conversation was about militurely and Brussels balls, and about her dress at the drawing room. The drawing room! What business has she with such folles?"

The fact is, that the drawing-room was Tom Newcome's affair, not his son's, who was heartly ashamed of the figure he cut in that astounding costume which English private gentlemen are made to sport when they bend the knee before their Gracious Sovereien.

Warrington roasted poor Clive upon the occas complimented him with his usual gravity, until fellow blushed, and his father somewhat testily sour friend that his irony was not agreeable. "I

says the Colonel, with great hauteur, "that there is nothing ridiculous in an English gentleman entertaining feelings of loyalty and testifying his respect to his Queen; and I presume that Her Majesty knows best, and has a right to order in what dress her subjects shall appear before her. And I don't think it's kind of you, George—I say, I don't think it's kind of you to quiz my boy for doing his duty to his Queen and to his father too, sir; for it was at my request that Clive went-and we went together, sir-to the levee, and then to the 'rawing-room afterwards with Rosey, who was presented by ne lady of my old friend, Sir George Tufto, a lady of rank herelf, and the wife of as brave an officer as ever drew a sword."

Warrington stammered an apology for his levity; but no xplanations were satisfactory, and it was clear George had

rounded the feelings of our dear simple old friend.

After Clive's marriage, which was performed at Brussels, Incle James and the lady, his sister, whom we have someimes flippantly ventured to call the Campaigner, went off to perform that journey to Scotland which James had meditated or ten years past, and, now little Rosey was made happy or life, to renew acquaintance with little Josey. The Colonel and his son and daughter-in-law came to London, not to the pachelor quarters where we have seen them, but to a hotel, rhich they occupied until their new house could be proided for them, a sumptuous mansion in the Tyburnian listrict, and one which became people of their station.

We have been informed already what the Colonel's income vas, and have the gratification of knowing that it was very considerable. The simple gentleman who would dine off a rust, and wear a coat for ten years, desired that his children hould have the best of everything: ordered about upholterers, painters, carriage-makers, in his splendid Indian way; resented pretty Rosey with brilliant jewels for her introducion at Court, and was made happy by the sight of the bloom-ng young creature decked in these magnificences, and ad-nired by all his little circle. The old boys, the old generals, he old colonels, the old qui-hi's from the club, came and naid her their homage; the directors' ladies, and the generals' adies, called upon her, and feasted her at vast banquets served in sumptuous plate. Newcome purchased plate, and gave banquets in return for these hospitalities. Mrs. Clive had a neat close carriage for evenings, and a splendid barouche to drive in the Park. It was pleasant to see this equipage at four o'clock of an afternoon, driving up to Bays's, with Rosey most gorgeously attited reclaining within; and to behold the stately grace of the old gentleman as he stepped out to welcome his daughterin-law, and the bow he made before he entered her carriage. Then they would drive round the Park—round and round and round; and their ladies and daughters, would not and smile out of their carriage, as they crossed each other upon this charming career of pleasure.

I confess that a dinner at the Colonel's, now he appeared in all his magnificence, was awfully slow. No peaches could look fresher than Rosey's cheeks; no damask was fairer than her pretty little shoulders. No one, I am sure, could be happier than she; but she did not impart her happiness to her friends, and replied chiefly by smiles to the conversation.

nilitary offipudges, and

the like occupious and raily careless to please. But that solemn happiness of the Colonel, who shall depict it—that look of affection with which he greeted to the wast, twinkling cocket-handkerchief.

olden ranglets? He

would take her hand, or tunou ... bout from group to group, exchanging precious observations about the weather, the Park, the Exhibition, ray, the Opera, for the old man actually went to the Opera with his little girl, and solemnly snoozed by her side in a white waistecture.

Very likely this was the happest period of Thomas Newcome's life. No woman (save one perhaps fifty years ago) had ever seemed so fond of him as that little girl. What pride he had in her, and what care he rook of her? If she was a little alling, what anviety and harrying for doctors? What droll letters came from James Binnie, and ho quainted Mrs. Mack with everything that took place! with what enthusiasm that Campaigner replied! Josey's husband called a special blessing upon his head in the church at Musselburgh; and little Jo herself sent a tinful of Scotch bun to her darling sister, with a request from her husband that he might have a few shares in the famous Indian Com-

pany.

The Company was in a highly flourishing condition, as you may suppose, when one of its directors, who at the same time was one of the honestest men alive, thought it was his duty to live in the splendour in which we now behold him. Many wealthy City men did homage to him. His brother Hobson, though the Colonel had quarrelled with the chief of the firm, yet remained on amicable terms with Thomas Newcome, and shared and returned his banquets for a while. Charles Honeyman, we may be sure, was present at many of them, and smirked a blessing over the plenteous meal. The Colonel's influence was such with Mr. Sherrick that he pleaded Charles's cause with that gentleman, and actually brought to a successful termination that little love affair in which we have seen Miss Sherrick and Charles engaged. Mr. Sherrick was not disposed to part with much money during his lifetime; indeed he proved to Colonel Newcome that he was not so rich as the world supposed him. But by the Colonel's interest the chaplaincy of Boggley Wollah was procured for the Rev. C. Honeyman, who now forms the delight of that flourishing station.

All this while we have said little about Clive, who in trut was somehow in the background in this flourishing Newcom group. To please the best father in the world, the kinder old friend who endowed his niece with the best part of h savings—to settle that question about marriage, and has an end of it, Clive Newcome had taken a pretty and for young girl, who respected and admired him beyond all me and who heartily desired to make him happy. To do much, would not his father have stripped his coat from back—have put his head under Juggernaut's chariot wh—have sacrificed any ease, comfort, or pleasure, for youngster's benefit? One great passion he had had, closed the account of it: a worldly, ambitious girl—

foolishly worshipped and passionately beloved no matter-had played with him for years; had flung him away when a dissolute suitor with a great fortune and title had offered himself. Was he to whine and despair because a filt had fooled him? He had too much pride and courage for any such submission, he would accept the let in life which was offered to him, no undesirable one surely; he would fulfil the wish of his father's heart, and cheer his kind declining years. In this way the marriage was brought about. It was but a wr'blush fr

kiss for good of the good over them in a benedictory attitude—expressing her surprise at an event for which she had been jockeying over since she set eyes on young Newcome, and calling upon Heaven to bless her children. So, as a good thing when it is to be done had best be done quickly, these worthy folks went off almost straightway to a dergy man, and were married out of hand—to the assonishment of Captains Hoby and Goby when they came to hear of the event. Well, my gallant young bunter, and frend of my boyhood I if my wife chooses to be angry at your marriage, shall her husband not wish you h

first loves, others of us,

Pendennis, who sulked

Brisels, was ravished from min. Ask poor ceorge Watrington, who had his own way, Heaven help him! There was no need why Clive should turn monk because number one refused him, and, that charmer removed, why he should not take to his heart number two. I am bound to say, that when I expressed these opinions to Mrs. Laura, she was more

angry and provoked than ever.

It is in the nature of such a simple soul as Thomas Newcome to see but one side of a question, and having once fixed Ethel's worldliness in his mind, and her brother's treason, to allow no argument of advocates of the other side to stake his displeasure. Hence the one or two appeals which Laura ventured to make on behalf of her friend were checked by the good Colonel with a stern negation. If Ethel was not guiltless, she could not make him see at least that she was not guilty. He dashed away all excuses and palliations. Exasperated as he was, he persisted in regarding the poor girl's conduct in its most unfavourable light. was rejected, and deservedly rejected, by the Marquis of Farintosh," he broke out to me once, who was not indeed authorized to tell all I knew regarding the story; "the whole town knows it, all the clubs ring with it. I blush, sir, to think that my brother's child should have brought such a stain upon our name." In vain I told him that my wife, who knew all the circumstances much better, judged Miss Newcome far more favourably, and indeed greatly esteemed "Pshaw! sir," breaks out the indignant and loved her. Colonel; "your wife is an innocent creature, who does not know the world as we men of experience do-as I do, sir," and would have no more of the discussion. There is no doubt about it, there was a coolness between my old friend's father and us.

As for Barnes Newcome, we gave up that worthy, and the Colonel showed him no mercy. He recalled words used by Warrington, which I have recorded in a former page, and vowed that he only watched for an opportunity to crush the miserable reptile. He hated Barnes as a loathsome traitor, coward, and criminal. He made no secret of his opinion; and Clive, with the remembrance of former injuries, of dreadful heart-pangs—the inheritor of his father's blood, his honesty of nature, and his impetuous enmity against wrongshared to the full his sire's antipathy against his cousin, and publicly expressed his scorn and contempt for him. About Ethel he would not speak. "Perhaps what you say, Pen, is true," he said. "I hope it is. Pray God it is." But his quivering lips and fierce countenance, when her name was mentioned or her defence attempted, showed that he too had come to think ill of her. "As for her brother, as for that scoundrel," he would say, clenching his fist, "if ever I can punish him I will. I shouldn't have the soul of a dog, if ever I forgot the wrongs that have been done me by that vagabond. Forgiveness? Pshaw! Are you dangling to sermons, Pen, at your wife's leading-strings? Are you preaching that cant? There are some injuries that no honest man should

orgise, and I shall be a rogue on the day I shake hands "Clive has adopted the Iroquois ethics," says George Unvertus anopred the progress ethics, says teorge warrington, smoking his pipe sententionally, "failter than those which are at present received among us. I am not sure that

something is not to be said, as against the Eastern, upon the Sometime is not to be such as a signal and the control of the question. I western, or 10manaws, or Uniborway side of the quantum, should not like," be added, "to be in a vendetta or feut, and to have you, Clive, and the old Colonel energed against men." "I would tather," I said, "for my part, have half a dozen

such enemies as Clive and the Colonel than one like Bernes. You never know where or when that villain may hit you." and here alors such to see that sham may me you.

And before a very short period was over, Sir Barries New

And before a very short period was over, Sir Barries Some

come. Bart, hit his two hostile kinsmen such a blow as one might expect from such a quarter.

CHAPTER XXV.

MRS. CLIVE AT HOME. As Clive and his father did not think fit to conceal their opinions regarding their knasman Burnes Newcome, and uttered them in many public places when Sir Barnes's conduct was brought into question, we may be sure that their talk came to the Baroner's ears, and cld not improve his already argry feeling towards those feathernen. For a while arready array treining towards trues Bentismuch for a waite they had the best of the attack. The Colonel routed Barries ort of his accustomed club at Eary's, where also the gallant Sir George Tutto expressed himself pretty openly with respect to the poor Barone's want of courage; the Colonel had bulled and browbeaten Bames in the parlors of his own bank, and the story was naturally well known in the City. where it certainly was not pleasant for Sir Bornes, as he while it criming was not present to the party will be sometimes the scowls of the angreen the scowls of the angreen the scowls of the angreen the scowls of the same of the scowls. man of war, his mole, striding, down to the offices of th Bundelcurd Benk, and armed with that terrible bamboo can ί

But though his wife had undeniably run away after notor ous ill-treatment from her husband; though he had shor two white feathers in those unpleasant little affairs with I uncle and cousin; though Sir Barnes Newcome was certainly neither amiable nor popular in the City of London, his reputation as a most intelligent man of business still stood; the credit of his house was deservedly high, and people banked with him and traded with him in spite of faithless wives and hostile colonels.

When the outbreak between Colonel Newcome and his nephew took place, it may be remembered that Mr. Hobson Newcome, the other partner of the firm of Hobson Brothers, waited upon Colonel Newcome, as one of the principal English directors of the B. B. C., and hoped that although private differences would of course oblige Thomas Newcome to cease all personal dealings with the bank of Hobson, the affairs of the Company in which he was interested ought not to suffer on this account; and that the Indian firm should continue dealing with Hobsons on the same footing as before. Mr. Hobson Newcome represented to the Colonel, in his jolly frank way, that whatever happened between the latter and his nephew Barnes, Thomas Newcome had still one friend in the house; that the transactions between it and the Indian Company were mutually advantageous; finally, that the manager of the Indian bank might continue to do business with Hobsons as before. So the B. B. C. sent its consignments to Hobson Brothers, and drew its bills, which were duly honoured by that firm.

More than one of Colonel Newcome's City acquaintances, among them his agent, Mr. Jolly, and his ingenuous friend, Mr. Sherrick, especially, hinted to Thomas Newcome to be very cautious in his dealings with Hobson Brothers, and keep a special care lest that house should play him an evil turn. They both told him that Barnes Newcome had said more than once, in answer to reports of the Colonel's own speeches against Barnes, "I know that hot-headed, blundering Indian uncle of mine is furious against me, on account of an absurd private affair and misunderstanding, which he is too obstinate to see in the proper light. What is my return for the abuse and rant which he lavishes against me? I cannot forget that he is my grandfather's son, an old man, utterly ignorant both of society and business here; and as he is interested in this Indian Banking Company, which must be preciously con-

which they have had from our house. If they don't like us, why do they go on dealing with us? We don't want them and their bills. We were a leading house fifty years before they were born, and shall continue to be so long after they come to an end." Such was Barnes's case a stated by himself. It was not a very bad one, or very unfairly stated, considering the advocate. I believe he has always persisted

in thinking that he never did his uncle any wrong.

Mr. Jolly and Mr. Sherrack then both entreated Thomas Newcome to use his best endeavours, and bring the connection of the B. B. C. and Hobson Brothers to a speedy end. But Jolly was an interested party: he and his friends would have had the agency of the B. B. C. and the profits thereof, which Hobsons had taken from them. Mr. Shernick was an outside practitioner, a guentia amongst regular merchants. The opinions of one and the other, though submitted by Thomas Newcome duly to his co-partners, the managers and London Board of Directors of the Bundelcund Banking Company, were overruled by that assembly.

They had their establishment and apartments in the City: they had their clerks and messengers, their managers' room and board-room, their meetings, where no doubt great quantities of letters were read, vast ledgers produced; where Tom Newcome was voted into the chair, and voted out with thanks; where speeches were made, and the affairs of the B. B. C. properly discussed. These subjects are mysterious, terrifying, unknown to me. I cannot pretend to describe them. Fred Bayham, I remember, used to be great in his knowledge of the affairs of the Bundelcund Banking Company. He talked of cotton, wool, copper, opium, indigo, Singapore, Manilla, China, Calcutta, Australia, with produgious eloquence and fluency. His conversation was about millions. The most astounding paragraphs used to appear in the Pall Mall Gazette regarding the annual dinner at Blackwall, which the directors gave, and to which he . 3 George and I, as friends of the court, were invited.

over the portières! What velvet-bound volumes, mother-ofpearl albums, inkstands representing beasts of the field, priedieux chairs, and wonderful knick-knacks I can recollect i There was the most magnificent piano, though Rosey seldom sang any of her six songs now; and when she kept her couch at a certain most interesting period, the good Colonel, ever anxious to procure amusement for his darling, asked whether she would not like a barrel-organ grinding fifty or sixty favourite pieces, which a bearer could turn. And he mentioned how Windus, of their regiment, who loved music exceedingly, had a very fine instrument of this kind out to Barrackpore in the year 1810, and relays of barrels by each ship with all the new tunes from Europe. The Testimonial took its place in the centre of Mrs. Clive's table, surrounded by satellites of plate. The delectable parties were constantly gathered together, the grand barouche rolling in the Park or stopping at the principal shops. Little Rosey bloomed in millinery, and was still the smiling little pet of her father-inlaw; and poor Clive, in the midst of an iness spicious., raunt and sad and silent, listless at most times, bitter and vocat others, pleased only when he was out of the society law; and poor Clive, in the midst of all these splendours, was which bored him, and in the company of George and J. J., the simple friends of his youth.

His careworn look and altered appearance mollified my wife towards him, who had almost taken him again into favour. But she did not care for Mrs. Clive, and the Colonel, somehow, grew cool towards us, and to look askance upon the little band of Clive's friends. It seemed as if there were two parties in the house. There was Clive's set—J. J., the shrewd, silent little painter; Warrington, the cynic; and the author of the present biography, who was, I believe, supposed to give himself contemptuous airs, and to have become very high and mighty since his marriage. Then there was the great, numerous, and eminently respectable set, whose names were all registered in little Rosey's little visiting-book, and to whose houses she drove round, duly delivering the cards of Mr. and Mrs. Clive Newcome and Colonel Newcome—the Generals and Coloneis, the Judges and the Fogeys. The only man who kept well with both sides of the house was F. Bayham, Esq., who having got into clover, remained in

the enjoyment of that welcome pasture; who really loved THE NEWCOMES. Clive and the Colonel too, and had a hundred pleasant things and furry stories (the droll, odd creature !) to tell to the little lady for whom we others could scarcely find a word. The old friends of the student days were not forgotten, but they did not seem to get on in the new house. The Miss Gandishes came to one of Mrs. Clive's balls, still in blue crape, still with ringlets on their wizened old foreheads, accompany ing Papa, with his shirt collars turned down—who gazed in mute wonder on the splendid scene. Warrington actually asked Miss Gandish to dance, making woeful blunders, how ever, in the quadrille; while Clive, with something like one of his old smiles on his face, took out Miss Zoe Gandish, her sister. We made Gandish overeat and overdrink himself in the supper room, and Clive cheered him by ordering a full length of Mrs. Clive Newcome from his distinguished pencil. Never was seen a grander exhibition of white satin and levels. Smee, R.A., was funous at the preference shown to

We had Sandy M'Collop, too, at the party, who had returned from Rome, with his red beard, and his picture of the murder of the Red Comyn, which made but a dim effect in his rival. the Octagon Room of the Royal Academy, where the bleeding agones of the dying warnor were veiled in an unkind twilight. On Sandy and his brethen little Rosey looked rather coldly. She tossed up her little head in conversation with me, and gave me to understand that this party was only an omnium gatherum, not one of the select parties, from which Heaven defend us. "We are Pons, and Nym, and Pistol growled out George Warrington, as he strode away to first the evening in Chve's painting and smoking room. Prince Hal is married and shares the paternal throne, Princess is ashamed of his brigand associates of former day She came and looked at us with a feeble little smile as sat smoking, and let the daylight in on us from the o door, and hinted to Mr. Clive that it was time to go to b So Clive Newcome lay in a bed of down and tossed tumbled there. He went to fine dinners, and sat silent them; rode fine borses, and black Care jumped up be the moody horseman. He was cut off in a great me

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from the friends of his youth, or saw them by a kind of stealth and sufferance; was a very lonely, poor fellow, I am afraid, now that people were testimonializing his wife, and many an old comrade growling at his haughtiness and prosperity.

In former days, when his good father recognized the dif-ference which fate and time and temper had set between him and his son, we have seen with what a gentle acquiescence the old man submitted to his inevitable fortune, and how humbly he bore that stroke of separation which afflicted the boy lightly enough, but caused the loving sire so much pain. Then there was no bitterness between them, in spite of the fatal division; but now it seemed as if there was anger on Thomas Newcome's part: because, though come together again, they were not united; though with every outward appliance of happiness, Clive was not happy. What young man on earth could look for more?—a sweet young wife, a handsome home, of which the only encumbrance was an old father, who would give his last drop of blood in his son's behalf. And it was to bring about this end that Thomas Newcome had toiled and had amassed a fortune! Could not Clive, with his talents and education, go down once or twice a week to the City and take a decent part in the business by which his wealth was secured? He appeared at the various board-rooms and City conclaves, yawned at the meetings, and drew figures on the blotting-paper of the Company; had no interest in its transactions, no heart in its affairs; went away and galloped his horse alone; or returned to his painting-room, put on his old velvet jacket, and worked with his palettes and brushes. Palettes and brushes! could he not give up these toys when he was called to a much higher station in the world? Could he not go talk with Rosey, drive with Rosey, kind little soul, whose whole desire was to make him happy? Such thoughts as these no doubt darkened the Colonel's mind, and deepened the furrows round his old eyes. So it is we judge men by our own standards; judge our nearest and dearest often wrong.

Many and many a time did Clive try and talk with the little Rosey, who chirped and prattled so gaily to his father. Many a time would she come and sit by his easel, and try

her little powers to charm him, bring him little tales about their acquantances, stories about this ball and that concert, practise artless smiles upon bun, gentle little bouderies, tears, perhaps followed by caresses and reconciliation. At the end of which he would return to his cigar, and she, with a sigh

that was the truth; the shoe was a very pretty little shoe, but Clive's foot was too big for it.

Just before the testimonal, Mr. Clive was in constant attendance at home, and very careful and kind and happy with his wife, and the whole family party went very agreeably. Doctors were in constant attendance at Mrs. Clive Newcome's door; prodigious care was taken by the good Colonel in wrapping her and putting her little feet on sofas, and in leading her to her carnage. The Campaigner came over in

a word very close and happy and intimate. But woe is me, Thomas Newcome's fondest hopes were disappointed this time: his little grandson lived but to see the light and leave it, and sadly, sadly those preparations were put away, those poor little robes and caps, those delicate muslins and earnbries over which many a care had been forgotten, many a fond prayer thought, if not uttered. Poor little Rosey's he felt the grief very keenly, but she rallied from it very soon. In a very few months her checks were blooming and dimpling with smiles again, and she was telling us how her party was an omntime ratherum.

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on the inmost corns of the nurse. It was surprising what a change appeared in the Campaigner's conduct, and how little in former days Colonel Newcome had known her. What the Emperor Napoleon the First said respecting our Russian enemies might be applied to this lady: Grattez la, and she appeared a Tartar. Clive and his father had a little comfort and conversation in conspiring against her. The old man never dared to try, but was pleased with the younger's spirit and gallantry in the series of final actions which, commencing over poor little Rosey's prostrate body in the dressing-room, were continued in the drawing-room, resumed with terrible vigour on the enemy's part in the dining-room, and ended, to the triumph of the whole establishment, at the outside of the hall door.

When the routed Tartar force had fled back to its native north, Rosey made a confession which Clive told me afterwards, bursting with bitter laughter. "You and papa seem to be very much agitated," she said. (Rosey called the Colonel papa in the absence of the Campaigner.) "I do not mind it a bit, except just at first, when it made me a little nervous. Mamma used always to be so: she used to scold and scold all day, both me and Josey, in Scotland, till grandmamma sent her away; and then in Fitzroy Square, and then in Brussels, she used to box my ears, and go into such tantrums; and I think," adds Rosey, with one of her sweetest smiles, "she had quarrelled with Uncle James before she came to us."

"She used to box Rosey's ears," roars out poor Clive, "and go into such tantrums, in Fitzroy Square and Brussels afterwards, and the pair would come down with their arms round each other's waists, smirking and smiling as if they had done nothing but kiss each other all their mortal lives! This is what we know about women—this is what we get, and find years afterwards, when we think we have married a smiling, artless young creature! Are you all such hypocrites, Mrs. Pendennis?" and he pulled his mustachios in his wrath.

"Poor Clive!" says Laura, very kindly. "Y have her tell tales of her mother, would you?" "You would not

"Oh, of course not," breaks out Clive; "that is what you all say, and so you are hypocrites out of sheer virtue."

It was the first time Laura had called him Clive for many a day. She was becoming reconciled to him. We had our own opinion about the young fellow's marriage,

And to sum up all, upon a casual remontre with the young gentleman in question, whom we saw descending from a hansom at the steps of the Flag, Pall Mall, I opined that dark thoughts of Hoby had entered into Clive Newcome's mind. Othello-like, he scowled after that unconscious Cassio as the other passed into the club in his lacquered boots.

CHAPTER XXVI.

ARSIT OMEN.

At the first of the Blackwall festivals Hobson Newcome was present, in spite of the quarrel which had taken place between his elder brother and the chief of the firm of Hobson Brothers and Newcome. But it was the individual Barnes and the individual Thomas who had had a difference together; the Bundelcund Bank was not at vanance with its chief house of commission in London, no man drank prosperity to the B. B. C., upon occasion of this festival, with greater ferrour than Hobson Newcome, and the manner in which he just slightly alluded, in his own little speech of thanks, to the notorious differences between Colonel Newcome and his nephew, praying that these might cease some day, and meanwhile that the confidence between the great Indian establishment and its London agents might never diminish. was appreciated and admired by six-and-thirty gentlemen, all brimful of claret and enthusiasm, and in that happy state of mind in which men appreciate and admire everything.

At the second dinner, when the testimonial was presented, Hobson was not present. Nor did his name figure amongst those engaven on the trunk of Mr. Newcome's allegorical silver occoanut tree. As we travelled homewards in the omnibus, freed Bayham noticed the circumstance to me. "I have looked over the list of names," says he; "not merely that on the trunk, sir, but the printed list—it was rolled up and placed in one of the nests on the top of the Wh

is Hobson's name not there? Ha! it mislikes me, Pendennis."

F. B., who was now very great about City affairs, discoursed about stocks and companies with immense learning, and gave me to understand that he had transacted one or two little operations in Capel Court on his own account, with great present and still larger prospective advantages to himself. It is a fact that Mr. Ridley was paid, and that F. B.'s costume, though still eccentric, was comfortable, cleanly, and variegated. He occupied the apartments once tenanted by the amiable Honeyman. He lived in ease and comfort there. "You don't suppose," says he, "that the wretched stipend I draw from the Pall Mall Gazette enables me to maintain this kind of thing? F. B., sir, has a station in the world;

with wealthy nabobs. He may marry, sir, and settle in life." We cordially wished every worldly prosperity to the brave F. B. Happening to descry him one day in the Park, I remarked that his countenance wore an ominous and tragic appearance, which seemed to deepen as he neared me. I thought he had been toying affably with a nursery-maid the moment before, who stood with some of her little charges watching the yachts upon the Serpentine. Howbeit, espying my approach, F. B. strode away from the maiden and her innocent companions, and advanced to greet his old acquaintance, enveloping his

F. B. moves among moneyers and City nobs, and eats cabobs

"Yon were the children of my good friend Colonel Huckaback, of the Bombay Marines! Alas! unconscious of their doom, the little infants play. I was watching them at their sports. There is a pleasing young woman in attendance upon the poor children. They were sailing their little boats upon the Serpentine, racing and laughing and making merry; and as I looked on, Master Hastings Huckaback's boat went down! Absit omen, Pendennis! I was moved by the circumstance. F. B. hopes that the child's father's argosy may not meet with shipwreck!"

"You mean the little yellow-faced man whom we met at

Colonel Newcome's," says Mr. Pendennis.

face with shades of funereal gloom.

"I do, sir," growled F. B. "You know that he is a brother director with our Colonel in the Bundelcund Bank?"

"Gracious heavens!" I cried, in sincere anxiety, "nothing has happened, I hope, to the Bundelcund Bank?"
"No," answers the other, "nothing has happened; the good ship is safe, sir, as yet. But she has narrowly econon

mean," cries F. B's companion, and Bayham continued his narration

narration
"Were you in the least conversant with City affairs," he said, "or did you deign to visit the spot where merchants mostly congregate, you would have heard the story, which was over the whole City yesterday, and spread dismay from Threadneedle Street to Leadenhall. The story is, that the firm of Hobson Brothers and Newcome yesterday refused acceptance of thirty thousand pounds worth of bills of the

Bundelcund Banking Company of India.
"The news came like a thunderclap upon the London Board of Directors, who had received no notice of the intentions of Hobson Brothers, and caused a dreadful panic amongst the shareholders of the concern The board-room was besieged by Colonels and Captains, widows and orphans. Within an hour after protest the bills were taken up, and you will see, in the city article of the Globe this very evening an announcement that henceforward the house of Baines and Jolly, of Job Court, will meet engagements of the Bundelcund Banking Company of India, being provided with ample funds to do honour to every possible liability of that Company. But the shares fell, sir, in consequence of the panic. I hope they will rally—I trust and believe they will rally—for our good Colonel's sake and that of his friends, for the sake of

good constraint shall all the innocent children sporting by the Serpentine yonder.

"I had my suspicions when they gave that testimonial," said F. B. "In my experience of life, sir, I always feel rather shy about testimonials, and when a party gets one, somehow look out to hear of his smashing the next month. Absit omen! I will say again. I like not the goir own

of vonder little yacht."

The Globe, sure enough, contained a paragraph that evening announcing the occurrence which Mr. Bayham had described, and the temporary panic which it had occasioned, and containing an advertisement stating that Messrs. Baines and Jolly would henceforth act as agents of the Indian Company. Legal proceedings were presently threatened by the Solicitors of the Company against the banking firm which had caused so much mischief. Mr. Hobson Newcome was absent abroad when the circumstance took place, and it was known that the protest of the bills was solely attributable to his nephew and partner. But after the break between the two firms, there was a rupture between Hobson's family and Colonel Newcome. The exasperated Colonel vowed that his brother and his nephew were traitors alike, and would have no further dealings with one or the other. Even poor innocent Sam Newcome, coming up to London from Oxford, where he had been plucked, and offering a hand to Clive, was frowned away by our Colonel, who spoke in terms of great displeasure to his son for taking the least notice of the young traitor.

Our Colonel was changed—changed in his heart, changed in his whole demeanour towards the world, and above all towards his son, for whom he had made so many kind sacrifices in his old days. We have said how, ever since Clive's marriage, a tacit strife had been growing up between father and son. The boy's evident unhappiness was like a reproach to his father. His very silence angered the old His want of confidence daily chafed and annoyed At the head of a large fortune, which he rightly persisted in spending, he felt angry with himself because he could not enjoy it; angry with his son, who should have helped him in the administration of his new estate, and who was but a listless, useless member of the little confederacy-a living protest against all the schemes of the good man's past The catastrophe in the City again brought father and son together somewhat, and the vindictiveness of both was roused by Barnes's treason. Time was when the Colonel himself would have viewed his kinsman more charitably, but fate and circumstance had angered that originally friendly and gentle disposition; bate and suspicion had mastered him, ourselves, or who

round their moth

Abel should one day grow larger, and senze a brand to slay him? Three fortunate he to whom circumstance is made easy, whom fate visits with gentle trial, and kindly Heaven keeps out of temptation.

and friend of mine, with me, stoutly de Tustice are good th

his clenched fist or common-sense of the world maintains them, against the

preaching of all the Honeymans that ever puled from the pulpit. I have not the least objection in life to a rogue being hung. When a scoundred is whipped I am pleased, and say, serve him right. If any gentleman will horsewhip Sir Barnes Newcome, Baronet, I shall not be shocked, but, on the contary, go home and order an extra mutton-chop for dinner."

"Ah! revenge is wrong, Pen," pleads the other counsellor; "let alone that the wisest and best of all Judges has

sellor; "let alone that the wisest and best of all Judges has condemned in. It blackens the hearts of men. It distorts their views of right. It sets them to devise evil. It causes them to think unjustly of others. It is not the noblest return for injury, not even the bravest way of meeting it. The greatest courage is to bear persecution, not to answer when you are revided, and when a wrong has been done you to forgive. I am sorry for what you call the Colonel's triumph and his enemy's humiliation. Let Barnes be as odious as you will, he ought never to have humiliated Ethel's brother; but he is weak. Other gentlemen as well are weak, Mr. Pen, although you are so much cleever than women. I have no patience with the Colonel, and I beg you to tell him, who has be asks you or not, that he has lost my good graces.

I, for one, will not huzzah at what his friends and flatterers call his triumphs, and that I don't think in this instance he has acted like the dear Colonel, and the good Colonel, and

the good Christian that I once thought him."

We must now tell what the Colonel and Clive had been doing, and what caused two such different opinions respecting their conduct from the two critics just named. The refusal of the London Banking House to accept the bills of the Great Indian Company of course affected very much the credit of that Company in this country. Sedative announcements were issued by the Directors in London; brilliant accounts of the Company's affairs abroad were published; proof incontrovertible was given that the B. B. C. was never in so flourishing a state as at that time when Hobson Brothers had refused its drafts. There could be no question that the Company had received a severe wound, and was deeply if not vitally injured by the conduct of the London firm.

The propensity to sell out became quite epidemic amongst the shareholders. Everybody was anxious to realize. Why, out of the thirty names inscribed on poor Mrs. Clive's cocoanut tree, no less than twenty deserters might be mentioned, or at least who would desert could they find an opportunity of doing so with arms and baggage. Wrathfully the good Colonel scratched the names of those faithless ones out of his daughter's visiting-book; haughtily he met them in the street. To desert the B. B. C. at the hour of peril was, in his idea, like applying for leave of absence on the eve of an action. He would not see that the question was not one of sentiment at all, but of chances and arithmetic; he would not hear with patience of men quitting the ship, as he called it. "They may go, sir," says he, "but let them never more be officers of mine." With scorn and indignation he paid off one or two timid friends, who were anxious to fly, and purchased their shares out of his own pocket. But his purse was not long enough for this kind of amusement. What money he had was invested in the Company already, and his name further pledged for meeting the engagements from which their late London Bankers had withdrawn.

Those gentlemen, in the meanwhile, spoke of their differences with the Indian Bank as quite natural, and laughed at

the absurd charges of personal hostility which poor Thomas Newcome publicly preferred. "Here is a hot-headed old Indian Dragoon," says Sir Barnes, "who knows no more about business than I do about cavalry tactics or Hindostanee; who gets into a partnership, along with other dragoons and Indian wiseacres, with some uncommonly wily old native practitioners; and they pay great dividends, and they set up a bank. Of course we will do these people's business as long as we are covered, but I have always told their manager that we would run no risks whatever, and close the account the very moment it did not suit us to keep it; and so we parted company six weeks ago, since when there has been a panic in the Company—a panic which has been increased by Colonel Newcome's absurd swagger and folly He says I am his enemy. Enemy indeed! So I am in private life, but what has that to do with business? In business, begad, there are no friends and no enemies at all. I leave all my sentiment on the other side of Temple Bar."

So Thomas Newcome, and Clive the son of Thomas, had wrath in their hearts against Barnes, their kinsman, and desired to be revenged upon him, and were eager after his undoing, and longed for an opportunity when they might meet him and overcome him, and put him to shame.

When men are in this frame of mind, a certain personage is said always to be at hand to help them, and give them occasion for indulging in their pretty little passion. What is sheer hate seems to the individual entertaining the sentiment

WE SHOULD HAVE HEATO OF NO SUCH ACTIVE HOSTITURES AS CHARGO.

CHAPTER XXVII.

IN WHICH MRS. CLIVE COMES INTO HER FORTUNE.

In speaking of the affairs of the B. B. C., Sir Barnes Newcome always took care to maintain his candid surprise relating to the proceedings of that Company. He set about evil reports against it; he endeavour to do it a wrong! absurd! If a friend were to ask him (and it was quite curious what a number did manage to ask him) whether he thought the Company was an advantageous investment, of course he would give an answer. He could not say conscientiously he thought so—never once had said so—in the time of their connection, which had been formed solely with a view of obliging his amiable uncle. It was a quarrelsome Company, a dragoon Company, a Company of gentlemen accustomed to gunpowder and fed on mulligatawny. He, forsooth, be hostile to it! There were some Companies that required no enemies at all, and would be pretty sure to go to the deuce

their own way. Thus, and with this amiable candour, spake Barnes about a commercial speculation the merits of which he had a right to canvass as well as any other citizen. As for Uncle Hobson, his conduct was characterized by a timidity which one would scarcely have expected from a gentleman of his florid, jolly countenance, active habits, and generally manly demeanour. He kept away from the cocoa-nut feast, as we have seen; he protested privily to the Colonel that his private goodwill continued undiminished; but he was deeply grieved at the B. B. C. affair, which took place while he was on the Continent-confound the Continent, my wife would go-and which was entirely without his cognizance. The Colonel received his brother's excuses, first with awful bows and ceremony, and finally with laughter. "My good Hobson," said he, with the most insufferable kindness, "of course you intended to be friendly; of course the affair was done without your knowledge. We understand that sort of thing. London bankers have no hearts: for these last fifty years past that I have known you and your brother, and my amiable nephew, the present commanding officer, has there been anything in your conduct that has led me to suppose you had?" and herewith Colonel Newcome burst out into a laugh. It was not a pleasant laugh to hear. Worthy Hobson took his hat, and walked away, brushing it round and round, and looking very confused. The Colonel strode after him downstairs, and made him an awful bow at the hall door. Never again did Hobson Newcome set foot in that Tyburnian mansion.

During the whole of that season of the testimonial the coorantu figured in an extraordinary number of banquets. The Colonel's hospitalities were more profuse than ever, and Mrs. Clive's toilettes more builliant. Clive, in his confidential conversations with his friends, was very dismal and gloomy. When I asked City news of our well-informed friend F. B., I am sorry to say his countenance became funereal. The B. B. C. shares, which had been at an immense premium twelve months since, were now slowly falling, falline.

"I wish," said Mr. Sherrick to me, "the Colonel would realize even now, like that Mr Ratray who has just come out of the ship, and brought a hundred thousand pounds

with him."

"Come out of the ship! You little know the Colonel,

Mr. Sherrick, if you think he will ever do that"

Mr. Ratray, though he had returned to Europe, gave the most cheering accounts of the B. B. C. It was in the most flourishing state. Shares sure to get up again. He had sold out entirely on account of his liver. Must come home; the

doctor said so.

Some months afterwards, another director, Mt Hedges, came home. Both of these gentlemen, as we know, entertained the fashionable world, got seats in Parlament, purchased places in the country, and were greatly respected. Mt. Hedges came out, but his wealthy partner, Mr. M'Gaspey, entered into the B. B. C. The entry of Mr. M'Gaspey into the affairs of the Company did not seem to produce very continuous in Facility. The shares slowly fell. How

In spite of this and

tain family enemies were mentioned, and he frowned like

Jove in anger.

We have seen how very fond little Rosey was of her mamma, of her timele, James Binnie, and now of her mana.

shameful.

tion, I am sure, the two gentlemen returned with all their hearts; and but that they were much too generous and simple-minded to entertain such a feeling, it may be won dered that the two good old boys were not a little jealous o one another. Howbeit it does not appear that they enter tained such a feeling; at least, it never interrupted the kindly friendship between them, and Clive was regarded in the light of a son by both of them, and each contented himsel with his moiety of the smiling little girl's affection.

As long as they were with her, the truth is, little Mrs. Clive was very fond of people, very docile, obedient, easily pleased brisk, kind, and good-humoured. She charmed her two old friends with little songs, little smiles, little kind offices, little caresses; and having administered Thomas Newcome's cigar to him in the daintiest, prettiest way, she would trip off to

drive with James Binnie, or sit at his dinner, if he was indis

posed, and be as gay, neat-handed, watchful, and attentive a

child as any old gentleman could desire. She did not seem to be very sorry to part with Mamma-a want of feeling which that lady bitterly deplored in her subsequent conversation with her friends about Mrs. Clive Newcome. Possibly there were reasons why Rosey should not be very much vexed at quitting Mamma; but surely she might have dropped a little tear as she took leave of kind good old James Binnie. Not she. The gentleman's voice faltered, but hers did not in the least. She kissed him on the face, all smiles, blushes, and happiness, and tripped into the railway carriage with her husband and father-in-law at Brussels, leaving the poor old uncle very sad. Our women said, I know not why, that little Rosey had no heart at all Women are accustomed to give such opinions respecting the wives of their newly-married friends. I am bound to add (and I do so during Mr. Clive Newcome's absence from England, otherwise I should not like to venture upon the statement) that some men concur with the ladies' opinion of Mrs. Clive. For instance, Captains Goby and Hoby declare that her treatment of the latter, her encouragement

and desertion of him when Clive made his proposals, were

At this time Rosey was in a pupillary state. A good,

at the orders of that experienced Campaigner giving up Bobby Hoby, and going to England to a fine house, to be presented at Court, to have all sorts of pleasure with a handsome young husband and a kind father-maw by her side? No wonder Rosey was not in a very active state of grief at parting from Uncle James. He strove to console hinself with these considerations when he had returned to the empty house, where she had danced and smiled and warbled; and he looked at the chart she sat in, and at the great mirror which had so often reflected her fresh, presty face—the great callous mirror, which now only framed upon its shining sheet the turban, and the ringlets, and the plump person, and the resolute smile of the cld Campaigner.

After that parting with her uncle at the Brussels railway, Rosey never again beheld him. He passed into the Campaigner's keeping, from which alone he was rescued by the summons of pailed death. He met that summons like a philosopher, rejected rather testily all the mortuary consolations which his nephew-in-law, Josey's husband, thought proper to bring to his bedside, and uttered opinions which scandalized that divine. But as he left Mrs. M'Craw only £ 500, thrice that sum to his sister, and the remainder of his property to his beloved niece. Rosa Mackenzie, now Rosa Newcome, let us trust that Mr. M'Craw, burt and angry at the ill-favour shown to his wife, his third young wife, his best beloved Josey, at the impatience with which the deceased had always received his, Mr M'Craw's, own sermons-let us hope. I say, that the reverend gentleman was mistaken in his views respecting the present position of Mr. James Binnie's soul, and that heaven may have some regions yet accessible to James which Mr. M'Craw's intellect has not yet explored. Look, gentlemen' Does a week pass without the announcement of the discovery of a new comet in the sky, a new star in the heaven, twinkling dunly out of a yet farther distance, and only now becoming visible to human ken though existent for ever and ever? So let

4.3

divine truths may be shining, and regions of light and love extant, which Geneva glasses cannot yet perceive, and are

beyond the focus of Roman telescopes.

I think Clive and the Colonel were more affected by the news of James's death than Rosey, concerning whose wonderful strength of mind good Thomas Newcome discoursed to my Laura and me, when, fancying that my friend's wife needed comfort and consolation, Mrs. Pendennis went to visit her. "Of course we shall have no more parties this year," sighed Rosey. She looked very pretty in her black dress. Clive, in his hearty way, said a hundred kind, feeling things about the departed friend. Thomas Newcome's recollections of him, and regret, were no less tender and sincere. "See," says he, "how that dear child's sense of duty makes her hide her feelings! Her grief is most deep, but she wears a calm countenance. I see her looking sad in private, but I no sooner speak than she smiles." "I think," said Laura, as we came away, "that Colonel Newcome performs all the courtship part of the marriage; and Clive, poor Clive, though he spoke very nobly and generously about Mr. Binnie, I am sure it is not his old friend's death merely which makes him so unhappy."

Poor Clive, by right of his wife, was now rich Clive—the little lady having inherited from her kind relative no inconsiderable sum of money. In a very early part of this story, mention has been made of a small sum producing one hundred pounds a year, which Clive's father had made over to the lad when he sent him from India. This little sum Mr. Clive had settled upon his wife before marriage, being indeed all he had of his own; for the famous bank shares which his father presented to him were only made over formally when the young man came to London after his marriage, and at the paternal request and order appeared as a most inefficient director of the B. B. C. Now Mrs. Newcome, of her own inheritance, possessed not only B. B. C. shares, but moneys in bank and shares in East India Stock; so that Clive, in the right of his wife, had a seat in the assembly of East India shareholders, and a voice in the election of directors of that famous Company. I promise you Mrs. Clive was a personage of no little importance. She carried her little head with an aplamb and gravity which amused some of us. F. B. bent his most respectfully down before her; she sent him on messages, and deigned to ask him to dinner. He once more wore a cheerful countenance; the clouds which gathered o'er the sun of Newcome were in the bosom of the ocean buried, Baybam said, by James Binnie's bulliant behaviour to his niece.

Clive was a proprietor of East India Stock, and had a vote in electing the directors of that Company; and who so fit to be a director of his affairs as Thomas Newcome, Esq., Companion of the Bath, and so long a distinguished officer in its army? To hold this position of director used, up to very late days, to be the natural ambition of many East Indian gentlemen.

offering himself as a

self on the lists, and .

interest was rather powerful through the Indian bank, of which he was a director, and many of the shareholders of which were proprietors of the East India Company. have a director of the B. B. C. also a member of the parliament in Leadenhall Street would naturally be beneficial to the former institution. Thomas Newcome's prospectuses were issued accordingly, and his canvass received with tolerable favour

Within a very short time another candidate appeared in the field-a retired Bombay lawyer, of considerable repute and large means-and at the head of this gentleman's committee appeared the names of Hobson Brothers and Newcome, very formidable personages at the East India House, with which the Bank of Hobson Brothers have had dealings for half a century past, and where the old lady who founded or consolidated that family had had three stars before her own venerable name, which had descended upon her son Sir Brian and her grandson Sir Barnes.

War was thus openly declared between Thomas Newcome and his nephew. The canvass on both sides was very hot and eager. The number of promises was pretty equal. The election was not to come off yet for a while; for aspirants to the honourable office of director used to announce wishes years before they could be fulfilled, and r.

and the Colonel, turning round with some dignity, asked the

cause of George's amusement.

"What do you think your darling, Sir Barnes Newcome Newcome, has been doing during the recess?" cries War-"I had a letter this morning from my liberal and punctual employer, Thomas Potts, Esquire, of the Newcome Independent, who states, in language scarcely respectful, that Sir Barnes Newcome Newcome is trying to come the religious dodge, as Mr. Potts calls it. He professes to be stricken down by grief on account of late family circumstances; wears black, and puts on the most piteous aspect, and asks ministers of various denominations to tea with him; and the last announcement is the most stupendous of all. Stop, I have it in my greatcoat;" and ringing the bell, George orders a servant to bring him a newspaper from his greatcoat "Here it is, actually in print," Warrington continues, and reads to us:-" 'Newcome Athenæum. I. For the benefit of the Newcome Orphan Children's Home; and 2. for the benefit of the Newcome Soup Association, without distinction of denomination. Sir Barnes Newcome Newcome, Bart., proposes to give two lectures, on Friday the 23rd and Friday the 30th, instant. No. 1. The Poetry of Childhood: Doctor Watts, Mrs. Barbauld, Jane Taylor. No. 2. The Poetry of Womanhood and the Affections: Mrs. Hemans, L.E.L. Threepence will be charged at the doors, which will go to the use of the above two admirable Societies.' Potts wants me to go down and hear him. He has an eye to business. He has had a quarrel with Sir Barnes, and wants me to go down and hear him and smash him, he kindly says.—Let us go down, Clive. You shall draw your cousin, as you have drawn his villanous little mug a hundred times before; and I will do the smashing part, and we will have some fun out of the transaction."

"Besides, Florac will be in the country; going to Rosebury is a journey worth the taking, I can tell you; and we have old Mrs. Mason to go and see, who sighs after you, Colonel. My wife went to see her," remarks Mr. Pendennis, "and——"

"And Miss Newcome, I know," says the Colonel.

"She is away at Brighton, with her little charges, for sea air. My wife heard from her to-day."

"Oh, indeed. Mrs. Pendemis corresponds with her?" says our host, darking under his epebrows, and at this moment my neighbour, F. B., is kind enough to scrunch my foot under the table with the weight of his heel, as much at to warn me, by an appeal to my own corns, to avoid treading on so delicate a subject in that house. "Yes," said 1, in spite, perhaps in consequence, of this interruption. "My wife does correspond with Miss Ethel, who is a noble cractuce, and whom those who know her know how to love and admire. She is very much changed since you knew her, Colonel Newcome—since the misfortures in Sir Rarnes's family and the differences between you and him, very much changed and very much moroved. Ask my wife about her, who knows her most intimately, and hears from her constantly."

"Very likely, very likely," cried the Colonel hurriedly.
"I hope she is improved, with all my heart. I am sure there was room for it—Gentlemen, shall we go up to the ladies and have some coffee?" And herewith the colloury ended,

and the party ascended to the drawing-room.

The party ascended to the drawing-room, where no doubt both the ladies were pleased by the invasion which ended their talk. My wife and the Colonel talked apart, and I saw the latter looking gloomy, and the former pleading very eagerly, and using a great deal of action, as the little hands are wont to do when the mistress's heart is very much moved. I was sure she was pleading Ethel's cause with her uncle.

So indeed she was. And Mr. George, too, knew what her thoughts were "Look at her!" he said to me, "don't you see what she is doing? She believes in that gril whom you all said Clive took a fancy to before he married his present little placid wrie; a nice little simple creature, who is worth a dozen Ethels."

"Simple, certainly," says Mr. P., with a shrug of th

shoulder.

"A simpleton of twenty is better than a road of twenty. It is better not to have thought at all than to have thought and things as must go through a girl's mind whose hie is permit in lilting and being pitted, whose eyes, as soon as the invocenced, are turned to the main chance, and are turned.

12.

leer at an earl, to languish at a marquis, and to grow blind before a commoner. I don't know much about fashionable 318 life. Heaven help us! (you young Brummell! I see the reproach in your face!) Why, sir, it absolutely appears to

me as if this little hop-o'-my-thumb of a creature has begun to give herself airs since her marriage and her carriage.

you know, I rather thought she patronized me? Are all women spoiled by their contact with the world, and their bloom rubbed off in the market? I know one who seems to me to remain pure! to be sure I only know her, and this little person, and Mrs. Flanagan, our laundress, and my

sisters at home, who don't count. But that Miss Newcome to whom once you introduced me? Oh the cockatrice! only that poison don't affect your wife, the other would kill her. I hope the Colonel will not believe a word which Laura says." And my wife's tête-à-tête with our host coming to an end about this time, Mr. Warrington in high spirits goes up to the ladies, recapitulates the news of Barnes's lecture, recites "How doth the little busy bee," and gives a quasi-satirical comment upon that well-known poem, which bewilders Mrs. Clive, until, set on by the laughter of the rest of the audience, she laughs very freely at that odd man, and calls

him "you droll satirical creature you!" and says "she never was so much amused in her life. Were you, Mrs Meanwhile Clive, who has been sitting apart moodily biting his nails, not listening to F. B.'s remarks, has broken into Pendennis?" laugh once or twice, and gone to a writing-book, on which whilst George is still disserting, Clive is drawing.

At the end of the other's speech, F. B. goes up to the draughtsman, looks over his shoulder, makes one or to violent efforts as of inward convulsion, and finally exploc in an enormous guffaw. "It's capital! by Jove, it's capit Sir Barnes would never dare to face his constituents with t picture of him hung up in Newcome!"

And F. B. holds up the drawing, at which we all laugh exc As for the Colonel, he paces up and down the ro holding the sketch close to his eyes, holding it away f him, patting it, clapping his son delightedly on the shou "Capital! We'll have the picture printed, by] sir; show vice its own image, and shame the viper in his own nest, sir. That's what we will."

Mrs. Pendennis came away with rather a heavy heart from this party. She chose to interest herself about the right or wrong of her friends, and her mind was disturbed by the Colonel's vindictive spirit. On the subsequent day we had occasion to visit our friend J. J. (who was completing the sweetest little picture, No. 263 in the Exhibition, "Portrait of a Lady and Child"), and we found that Clue had been with the painter that morning likewise, and that J. J. was acquainted with his scheme. That he did not approve of it we could read in the attist's grave countenance. "Nor does Clive approve of it either!" crice Rulley, with greater eagerness than he tusually displayed, and more openness than he was accustomed to exhibit in judging unfavourably of his friends.

"Among them they have taken him away from his art," Ridley said. "They don't understand him when he talks about it; they despise him for pursuing it. Why should I wonder at that? my parents despised it too, and my father was not a grand gentleman like the Colonel, Mrs Pendennis. Ah! why did the Colonel ever grow nch? Why had not Cline to work for his bread as I have? He would have done something that was worthy of him then; now his time must be spent in dancing attendance at balls and operas, and vawning at City board rooms. They call that business : they think he is idling when he comes here, poor fellow 1 As if life was long enough for our art, and the best labour we can give good enough for it! He went away groaning this morning, and quite saddened in spirits The Colonel wants to set up himself for Parliament, or to set Clive up; but he says he won't. I hope he won't; do not you, Mrs. Pendennis?"

The painter turned as he spoke, and the bright northern light which fell upon the satter's head was intercepted, and lighted up his own as he addressed us. Out of that bright light looked his pale, thoughtful face, and long locks and eager brown eyes. The palette on his arm was a great sheld painted of many colours, he carried his maulstick a sheaf of brushes alone with it—the weapons of his.

but harmless war. With these he achieves conquests wherein none are wounded save the envious; with that he shelters him against how much idleness, ambition, temptation! Occupied over that consoling work, idle thoughts cannot gain the mastery over him; selfish wishes or desires are kept at bay. Art is truth, and truth is religion, and its study and practice a daily work of pious duty. What are the world's struggles, brawls, successes, to that calm recluse pursuing his calling? See, twinkling in the darkness round his chamber, numberless beautiful trophies of the graceful victories which he has won—sweet flowers of fancy reared by him—kind shapes of beauty which he has devised and moulded. The world enters into the artist's studio, and scornfully bids him a price for his genius, or makes dull pretence to admire it. What know you of his art? You cannot read the alphabet of that sacred book, good old Thomas Newcome! What can you tell of its glories, joys, secrets, consolations? Between his two best beloved mistresses poor Clive's luckless father somehow interposes, and with sorrowful, even angry * protests. In place of Art the Colonel brings him a ledger, and in lieu of first love shows him Rosey.

No wonder that Clive hangs his head; rebels sometimes, desponds always: he has positively determined to refuse to stand for Newcome, Ridley says. Laura is glad of his refusal, and begins to think of him once more as of the Clive

of old days.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

IN WHICH THE COLONEL AND THE NEWCOME ATHENÆUM ARE BOTH LECTURED.

At breakfast with his family, on the morning after the little entertainment to which we were bidden, in the last chapter, Colonel Newcome was full of the projected invasion of Barnes's territories, and delighted to think that there was an opportunity of at last humiliating that rascal.

opportunity of at last humiliating that rascal.

"Clive does not think he is a rascal at all, papa," cries Rosey, from behind her tea-urn—"that is, you said you thought papa judged him too harshly; you know you did,

this morning!" And from her husband's angry glances, she fites to his father's for protection. Those were even fiterath an Clive's. Revenge flashed from beneath Thomas Newcome's grizzled eyebrows, and glanced in the direction where Clive sat. Then the Colonel's face flushed up, and he cast his eyes down towards his teacup, which he lifted with a trembling hand. The father and son loved each other so, that each was afraid of the other. A war between two such men is dreadful. Pretty little pink-faced Rosey, in a sweet little morning cap and ribbons, her pretty hule fingers twink-ling with a score of rings, sat simpering before her silver team, which reflected her pretty little bink babe for a liver team.

"My boy's heart is gone from me," thinks poor Thomas Newcome. "Our family is insulted, one enterpolaring by that traitor, and my sc

care for the success of our

even. I make him a position of which any young man in England might be proud, and Clive scarcely deigns to ac-

cept it."

"My wife appeals to my father," thinks poor Clive; "it is in from him she asks counsel, and not from me. Be it about the ribbon in her cep, or any other transaction in our lives, she takes the recolour from his opinion, and goes to him for advice, and I have to wait till it is given, and conform myself to it. If I differ from the dear old father, I wound him; if I yield up my opinion, as I do always, it is with a bad grace, and I wound him still. With the best intentions in the world, what a slave's life it is that he has made for me 1"

"How interested you are in your papers," resumes the sprightly Rosey. "What can you find in those horid politics?" Both gentlemen are looking at their papers with all their might, and no doubt cannot see one single word which those brilliant and witty leading articles contain.

"Clive is like you, Rosey," says the Colonel, laying his

paper down, "and does not care for politics."

"He only cares for pictures, papa," says Mrs Clive. "He would not drive with me yesterday in the Park, but spent

hours in his room, while you were toiling in the City, poor papa!—spent hours painting a horrid beggar-man dressed up as a monk. And this morning he got up quite early, quite early, and has been out ever so long, and only came in for breakfast just now! just before the bell rung."

"I like a ride before breakfast," says Clive.

"A ride! I know where you have been, sir! He goes away morning after morning to that little Mr. Ridley's—his chum, papa—and he comes back with his hands all over horrid paint. He did this morning; you know you did, Clive."

"I did not keep any one waiting, Rosey," says Clive. "I

"I did not keep any one waiting, Rosey," says Clive. "I like to have two or three hours at my painting when I can spare them." Indeed, the poor fellow used so to run away of summer mornings for Ridley's instructions, and gallop home again, so as to be in time for the family meal.

"Yes," cries Rosey, tossing up the cap and ribbons, "he gets up so early in the morning that at night he falls asleep

after dinner; very pleasant and polite, isn't he, papa?"

"I am up betimes too, my dear," says the Colonel (many and many a time he must have heard Clive as he left the house); "I have a great many letters to write, affairs of the greatest importance to examine and conduct. Mr. Betts from the City is often with me for hours before I come down to your breakfast-table. A man who has the affairs of such a great bank as ours to look to, must be up with the lark. We are all early risers in India."

"You dear kind papa!" says little Rosey, with unfeigned admiration, and she puts out one of the plump white little jewelled hands, and pats the lean brown paw of the Colonel

which is nearest to her.

"Is Ridley's picture getting on well, Clive?" asks the Colonel, trying to interest himself about Ridley and his picture.

"Very well; it is beautiful; he has sold it for a great price. They must make him an academician next year,"

replies Clive.

"A most industrious and meritorious young man; he deserves every honour that may happen to him," says the old soldier. "Rosey, my dear, it is time that you should ask Mr. Ridley to dinner, and Mr. Smee, and some of those

gentlemen. We will drive this afternoon and see your

"Clive does not go to sleep after dinner when Mr. Ridley

comes here," cries Rosey.

"No; I think it is my turn then," says the Colonel, with a glance of kindness. The anger has disappeared from under his brows; at that moment the menaced battle is

postponed.

"And yet I know that it must come," says poor Clive, telling me the story as he hangs on my arm and we pace through the Park. "The Colonel and I are walking on a mine, and that poor little wife of mine is perpetually flinging little shells to fire it. I sometimes wish it were blown up and I were done for, Pen. I don't think my widow would break her heart about me. No; I have no right to say that; it's a shame to say that, she tries her very best to please me, poor little dear. It's the fault of my temper, perhaps, that she can't; but they neither understand me, don't you see, The Colonel can't help thinking I am a degraded being, because I am fond of painting Still, dear old boy, he patronizes Ridley; a man of genius, whom those sentries ought to salute, by Jove, sir, when he passes. Ridley patronized by an old officer of Indian dragoons, a little bit of a Rosey, and a fellow who is not fit to lay his palette for him! I want sometimes to ask J. J.'s pardon, after the Colonel has been talking to him in his confounded condescending way, uttering some awful bosh about the fine arts. Rosey follows him, and trips round J. J.'s studio, and pretends to admire, and says, 'How soft, how sweet!' recalling some of mamma-in-law's dreadful expressions, which make me shudder when I hear them. If my poor old father had a confidant into whose arm he could hook his own, and whom he could pester with his family griefs as I do you, the dear old boy would have his dreary story to tell too. I hate banks, bankers, Bundelcund, indigo, cotton, and the whole business. I go to that confounded board, and never hear one syllable that the fellows are talking about. I sit there because he wishes me to sit there. Don't you think he sees that my heart is out of the business, that I would at home in my painting-room? We don't understan

other, but we feel each other as it were by instinct. Each thinks in his own way, but knows what the other is thinking. We fight mute battles, don't you see? and our thoughts, though we don't express them, are perceptible to one another, and come out from our eyes, or pass out from us somehow,

and meet, and fight, and strike, and wound."

Of course Clive's confidant saw how sore and unhappy the poor fellow was, and commiserated his fatal but natural condition. The little ills of life are the hardest to bear, as we all very well know. What would the possession of a hundred thousand a year, or fame, and the applause of one's countrymen, or the loveliest and best-beloved woman—of any glory, and happiness, or good-fortune, avail to a gentleman, for instance, who was allowed to enjoy them only with the condition of wearing a shoe with a couple of nails or sharp pebbles inside it? All fame and happiness would disappear, and plunge down that shoe. All life would rankle round those little nails. I strove, by such philosophic sedatives as confidants are wont to apply on these occasions, to soothe my poor friend's anger and pain; and I dare say the little nails hurt the patient just as much as before.

Clive pursued his lugubrious talk through the Park, and continued it as far as the modest-furnished house which we then occupied in the Pimlico region. It so happened that the Colonel and Mrs. Clive also called upon us that day, and found this culprit in Laura's drawing-room, when they entered it, descending out of that splendid barouche in which we

have already shown Mrs. Clive to the public.

"He has not been here for months before; nor have you, Rosey; nor have you, Colonel; though we have smothered our indignation, and been to dine with you, and to call, ever

so many times!" cries Laura.

The Colonel pleaded his business engagements; Rosey, that little woman of the world, had a thousand calls to make, and who knows how much to do, since she came out. She had been to fetch papa at Bays's, and the porter had told the Colonel that Mr. Clive and Mr. Pendennis had just left the club together.

"Clive scarcely ever drives with me," says Rosey; "papa

almost always does."

"Rosey's is such a swell carriage that I feel ashamed,"

says Clive. "I don't understand you young men. I don't see why you need be ashamed to go on the Course with your wife in

her carriage, Clive," remarks the Colonel. "The Course! the Course is at Calcutta, papa!" cries

" We drive in the Park." "We have a park at Barrackpore too, my dear," says

papa.

"And he calls his grooms saices! He said he was going to send away a saice for being tipsy, and I did not know in "Mr. Newcome! you must go and drive on the Course

the least what he could mean, Laura !"

with Rosey, now; and the Colonel must sit and talk with me. whom he has not been to see for such a long time." Clive presently went off in state by Rosey's side, and then Laura showed Colonel Newcome his beautiful white Cashmere shawl round a successor of that little person who had first been wrapped in that web, now a stout young gentleman whose noise could be clearly heard in the upper regions

"I wish you could come down with us, Arthur, upon our electioneering visit."

"That of which you were talking last night? Are you bent upon it?"

"Yes. I am determined on it"

Laura heard a child's cry at this moment, and left the room with a parting glance at her husband, who in fact had talked over the matter with Mrs. Pendennis, and agreed with her in opinion

As the Colonel had opened the question, I ventured to make a respectful remonstrance against the scheme. Vindictiveness on the part of a man so simple and generous, so fair and noble in all his dealings as Thomas Newcome, appeared in my mind unworthy of him. Surely his kinsman had

sorrow and humiliation enough already at home. Barnes's further punishment, we thought, might be left to time, to remorse, to the Judge of right and wrong, who better understands than we can do our causes and temptations

towards evil actions, who reserves the sentence for His own tribunal. But when angered, the best of us mistake our own motives, as we do those of the enemy who inflames us. What may be private revenge, we take to be indignant virtue and just revolt against wrong. The Colonel would not hear of counsels of moderation, such as I bore him from a sweet Christian pleader. "Remorse!" he cried out with a laugh, "that villain will never feel it until he is tied up and whipped at the cart's tail! Time change that rogue! Unless he is wholesomely punished, he will grow a greater scoundrel every year. I am inclined to think, sir," says he, his honest brows darkling as he looked towards me, "that you too are spoiled by this wicked world, and these heartless, fashionable, fine people. You wish to live well with the enemy, and with us too, Pendennis. It can't be. He who is not with us is against us. I very much fear, sir, that the women, the women, you understand, have been talking you over. Do not let us speak any more about this subject, for I don't wish that my son and my son's old friend should have a quarrel." His face became red, his voice quivered with agitation, and he looked with glances which I was pained to behold in those kind old eyes; not because his wrath and suspicion visited myself, but because an impartial witness, nay, a friend to Thomas Newcome in that family quarrel, I grieved to think that a generous heart was led astray, and to see a good man do wrong. So with no more thanks for his interference than a man usually gets who meddles in domestic strifes, the present luckless advocate ceased pleading.

To be sure, the Colonel and Clive had other advisers, who did not take the peaceful side. George Warrington was one of these. He was for war à Poutrance with Barnes Newcome; for keeping no terms with such a villain. He found a pleasure in hunting him and whipping him. "Barnes ought to be punished," George said, "for his poor wife's misfortune; it was Barnes's infernal cruelty, wickedness, selfishness, which had driven her into misery and wrong." Mr. Warrington went down to Newcome, and was present at that lecture whereof mention has been made in a preceding chapter. I am afraid his behaviour was very indecorous: he laughed at the pathetic allusions of the respected member for Newcome; he sneered at the sublime passages; he wrote an awful critique in the Newcome Independent two days after, whereof

the irony was so subtle, that half the readers of the paper mistook his grave soom for respect and his gibes for praise.

the Colonel visited the place for the purpose of seeing his dear old friend and pensioner, Mrs. Mason, who was now not long to enjoy his bounty, and so old as scarcely to know not long to enjoy in a sound, and so that as section of another the remetators. Only after the sleep, or when the sun warmed her and the old wine with which he supplied her, was the good old woman able to recognize the Colonel. She mingled father and son tegether in her mind. A lady who now often came into her thought is the was wandering in her talk when the poor old woman spoke of a visit she had had from her boy; and then the attendant told Miss Newcome that such a visit had actually taken place, and that but yesterday Clive and his father had been in that room, and occupied the chair where she sat. "The young lady was taken quite ill, and seemed ready to faint almost," Mrs. Mason's servant and spokeswoman told Colonel Newcome when that gentleman arrived shortly after Ethel's departure, to see his old nurse. "Indeed! he was very sorry." The mad told many stories about Miss Newcome's goodness and chanty, how she was constantly visiting the poor now; how she was for ever engaged in good works for the young, the sick, and the aged. She had had a dreadful misfortune in love, she was going to be married to a young marquis, richer even than Prince de Montcontour down at Rosebury, but it was all broke off on account of that dreadful affair at the Hall

"Was she very good to the poor? did she come often to see her grandfather's old finend? It was no more than she ought to do? Colonel Newcome said, without, however, thinking fit to tell his informant that he had himself met his nicce Ethel, five minutes before he had entered Mrs. Mason's door.

The poor thing was in discourse with Mr. Harns the surgeon, and talking (as best she might, for no doubt the news which she had just heard had agitated her), talking about blankets, and arrowroot, wine, and medicaments for

her poor, when she saw her uncle coming towards her. She tottered a step or two forwards to meet him, held both her hands out, and called his name; but he looked her sternly in the face, took off his hat and bowed, and passed on. He did not think fit to mention the meeting even to his son, Clive; but we may be sure Mr. Harris, the surgeon, spoke of the circumstance that night after the lecture, at the club, where a crowd of gentlemen were gathered together, smoking their cigars, and enjoying themselves according to their custom, and discussing Sir Barnes Newcome's performance.

According to established usage in such eases, our esteemed representative was received by the committee of the Newcome Athenœum, assembled in their committee-room, and thence marshalled by the chairman and vice-chairman to his rostrum in the lecture hall, round about which the magnates of the institution and the notabilities of the town were rallied on this public occasion. The Baronet came in some state from his own house, arriving at Newcome in his carriage with four horses, accompanied by my lady, his mother, and Miss Ethel, his beautiful sister, who was now mistress at the Hall. His little girl was brought-five years old now; she sate on her aunt's knee, and slept during a greater part of the performanec. A fine bustle, we may be sure, was made on the introduction of these personages to their reserved seats on the platform, where they sate encompassed by others of the great ladies of Newcome, to whom they and the lecturer were especially gracious at this season. Was not Parliament about to be dissolved, and were not the folks at Newcome Park particularly civil at that interesting period? So Barnes Newcome mounts his pulpit, bows round to the crowded assembly in acknowledgment of their buzz of applause or recognition, passes his lily-white poeket-handkerchief aeross his thin lips, and dashes off into his lecture about Mrs. Hemans, and the poetry of the affections. A public man, a commercial man as we well know, yet his heart is in his home, and his joy in his affections. The presence of this immense assembly here this evening-of the industrious capitalists, of the intelligent middle class, of the pride and mainstay of England, the operatives of Newcome—these, surrounded by their wives and their children (a graceful bow to the bonnets to the right of

the platform), show that they too have hearts to feel, and homes to cherish-that they too feel the love of women, the innozence of children, the love of song! Our lecturer then makes a distinction between man's poetry and woman's poetry, charging considerably in favour of the latter. show that to appeal to the affections is after all the true office of the bard; to decorate the homely threshold to wreathe flowers round the domestic hearth, the delightful duty of the Christian singer. We glance at Mrs Hemans's biography, and state where she was born, and under what circumstances she must have at first, etc., etc. Is this a correct account of Sir Barnes Newcome's lecture? I was not present, and did not read the report. Very likely the above may be a reminiscence of that mock lecture which Warrington delivered in anticipation of the Baronet's oration.

After he had read for about five minutes, it was remarked the Baronet suddenly stopped, and became exceedingly confused over his manuscript, betaking himself to his auxiliary glass of water before he resumed his discourse, which for a long time was languid, low, and disturbed in tone. This period of disturbance, no doubt, must have occurred when Sir Barnes saw before him F. Bayham and Warrington seated in the amphitheatre, and, by the side of those fierce scornful

countenances, Clive Newcome's pale face.
Clive Newcome was not looking at Barnes. His eyes were fixed upon the lady seated not far from the lecturer --upon Ethel, with her arm round her little niece's shoulder, and her thick black ringlets drooping down over a face paler

than Clive's own.

Of course she knew that Clive was present. She was aware of him as she entered the hall; saw him at the very first moment; saw nothing but him, I dare say, though her eves were shut and her head was turned now towards her mother, and now bent down on the little niece's golden curis. And the past and us dear histories, and jouth and its hopes and passions, and tones and looks for ever echoing in the heart, and present in the memory-these, no doubt, poor Clive saw and heard as he looked across the great gulf of time, and parting, and greef, and beheld the woman he had loved for many years. There she sits; the same, but changed: as gone from him as if she were dead; departed indeed into another sphere, and entered into a kind of death. If there is no love more in yonder heart, it is but a corpse unburied. Strew round it the flowers of youth. Wash it with tears of passion. Wrap it and envelop it with fond devotion. Break heart, and fling yourself on the bier, and kiss her cold lips and press her hand! It falls back dead on the cold breast again. The beautiful lips have never a blush or a smile. Cover them and lay them in the ground, and so take thy hat-band off, good friend, and go to thy business. Do you suppose you are the only man who has had to attend such a funeral? You will find some men smiling and at work the day after. Some come to the grave now and again out of the world, and say a brief prayer, and a "God bless her!" With some men, she gone, and her viduous mansion your heart to let, her successor, the new occupant, poking in all the drawers, and corners, and cupboards of the tenement, finds her miniature and some of her dusty old letters hidden away somewhere, and says-Was this the face he admired so? Why, allowing even for the painter's flattery, it is quite ordinary, and the eyes certainly do not look straight. Are these the letters you thought so charming? Well, upon my word, I never read anything more commonplace in my life! See, here's a line half blotted out. Oh, I suppose she was crying then-some of her tears, idle tears......Hark, there is Barnes Newcome's eloquence still plapping on like water from a cistern-and our thoughts, where have they wandered? far away from the lecture—as far away as Clive's almost. And now the fountain ceases to trickle; the mouth from which issued that cool and limpid flux ceases to smile; the figure is seen to bow and retire; a buzz, a hum, a whisper, a scuffle, a meeting of bonnets and wagging of feathers and rustling of silks ensue. "Thank you! delightful, I am sure!" "I really was quite overcome!" "Excellent!" "So much obliged," are rapid phrases heard amongst the polite on the platform. While down below, "Yaw! quite enough of that." "Mary Jane, cover your throat up, and don't kitch cold; and don't push me, please, sir." "Arry! coom along and 'av a pint a' ale," etc., are the remarks heard, or perhaps not heard, by Clive Newcome, as he watches at the private

ntrance of the Athenaum, where Sir Barnes's carriage is rating, with its flaming lamps, and domestics in state liveries. One of them comes out of the building bearing the little girl in his arms, and lays her in the carriage. Then Sir Barnes, and Lady Ann, and the Mayor. Then Ethel issues forth, and no the process under the house behalds. and as she passes under the lamps, beholds Clive's face as

Shall we go visit the lodge-gates of Newcome Park with the moon shining on their carving? Is there any pleasure i pale and sad as her own. walking by miles of grey paling, and endless palisades of firs O you fool, what do you hope to see behind that curtain Absurd fugrave, whather would you run? Can you burst the tother of fate; and is not poor dear little Rosey Macken siting youder waiting for you by the stake? Go home, and don't eatch cold. So Mr. Chive returns to the Kir Arms, and up to his bedroom, and he hears Mr. F. I ham's deep voice as he passes by the Boscawen Room, w the Jolly Britons are as usual assembled.

CHAPTER XXIX

NEWCOME AND LIEERTY.

We have said that the Baronet's lecture was discussed midnight senate assembled at the Kings Arms, whe midnight senate assembled at the Augs Actus, who Tom Potts showed the orator no metry. The senate King's Arms was hostile to Sir Bames Newcome. other Newcomites besides were savage and inclined t against the representative of their borough. As these met over their cups, and over the bumper of fr uttered the sentiments of freedom, they had often one another, where should a man be found to rid I of its dictator? Generous hearts writhed under the sion; parnote eyes scowled when Barnes News by; with fine satire, Tom Potts at Brown the hat who made the hats for Sir Barnes Newcome's proposed to take one of the beavers—a gold-laced cookade and a cord—and set it up in the market hid all Newcome come bow to it, as to the hat "Don't you think, Potts," says F. Bayham, who of course was admitted into the King's Arms club, and ornamented that assembly by his presence and discourse—"don't you think the Colonel would make a good William Tell to combat against that Gessler?" Ha! Proposal received with acclamation; eagerly adopted by Charles Tucker, Esq., Attorneyat-Law, who would not have the slightest objection to conduct Colonel Newcome's or any other gentleman's electioneering business in Newcome or elsewhere.

Like those three gentlemen in the plays and pictures of William Tell who conspire under the moon, calling upon liberty, and resolving to elect Tell as their especial championlike Arnold, Melchthal, and Werner-Tom Potts, F. Bayham, and Charles Tucker, Esqs., conspired round a punch-bowl, and determined that Thomas Newcome should be requested to free his country. A deputation from the electors of Newcome-that is to say, these very gentlemen-waited on the Colonel in his apartment the very next morning, and set before him the state of the borough: Barnes Newcome's tyranny, under which it groaned; and the yearning of all honest men to be free from that usurpation. Newcome received the deputation with great solemnity and politeness, crossed his legs, folded his arms, smoked his cheroot, and listened most decorously, as now Potts, now Tucker, expounded to him; Bayham giving the benefit of his emphatic "hear, hear," to their statements, and explaining dubious phrases to the Colonel in the most affable manner.

Whatever the conspirators had to say against poor Barnes, Colonel Newcome was only too ready to believe. He had made up his mind that that criminal ought to be punished and exposed. The lawyer's covert innuendoes, who was ready to insinuate any amount of evil against Barnes which could safely be uttered, were by no means strong enough for Thomas Newcome. "'Sharp practice! exceedingly alive to his own interests—reported violence of temper and tenacity of money:' say swindling at once, sir—say falsehood and rapacity—say cruelty and avarice!" cries the Colonel. "I believe, upon my honour and conscience, that unfortunate young man to be guilty of every one of those crimes."

Mr. Bayham remarks to Mr. Potts that our friend the

Colonel, when he does utter an opinion, takes care that there shall be no mistake about it.

"And I took care there should be no mistake before I uttered it at all, Bayham' cries F. R's patron. "As long as I was in any doubt about this young man, I gave the criminal the benefit of it, as a man who admires our glorous constitution should do, and kept my own counsel, sir."

"At least," remarks Mr. Tucker, "enough is proven to

show that Sir Barnes Newcome Newcome, Baronet, is scarce

Barnes Newcome should sit in it—a man whose word you cannot trust; a man stained with every private crime! What right has he to sit in the assembly of the legislators of the land, sir?" cries the Colonel, waving his hand as if addressing a chamber of deputies

"You are for upholding the House of Commons?" in-

quires the lawyer.

"Of course, sir, of course." "And for increasing the franchise, Colonel Newcome, I

should hope?" continues Mr. Tucker.
"Every man who can read and write ought to have a vote,

sir; that is my opinion!" cnes the Colonel.

"He's a Liberal to the backbone," says Potts to Tucker.

"To the backbone!" responds Tucker to Potts. "The

Colonel will do for us. Potts."

"We want such a man, Tucker; the Independent has been crying out for such a man for years past. We ought to have a Liberal as second representative of this great town, not a sneaking half-and-half ministerialist like Sir Barnes—a fellow with one leg in the Carlton and the other in Brookes's. Old Mr. Bunce we can't touch. His place is safe, he is a good man of business. We can't meddle with Mr. Bunce—I know that, who know the feeling of the country pretty well "
"Pretty well i better than any man in Newcome, Potts!"

cries Mr. Tucker. "But a good man like the Colonel-a good Liberal like he Colonel-a man who goes in for household suffrage

"Certainly, gentlemen."

"And the general great Liberal principles-we know, of course-such a man would assuredly have a chance against Sir Barnes Newcome at the coming election, could we find such a man—a real friend of the people! I know a friend of the people if ever there was one," F. Bayham interposes.

"A man of wealth, station, experience; a man who has fought for his country; a man who is beloved in this place as you are, Colonel Newcome—for your goodness is known, sir—You are not ashamed of your origin, and there is not a Newcomite, old or young, but knows how admirably good you have been to your old friend, Mrs .- Mrs. What-d'you-call'em."

"Mrs. Mason," from F. B.

"Mrs. Mason. If such a man as you, sir, would consent to put himself in nomination at the next election, every true Liberal in this place would rush to support you, and crush

the oligarch who rides over the liberties of this borough!"
"Something of this sort, gentlemen, I own to you had crossed my mind," Thomas Newcome remarked. "When I saw that disgrace to my name and the name of my father's birthplace representing the borough in Parliament, I thought, for the credit of the town and the family, the member for Newcome at least might be an honest man. I am an old soldier, have passed all my life in India, and am little conversant with affairs at home (cries of 'You are, you are'). I hoped that my son, Mr. Clive Newcome, might have been found qualified to contest this borough against his unworthy cousin, and possibly to sit as your representative in Parliament. The wealth I have had the good fortune to amass will descend to him naturally, and at no very distant period of time, for I am nearly seventy years of age, gentlemen."

The gentlemen are astonished at this statement.

"But," resumed the Colonel, "my son Clive, as friend Bayham knows, and to my own regret and mortification, as I don't care to confess to you, declares he has no interest in politics or desire for public distinction; prefers his own pursuits-and even these I fear do not absorb him; declines the offer which I made him, to present himself in opposition to Sir Barnes Newcome. It becomes men in a certain station, as I think, to assert that station; and though a few years back I never should have thought of public life at all,

and proposed to end my days in quiet as a retired dragoon officer, since—since it has pleased Heaven to increase very greatly my pecuniary means, to place me, as a director and manager of an important.

"Colonel, will you attend a meeting of electors which we will call, and say as much to them and as well?" cries Mr. Potts. "Shall I put an announcement in my paper to the effect that you are ready to come forward?"

"I am prepared to do so, my good sir."

And presently this solemn polaver ended.

Besides the critical article upon the Baroner's lecture, or which Mr. Warrington was the author, there appeared in the leading columns of the cristing number of Mr. Potts's Independent some remarks of a very smashing or hostile nature against the member for Newcome. "This gentleman has shown such talent in the lecture."

from '

arts warmen are uncerstained pest-namely, poetry and the domestic affections. The performance of our talented representative last night was so pathetic as to bring tears into the eyes of several of our fair friends. We have heard but never believed until now that Sir Barnes Newcome possessed such a genius for making women cry. Last week we had the talented Miss Noakes from Slowcome, reading Milton to us; how far superior was the eloquence of Sir Barnes Newcome Newcome, Bart., even to that of the celebrated actress! Bets were freely offered in the room last night that Sir Barnes would beat any woman-bets which were not taken, as we scarcely need say, so well do our citizens appreciate the character of our excellent, our admirable representative. Let the Baronet stick to his lectures, and let Newcome relieve him of his political occupations. He is not fit for them; he is too sentimental a man for us The men of Newcome want a sound, practical person, the Liberals of Newcome have a desire to be represented. When we elected Sir Darnes

talked liberally enough, and we thought he would do; but you see the honourable Baronet is so poetical we ought to have known that, and not to have believed him. Let us have a straightforward gentleman. If not a man of words, at least let us have a practical man. If not a man of eloquence, one at any rate whose word we can trust, and we can't trust Sir Barnes Newcome's; we have tried him, and we can't really. Last night when the ladies were crying, we could not for the souls of us help laughing. We hope we know how to conduct ourselves as gentlemen. We trust we did not interrupt the harmony of the evening, but Sir Barnes Newcome prating about children and virtue, and affection and poetry—this is really too strong.

"The Independent, faithful to its name, and ever actuated by principles of honour, has been, as our thousands of readers know, disposed to give Sir Barnes Newcome Newcome, Bart., a fair trial. When he came forward after his father's death, we believed in his pledges and promises as a retrencher and reformer, and we stuck by him. Is there any man in Newcome, except, perhaps, our twaddling old contemporary the Sentinel, who believes in Sir B. N. any more? We say no, and we now give the readers of the Independent, and the electors of this borough, fair notice, that when the dissolution of Parliament takes place, a good man, a true man, a man of experience, no dangerous Radical or brawling tap orator-Mr. Hicks's friends well understand whom we mean-but a gentleman of Liberal principles, well-won wealth, and deserved station and honour, will ask the electors of Newcome whether they are or are not discontented with their present unworthy member. The Independent, for one, says we know good men of your family, we know in it men who would do honour to any name; but you, Sir Barnes Newcome Newcome, Bart, we trust no more."

In the electioncering matter, which had occasioned my unlucky interference, and that subsequent little coolness upon the good Colonel's part, Clive Newcome had himself shown that the scheme was not to his liking; had then submitted as his custom was, and doing so with a bad grace, as also was to be expected, had got little thanks for

his obedience. Thomas Newcome was hurt at his son's faint-heartedness, and of course little Rosey was displeased at his hanging back. He set off in his father's train a silent, unwilling partisan. Thomas Newcome had the leisure to survey Clive's glum face opposite to him during the whole of their journey, and to chew his mustachies, and brood upon his wrath and wrongs. His life had been a sacrifice for that boy! What darling schemes had he not formed in his behalf, and how supercitiously did Clive meet his projects! The Colonel could not see the harm of which he had himself been the author. Had he not done everything in mortal's power for his son's happiness, and how many young men in England were there with such advantages as this moody, discontented spoiled boy? As Clive backed out of the contest, of course his father urged it only the more vehemently. Clive slunk away from committees and canvassing, and lounged about the Newcome manufactories; whilst his father, with anger and bitterness in his heart, remained at the post of honour as he called it, bent upon overcoming his enemy and carrying his point against Barnes Newcome. "If Paris will not fight, sir," the Colonel said, with a sad look following his son, "Priam must." Good old Priam believed his cause to be a perfectly just one, and that duty and his honour called upon him to draw the sword. So there was difference between Thomas Newcome and Clive his son. I protest it is with pain and reluctance I have to write that the good old man was in error, that there was a wrongdoer, and that Atticus was he.

Atticus, be it remembered, thought himself compelled by the very best motives. Thomas Newcome, the Indian banket, was at war with Barnes, the English banker. The latter had commenced the hostilitues by a sudden and cowardly act of treason. There were private wrongs to envenom the contest, but it was the mercantile quarrel on which the Colonel chose to set his declaration of war. Barnes's first dastardly blow had occasioned it, and his uncle was determined to carry it through. This I have said was also George Warrington's judgment, who in the ensuing struggle between Sir Barnes and his uncle, acted as a very warm and efficient partisan of the latter. "Kinsmansty."

says George; "what has old Tom Newcome ever had from his kinsman but cowardice and treachery? If Barnes had held up his finger, the young one might have been happy; if he could have effected it, the Colonel and his bank would have been ruined. I am for war, and for seeing the old boy in Parliament. He knows no more about politics than I do about dancing the polka; but there are five hundred wise-acres in that assembly who know no more than he does, and an honest man taking his seat there, in place of a confounded

little rogue, at least makes a change for the better."

I dare say Thomas Newcome, Esq., would by no means have concurred in the above estimate of his political knowledge, and thought himself as well informed as another. He used to speak with the greatest gravity about our constitution as the pride and envy of the world, though he surprised you as much by the latitudinarian reforms which he was eager to press forward, as by the most singular old Tory opinions which he advocated on other occasions. He was for having every man to vote; every poor man to labour short time and get high wages; every poor curate to be paid double or treble; every bishop to be docked of his salary, and dismissed from the House of Lords. But he was a stanch admirer of that assembly, and a supporter of the rights of the crown. He was for sweeping off taxes from the poor; and as money must be raised to carry on government, he opined that the rich should pay. He uttered all these opinions, with the greatest gravity and emphasis, before a large assembly of electors and others convened in the Newcome Town Hall, amid the roars of applause of the nonelectors, and the bewilderment and consternation of Mr. Potts of the Independent, who had represented the Colonel in his paper as a safe and steady reformer. Of course the Sentinel showed him up as a most dangerous radical, a sepoy republican, and so forth, to the wrath and indignation of Colonel Newcome. He a republican! he scorned the name. He would die, as he had bled many a time, for his sovereign. He an enemy of our beloved church! esteemed and honoured it, as he hated and abhorred the superstitions of Rome. (Yells, from the Irish in the crowd.) He an enemy of the House of Lords! He held it to be the safeguard of the constitution and the legitimate prize of our most illustrious naval, military, and—and—legal heroes. (Ironical cheers.) He repelled with soom the dastard attacks of the Journal which had assailed him; he asked, laying his hands on his heart, if as a gentleman, an officer bearing her Majesty's commission, he could be guilty of a desire to subvert her empire and to insult the dignity of her crown!

After this second speech at the Town Hall, it was asserted by a considerable party in Newcome that Old Tom (as the mob familiarty called him) was a Tory, while an equal number averred that he was a Radical. Mr. Potts tried to reconcile this statements—a work in which I should think the talented editor of the Independent had no luttle difficulty. He knows nothing about it," poor Cline said with a sight; "his politics are all sentiment and kindness" he will have the poor man paid double wages, and does not remember that the employer would be runned. You have heard him, Pen, talking in this way at his own table; but when he comes out armed ap-hyind, and careers against windhills in public, don't you see that, as Don Quixore's son, I had rather the dear, brave old gentleman was at home?"

So this faintant took but little part in the electioneering doings, holding moodily aloof from the meetings, and councils, and public-houses where his father's partisans were as-

sembled.

CHAPTER XXX

A LETTER AND A RECONCILIATION.

Miss Ethel Neuxome to Mrs. Pendennis.

"Deakest LAURA,—I have not written to you for many weeks past. There have been some things too trivial and some too sad to write about—some things I know I shall write of if I begin and yet that I know I had best leave; for of what good is looking to the past now? Why vex you or myself by reverting to it? Does not every day bring its myself by the past now one?

and your husband, I know, do not think it essential; but I do, most essential, and am very grateful that she was taken to

church before her illness.

"Is Mr. Pendennis proceeding with his canvass? I try and avoid a certain subject, but it will come. You know who is canvassing against us here. My poor uncle has me with very considerable success amongst the lower classes He makes them rambling speeches at which my brother an his friends laugh, but which the people applaud. I saw hi only yesterday, on the balcony of the King's Arms, speaking to a great mob, who were cheering vociferously below. had met him before. He would not even stop and gi his Ethel of old days his hand. I would have given h I don't know what for one kiss, for one kind word; but passed on, and would not answer me. He thinks me-w the world thinks me-worldly and heartless; what I z But at least, dear Laura, you know that I always truly lo him, and do now, although he is our enemy; though , believes and utters the most cruel things against Barr though he says that Barnes Newcome, my father's son brother, Laura, is not an honest man. Hard, selfish, wo I own my poor brother to be, and pray Heaven to ar him; but dishonest, and to be so maligned by the po one loves best in the world—this is a hard trial. a proud heart may be bettered by it.

"And I have seen my cousin—once at a lecture poor Barnes gave, and who seemed very much disturb perceiving Clive; once afterwards at good old Mrs. May whom I have always continued to visit for uncle's The poor old woman, whose wits are very nearly gon both our hands, and asked when we were going to be mand laughed, poor old thing! I cried out to her the Clive had a wife at home—a dear young wife, I sai gave a dreadful sort of laugh, and turned away i window. He looks terribly ill, pale, and oldened.

"I asked him a great deal about his wife, whom I ber a very pretty, sweet-looking girl indeed, at 1 Hobson's, but with a not agreeable mother as I then. He answered me by monosyllables, app though he would speak, and then became silent

pained and yet glad that I saw him. I said, not very distinctly I dare say, that I hoped the difference between Barnes and uncle would not extinguish his regard for mamma and me, who have always loved him. When I said loved him, he gave one of his bitter laughs again, and so he did when I said I hoped his wife was well. You never would tell me much about Mrs. Newcome, and I fear she does not make my cousin happy. And yet this marriage was of my uncle's making—another of the unfortunate marriages in our family. I am glad that I paused in time, before the commission of that sin; I strive my best, and to amend my temper, my inexperience, my shortcomings, and try to be the mother of my poor brother's children. But Barnes has never forgiven me my refusal of Lord Farintosh. He is of the world still, Laura. Nor must we deal too harshly with people of his nature, who cannot perhaps comprehend a world beyond. I remember in old days, when we were travelling on the Rhine, in the happiest days of my whole life, I used to hear Clive and his friend Mr. Ridley talk of art and of nature in a way that I could not under-stand at first, but came to comprehend better as my cousin taught me; and since then I see pictures and landscapes and flowers with quite different eyes, and beautiful secrets as it were, of which I had no idea before. The secret of all secrets-the secret of the other life and the better world beyond ours-may not this be unrevealed to some? I pray for them all, dearest Laura, for those nearest and dearest to me,

as Guards are a sadly dangerous school for a young man. I

Guards are a sadly dangerous school for a young man. I have promised to pay his debts, and he is to exchange into the line. Mamma is coming to us at Christmas with Alte. My sister is very pretty, indeed, I think, and I am rejoiced she is to marry young Mr. Mumford, who has a tolerable living, and who has been attached to her ever since he was a boy at Rueby school.

"Little Barnes comes on bravely with his Latin, and

Mr. Whitestock, a most excellent and valuable person in this place, where there is so much Romanism and Dissent, speaks highly of him. Little Clara is so like her unhappy mother in a thousand ways and actions that I am shocked often, and see my brother starting back and turning his head away, as if suddenly wounded. I have heard the most deplorable accounts of Lord and Lady Highgate. Oh, dearest friend and sister, save you, I think I scarce know any one that is happy in the world! I trust you may continue so-you who impart your goodness and kindness to all who come near you; you in whose sweet, serene happiness I am thankful to be allowed to repose sometimes. You are the island in the desert, Laura! and the birds sing there, and the fountain flows; and we come and repose by you for a little while, and to-morrow the march begins again, and the toil, and the struggle, and the desert.—Good-bye, fountain! Whisper kisses to my dearest little ones for their affectionate

"AUNT ETHEL."

"A friend of his, a Mr. Warrington, has spoken against us several times with extraordinary ability, as Barnes owns. Do you know Mr. W.? He wrote a dreadful article in the Independent, about the last poor lecture, which was indeed sad, sentimental, commonplace; and the critique is terribly comical. I could not help laughing, remembering some passages in it, when Barnes mentioned it; and my brother became so angry! They have put up a dreadful caricature of B. in Newcome, and my brother says he did it, but I hope not. It is very droll though; he used to make them very funnily. I am glad he has spirits for it. Good-bye again.—E. N."

[&]quot;He says he did it?" cries Mr. Pendennis, laying the letter down. "Barnes Newcome would scarcely caricature himself, my dear!"

[&]quot;'He' often means—means Clive, I think," says Mrs. Pendennis, in an off-hand manner.

[&]quot;Oh! he means Clive, does he, Laura?"

[&]quot;Yes; and you mean goose, Mr. Pendennis!" that saucy lady replies.

and his later da once be

Denote - with many other portions of this

biography.

One night the Colonel having come home from a round of electioneering visits, not half sausfied with himself, exceedingly annoyed (much more than he cared to own) with the impudence of some rude fellows at the public-houses, who had interrupted his fine speeches with odious hiccups and familiar jeers, was seated brooding over his cheroot by his chimney-fire, fined F. B. (of whose companionship his patron was occasionally treed) finding much better amusement with the Jolly Britons in the Boscawen Rooms below. The Colonel, as an electroneering business, had made his appearance in the Club. But that ancient Roman warnor had frightened those simple Ritions.

awful for them; so were

Mr. Potts's introduction:

ashes of his cigar.

I dare say he may have been thinking that his fire was wellnigh out, his cup at the dregs, his pipe little more now than dust and ashes, when Clive, candle in hand, came into their sitting-room.

As each saw the other's face, it was so very sad and worn and pale that the young man started back, and the elder, with quite the tenderness of old days, cried, "God bless me, my boy, how ill you took! Come and warm yourself—look,

the fire's out! Have something, Chey?"

For months rast they had not tender old

tears. The

hand as he stooped down and kissed it.

"You look very ill too, father," says Clive.

"Ill? not I!" cries the father, still keeping the boy's hand under both his own on the mantelpiece. "Such a battered old fellow as I am has a right to look the worse for wear; but you, boy, why do you look so pale?"

"I have seen a ghost, father," Clive answered. Thomas, however, looked alarmed and inquisitive, as though the boy

was wandering in his mind.

"The ghost of my youth, father, the ghost of my happiness and the best days of my life," groaned out the young man. "I saw Ethel to-day. I went to see Sarah Mason, and she was there."

"I had seen her, but I did not speak of her," said the father. "I thought it was best not to mention her to you, my poor boy. And are—are you fond of her still, Clive?"

"Still! Once means always in these things, father, doesn't it? Once means to-day and yesterday, and for ever and

ever."

"Nay, my boy, you mustn't talk to me so, or even to yourself so. You have the dearest little wife at home, a dear littlewife and child."

"You had a son, and have been kind enough to him, God knows. You had a wife; but that does not prevent other—other thoughts. Do you know you never spoke twice in your life about my mother? You didn't care for her."

"I—I did my duty by her; I denied her nothing. I scarcely ever had a word with her, and I did my best to make

her happy," interposed the Colonel.

"I know; but your heart was with the other. So is mine.

It's fatal; it runs in the family, father."

The boy looked so inessably wretched that the father's heart melted still more. "I did my best, Clive," the Colonel gasped out. "I went to that villain Barnes and offered him to settle every shilling I was worth on you—I did—you didn't know that. I'd kill myself for your sake, Clivy. What's an old fellow worth living for? I can live upon a crust and a cigar. I don't care about a carriage, and only go in it to please Rosey. I wanted to give up all for you; but he played me false—that scoundrel cheated us both; he did, and so did Ethel."

"No, sir; I may have thought so in my rage once, but I know better now. She was the victim and not the agent. Did Madame de Florac play you false when she married her husband? It was her fate, and she underwent it. We all bow to it; we are in the track, and the car passes over us—you know it does, father" The Colonel was a fatalist; he had often advanced this Oriental creed in his simple discourses with his son and Chwe's french.

"Besides," Clive went on, "Ethel does not care for me, received me to-day quite coldly, and held her hand out as if we had only parted last year. I suppose she likes that marquis who julted her—God bless her. How shall we know what wins the hearts of women? She has mine. There was

my Fate. Praise be to Allah, it is over!"

"But there's that villain who injured you. His isn't over

yet," ctred the Colonel, clenching his trembling hand.

"Ah, father! I et as leave him to Allah too Suppose
Madame de Florac had a brother who insulted you. You
know you wouldn't have revenged yourself. You would have
wounded her in striking him."

"You called out Barnes yourself, boy," ened the father.

"That was for another cause, and not for my quarrel. And how do you know I intended to fire? By Jore, I was so miserable then that an ounce of lead would have done me little harm."

The father saw the son's mind more clearly than he had ever done hitherto. They had scarcely ever talked upon that subject, which the Colonel found was so deeply fixed in Clire's heart. He thought of his own early days, and how he had suffered, and beheld his son before him racked with the same cruel pangs of enduring grief. And he began to own that he had pressed him too hastily in his marriage, and to make an allowance for an unhappiness of which he had in part been the cause.

"Mashallah! Clive, my boy," said the old man, "what is

done is done."

"Let us break up our camp before this place, and not go to war with Barnes, father," said Clive. "Let us have peace—and forgive him if we can."

"And retreat before this scoundrel, Clive?".

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"What is a victory over such a fellow? One gives a

chimney-sweep the wall, father."

"I say again, what is done is done. I have promised to meet him at the hustings, and I will. I think it is best; and you are right; and you act like a high-minded gentleman—and my dear, dear old boy—not to meddle in the quarrel—though I didn't think so—and the difference gave me a great deal of pain—and so did what Pendennis said—and I'm wrong—and thank God I am wrong—and God bless you, my own boy," the Colonel cried out, in a burst of emotion; and the two went to their bedrooms together, and were happier as they shook hands at the doors of their adjoining chambers than they had been for many a long day and year.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE ELECTION.

HAVING thus given his challenge, reconnoitred the enemy, and pledged himself to do battle at the ensuing election, our Colonel took leave of the town of Newcome, and returned to his banking affairs in London. His departure was as that of a great public personage; the gentlemen of the Committee followed him obsequiously down to the train. "Quick,' bawls out Mr. Potts to Mr. Brown, the stationmaster, "quick, Mr. Brown; a carriage for Colonel Newcome!" Half a dozen hats are taken off as he enters into the carriage, F. Bayham and his servant after him, with portfolios, umbrellas, shawls, dispatch-boxes. Clive was not there to act as his father's aide-de-camp. After their conversation together, the young man had returned to Mrs. Clive and his other duties in life.

It has been said that Mr. Pendennis was in the country, engaged in a pursuit exactly similar to that which occupied Colonel Newcome. The menaced dissolution of Parliament did not take place so soon as we expected. The ministry still hung together, and by consequence Sir Barnes Newcome kept the seat in the House of Commons, from which his elder kinsman was eager to oust him. Away from London, and

I affably disposed to forget the little unpleasantnes which had clouded over the sunshine of her former visit.

Laura, with a smile of some humour, said she thought now would be the time when, if Chwe could be spared from his bank, he might pay us that vast at Fairoaks which had been due so long, and hinted that change of air and a temporary absence from Mrs. Mackenzue might be agreeable to my old friend.

It was, on the contrary, Mr Pendenne's opinion that his

It was, on the contrary, Mr Pendennis's opinion that his wife attifully chose that period of time when little Rosey was perforce kept at home and occupied with her delightful maternal duties to invite Chive to see us. Mrs Laura frankly owned that she liked our Chive better without her analysis with her, and never ceases.

with her and never ceased

marriage made up by the old people, a marriage of interest, a marriage of which the young man had only yielded our of good-nature and obedience. She would apostrophize her unconscoust young ones, and inform those innocent babies that they should never be made to marry except for love, never—an announcement which was received with perfect indifference by little Arthur on his rocking-horse, and little Helen smiling and crowing in her mother's lan.

So Clive came down to us careworn in appearance, but very pleased and happy, he said, to stay for a while with the

friends of his youth. We showed him our modest rural lions; we got him such sport and company as our quiet neighbour-hood afforded; we gave him fishing in the Brawl, and Laura in her pony-chaise drove him to Baymouth, and to Clavering Park and town, and to visit the famous cathedral at Chatteris, where she was pleased to recount certain incidents of her husband's youth.

Clive laughed at my wife's stories. He pleased himself in our home; he played with our children, with whom he became a great favourite. He was happier, he told me with a sigh, than he had been for many a day. His gentle hostess echoed the sigh of the poor young fellow. She was sure that his pleasure was only transitory, and was convinced that many

deep cares weighed upon his mind.

Ere long my old school-fellow made me sundry confessions which showed that Laura's surmises were correct. About his domestic affairs he did not treat much: the little boy was said to be a very fine little boy; the ladies had taken entire possession of him. "I can't stand Mrs. Mackenzie any longer, I own," says Clive; "but how resist a wife at such a moment? Rosey was sure she would die unless her mother came to her, and of course we invited Mrs. Mack. This time she is all smiles and politeness with the Colonel; the last quarrel is laid upon me, and in so far I am easy, as the old folks get on pretty well together." To me, considering these things, it was clear that Mr. Clive Newcome was but a very secondary personage indeed in his father's new fine house which he inhabited, and in which the poor Colonel had hoped they were to live such a happy family.

But it was about Clive Newcome's pecuniary affairs that I felt the most disquiet when he came to explain these to me. The Colonel's capital, and that considerable sum which Mrs. Clive had inherited from her good old uncle, were all involved in a common stock, of which Colonel Newcome took the management. "The governor understands business so well, you see," says Clive; "is a most remarkable head for accounts. He must have inherited that from my grandfather, you know, who made his own fortune. All the Newcomes are good at accounts except me, a poor useless devil who knows nothing but to paint a picture, and who can't even do that." He

cuts off the head of a thistle as he speaks, bites his tawny mustachies, plunges his hands into his pockets and his soul into reverie.

"You don't mean to say," asks Mr. Pendennis, "that your

wife's fortune has not been settled opon herself?"

"Of course it has been settled upon herself—that is, it is entirely her own. You know the Colonel has managed all the business; he understands it better than we do."

"Do you say that your wife's money is not vested in the

hands of truste's, and for her benefit?"
"My father is one of the trustees. I tell you he manages
the whole thing. What is his property is mine, and ever has
been, and I might draw upon him as much as I liked; and
you know it's five times as great as my wife's. What is his
is ours, and what is ours is his, of course; for instance, the
India Stock, which poor Uncle James left, that now stands
in the Colonel's name. He wants to be a Director; he will
be at the next election—he must have a certain quantity of

India Stock, don't you see?"
"My dear fellow, is there then no settlement made upon

your wife at all?"

your when it air." I made a settlement on her; with all my worldly goods I did her endow —three thousand three hundred and thirty-three pounds six and eightpence, which my father sent over from India to my

uncle, years ago, when I came home."

I might well indeed be aghast at this news, and had yet further intelligence from Chre which by no means contributed to lessen my artiety. This worthy old Colonel, who fancied himself to be so clever a man of business, chose to conduct it in utter ignorance and defiance of law. If anything happened to the Bundelcund Bank, it was clear that not only every shilling of his own property but every farthing bequeathed to

ing pension, pounds a year

saved out of the ruin.

And now Clive confided to me his own serious doubts and misgivings regarding the prosperity of the Bank

He did not know why, but he could not help

things were going wrong. Those partners who had con home, having sold out of the Bank, and living in England splendidly, why had they quitted it? The Colonel said was a proof of the prosperity of the company that so me gentlemen were enriched who had taken shares in it. when I asked my father," Clive continued, "why he did himself withdraw, the dear old boy's countenance fell; told me such things were not to be done every day, ended, as usual, by saying that I do not understand anyt about business. No more I do; that is the truth. the whole concern, Pen! I hate that great tawdry hou which we live, and those fearfully stupid parties. Oh I wish we were back in Fitzroy Square! But who can bygones, Arthur, or wrong steps in life? We must the best of to-day, and to-morrow must take care of Poor little child! I could not help thinking, as I crying in my arms the other day, what has life in s you, my poor weeping baby?' My mother-in-law cr that I should drop the baby, and that only the Colon how to hold it. My wife called from her bed, th dashed up and scolded me, and they drove me ou room amongst them. By Jove, Pen, I laugh when my friends congratulate me on my good fortune! quite the father of my own child, nor the husban own wife, nor even the master of my own easmanaged for, don't you see? boarded, lodged, and And here is the man they call happy! Happy

why had I not your strength of mind? and why And herewith the poor lad fell to chopping thi leave my art, my mistress?" and quitted Fairoaks shortly, leaving his friends much disquieted about his prospects, actual and The expected dissolution of Parliament can

All the country papers in England teemed with ing addresses, and the country was in a flutte coloured ribbons. Colonel Thomas Newcome his promise, offered himself to the independe Newcome in the Liberal journal of the famil Sir Barnes Newcome, Bart., addressed himself tried friends, and called upon the friends of t to rally round him in the Conservative print. The addresses of our friend were sent to us at Fairnaks by the Colonel's indefatigable aide-de-camp, Mr. Frederick Bayham. During the period which had elapsed since the Colonel's last can-vassing visit and the issuing of the writs now daily expected for the new Parliament, many things of great importance had occurred in Thomas Newcome's family—events which were kept secret from his biographer, who was, at this period also, pretty entirely occupied with his own affairs. These, however, are not the present subject of this history, which has Newcome for its business, and the parties engaged in the family quarrel there.

There were four candidates in the field for the representation of that borough. That old and tried member of Parliament Mr. Bunce was considered to be secure, and the Baronet's seat was thought to be pretty safe on account of his influence in the place. Nevertheless, Thomas Newcome's supporters were confident for their champion, and that when the parties came to the polf, the extreme Liberals of the borough would divide their votes between him and the fourth candidate, the uncompromising Radical. Mr.

Barker.

In due time the Colonel and his staff arrived at Newcome, and resumed

some months this time, nor '

elsewhere. T
F. B. were the Colonel's chief men. His headquarters
(which F. B. liked very well) were at the hotel where we
last saw him, and whence assuing with his aide-de-camp at
his heels the Colonel went round, to canvass personally,
independent elector

assing eagerly on his the two parties would

often meet nose to nose in the same street, and their retainers exchange looks of defiance. With Mr Potts of the Independent, a big man, on his left, with Mr. Frederick, a still bugger man, on his right, his own trusty bamboo cane in his before which poor Barnes had shrunk abashed e Colonel Newcome had commonly the best of th

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encounters, and frowned his nephew, Barnes, and Barnes's staff off the pavement. With the non-electors the Colonel was a decided favourite—the boys invariably hurrayed him; whereas they jeered and uttered ironical cries after poor Barnes, asking, "Who beat his wife? Who drove his children to the workhouse?" and other unkind personal questions. The man upon whom the libertine Parnes had inflicted so cruel an injury in his early days was now the Baronet's bitterest enemy. He assailed him with curses and threats when they met, and leagued his brother workmen against him. The wretched Sir Barnes owned with contrition that the sins of his youth pursued him. His enemy scoffed at the idea of Barnes's repentance; he was not moved at the grief, the punishment in his own family, the humiliation and remorse which the repentant prodigal piteously pleaded. No man was louder in his cries of mea culpa than Barnes; no man professed a more edifying repentance. He was hat in hand to every black coat, established or dissenting. Repentance was to his interest, to be sure, but yet let us hope it was sincere. There is some hypocrisy of which one does not like even to entertain the thought, especially that awful falsehood which trades with divine truth and takes the name of Heaven in vain.

The Roebuck Inn, at Newcome, stands in the market-place directly facing the King's Arms, where, as we know, Colonel Newcome and uncompromising toleration held their headquarters. Immense banners of blue and yellow floated from every window of the King's Arms, and decorated the balcony from which the Colonel and his assistants were in the habit of addressing the multitude. Fiddlers and trumpeters arrayed in his colours paraded the town and enlivened it with their melodious strains. Other trumpeters and fiddlers bearing the true blue cockades and colours of Sir Barnes Newcome, Bart., would encounter the Colonel's musicians, on which occasions of meeting it is to be feared small harmony was produced. They banged each other with their brazen instruments. The warlike drummers thumped each other's heads in lieu of the professional sheepskin. The town boys and street blackguards rejoiced in these combats, and exhibited their valour on one side or

the other. The Colonel had to pay a long bill for broken brass when he settled the little accounts of the election.

In after times F. B. was pleased to describe the circumstances of a contest in which he bore a most distinguished part. It was F. B.'s opinion that his private eloquence brought over many waverers to the Colonel's side, and converted numbers of the benighted followers of Sir Barnes Newcome. Bayham's voice was indeed magnificent, and could be heard from the King's Arms balcony above the shout and roar of the multitude, the gongs and bugles of the opposition bands. He was untiring in his oratoryundaunted in the presence of the crowds below. He was immensely popular, F. B. Whether he laid his hand upon his broad chest, took off his hat and waved it, or pressed his blue and yellow abbons to his bosom, the crowd shouted, "Hurrah! silence! bravo! Bayham for ever!" "They would have carried me in triumph," said F. B.; "if I had but the necessary qualification, I might be member for New-come this day or any other I chose."

I am afraid in this conduct of the Colonel's election Mr. Bayham resorted to acts of which his principal certainly would disapprove, and engaged auxiliaries whose alliance was scarcely creditable. Whose was the hand which flung the potato which struck Sir Barnes Newcome, Bart., on the nose as he was haranguing the people from the Roebuck? How came it that whenever Sir Barnes and his friends essayed to speak, such an awful yelling and groaning took place in the crowd below that the words of those feeble orators were maudible? Who smashed all the front windows of the Rochuck? Colonel Newcome had not words to express his indignation at proceedings so unfair. When Sir Barnes and his staff were hustled in the market-place and most outrageously shoved, jeered, and jolted, the Colonel from the King's Arms organized a rapid sally, which he himself headed with his bamboo cane; cut out Sir Barnes and his followers from the hands of the mob, and addressed those ruffians in a noble speech, of which the bamboo cane, "Englishman," "shame," "fair play" were the most emphatic expressions. The mob cheered Old Tom, as they called

him; they made way for Sir Barnes, who shrunk pale and

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shuddering back into his hotel again—who always persisted in saying that that old villain of a dragoon had planned both

the assault and the rescue.

"When the dregs of the people—the scum of the rabble, sir-banded together by the myrmidons of Sir Barnes Newcome, attacked us at the King's Arms, and smashed ninetysix pounds' worth of glass at one volley, besides knocking off the gold unicorn's head and the tail of the British lion, it was fine, sir," F. B. said, "to see how the Colonel came forward, and the coolness of the old boy in the midst of the action. He stood there in front, sir, with his old hat off, never so much as once bobbing his old head, and I think he spoke rather better under fire than hc did when there was no danger. Between ourselves, he ain't much of a speaker, th old Colonel; he hems and hahs, and repeats himself a goo deal. He hasn't the gift of natural eloquence which som men have, Pendennis. You should have heard my speec sir, on the Thursday in the Town Hall; that was somethin like a speech. Potts was jealous of it, and always report me most shamefully."

In spite of his respectful behaviour to the gentlemen black coats, his soup tickets and his flannel tickets, his c pathetic lectures and his sedulous attendance at other fo sermons, poor Barnes could not keep up his credit with serious interest at Newcome, and the meeting-houses their respective pastors and frequenters turned their b upon him. The case against him was too flagrant; cnemy, the factory-man, worked it with an extraordi skill, malice, and pertinacity. Not a single man, woma child in Newcome but was made acquainted with Sir Bar early peccadillo. Ribald ballads were howled throug' strects describing his sin and his deserved punishment. very shame the reverend dissenting gentlemen were o to refrain from voting for him; such as ventured, believ the sincerity of his repentance, to give him their voice yelled away from the polling-places. A very great r who would have been his friends were compelled to decency and public opinion, and supported the Colon

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Hooted away from the hustings and the public places whence the rival candidates addressed the free and inde-

pendent electors, this wretched and persecuted Sir Barnes invited his friends and supporters to meet him at the Athenæum Room—scene of his previous eloquent performances. But though this apartment was defended by tickets. the people burst into it, and Nemesis in the shape of the persevering factory man appeared before the scared Sir Barnes and his puzzled committee. The man stood up and bearded the pale Baronet. He had a good cause, and was, in truth, a far better master of debate than our banking friend, being a great speaker amongst his brother operatives, by whom political questions are discussed, and the conduct of political men examined, with a ceaseless interest, and with an ardour and eloquence which are often unknown in what is called superior society. This man and his friends round about him fiercely silenced the clamour of "Turn him out," with which his first appearance was assailed by Sir Barnes's hangers-on. He said in the name of justice he would speak up; if they were fathers of families and loved their wives and daughters, he dared them to refuse him a hearing. Did they love their wives and their children? it was a shame that they should take such a man as that yonder for their representative in Parliament. But the greatest sensation he made was when, in the middle of his speech, after inveighing against Barnes's eruelty and parental ingratitude, he asked, "Where were Barnes's children?" and actually thrust forward two, to the amazement of the committee and the ghastly astonish-

ment of the guilty Baroner himself.

"Look at them," said the man. "they are almost in rags, they have to put up with scanty and hard food. Contrast them with his other children, whom you see lording in gilt carriages, robed in purple and fine linen, and scattering mud from their wheels over us himble people as we walk the streets. Ignorance and starvation is good enough for these; for those others nothing can be too fine or too dear. What can a factory-gift expect from such a fine, high-rick, white-handed, aristocratic gentleman as Sir Barnes Newcome, Baronet, but to be cajoted, and seduced, and deserted, and left to starve? When she has served my lord's pleasure, ber natural fate is to be turned into the street; let hand to there, and her children ber un the guitter."

"This is the most shameful imposture," gasps out Sir Barnes; "these children are not—are not—"

The man interrupted him with a bitter laugh. "No," says he, "they are not his; that's true enough, friends. It's Tom Martin's girl and boy, a precious pair of lazy little scamps. But at first he thought they were his children. See how much he knows about them! He hasn't seen his children for years; he would have left them and their mother to starve, and did, but for shame and fear. The old man, his father, pensioned them, and he hasn't the heart to stop their wages now. Men of Newcome, will you have this man to represent you in Parliament?" And the crowd roared out no; and Barnes and his shamefaced committee slunk out of the place, and no wonder the dissent-

ing clerical gentlemen were shy of voting for him.

A brilliant and picturesque diversion in Colonel Newcome's favour was due to the inventive genius of his faithful aide-de-camp, F. B. On the polling-day, as the carriages full of voters came up to the market-place, there appeared nigh to the booths an open barouche, covered all over with ribbon, and containing Frederick Bayham, Esq., profusely decorated with the Colonel's colours, and a very old woman and her female attendant, who were similarly ornamented. It was good old Mrs. Mason, who was pleased with the drive and the sunshine, though she scarcely understood the meaning of the turmoil, with her maid by her side, delighted to wear such ribbons and sit in such a post of honour. Rising up in the carriage, F. B. took off his hat, bade his men of brass be silent, who were accustomed to bray "See the Conquering Hero comes" whenever the Colonel or Mr. Bayham, his brilliant aide-de-camp, made their appearance. Bidding, we say, the musicians and the universe to be silent, F. B. rose, and made the citizens of Newcome a splendid speech. Good old unconscious Mrs. Mason was the theme of it, and the Colonel's virtues and faithful gratitude in tending her. She was his father's old friend. She was Sir Barnes Newcome's grandfather's old friend. had lived for more than forty years at Sir Barnes Newcome's door, and how often had he been to see her? Did he go every week? No. Every month? No. Every year? No.

rer in the relation of the results o

the battles of his country; when he was distinguishing mself at Assaye, and-and-Mulligatawny, and Seringatam, in the hottest of the fight and the fiercest of the nger, in the most terrible moment of the conflict and the owning glory of the victory, the good, the brave, the kind i Colonel-why should he say Colonel? why should he t say Old Tom at once? (immense roars of applause)ways remembered his dear old nurse and friend. Look at at shawl, boys, which she has got on! My belief is that slonel Newcome took that shawl in single combat, and on rseback, from the prime minister of Tiproo Saib. (Imense cheers, and cres of "Bravo, Bayham!") Look at that ooch the dear old thing wears! (he kissed her hand whilst apostrophizing her.) Tom Newcome never brags about s military achievements, he is the most modest as well as e bravest man in the world. What if I were to tell you

at he cut that brooch from the threat of an Indian raigh? e's man enough to do it ("He is the is!" from all parts the crowd). What, you want to take the horses out, do u? (to the crowd, who were removing those quadrupeds.) sin't a-going to prevent you, I expected as much of you. en of Newcome, I expected as much of you, for I know u!-Sit still, old lady, don't be inghtened, ma'am; they only going to pull you to the King's Arms, and show you the Colonel.

This, indeed, was the direction in which the mob (whether usamed by spontaneous enthusiasm, or excited by cunning gents placed amongst the populace by F. B., I cannot say) ow took the barouche and its three occupants. With a syriad roar and shout the carrage was dragged up in front f the King's Arms, from the balconies of which a most itisfactory account of the polling was already placarded. he extra noise and shouring brought out the Colonel, who whed at first with curiosity at the advancing procession, and icn, as he caught sight of Sarah Mason, with a blush and a ow of his kind old head

"Look at him, boys!" cried the enraptured F. B., pointing up to the old man. "Look at him! the dear old boy! Isn't he an old trump? Which will you have for your member—Barnes Newcome or Old Tom?"

And as might be supposed, an immense shout of "Old Tom!" arose from the multitude, in the midst of which, blushing and bowing still, the Colonel went back to his committee room, and the bands played "See the Conquering Hero" louder than ever; and poor Barnes, in the course of his duty having to come out upon his balcony at the Roebuck opposite, was saluted with a yell as vociferous as the cheer for the Colonel had been; and old Mrs. Mason asked what the noise was about; and after making several vain efforts in dumb show to the crowd, Barnes slunk back into his hole again as pale as the turnip which was flung at his head; and the horses were brought, and Mrs. Mason driven

home; and the day of election came to an end.

Reasons of personal gratitude, as we have stated already, prevented his Highness the Prince de Montcontour from taking a part in this family contest. His brethren of the House of Higg, however, very much to Florac's gratification, gave their second votes to Colonel Newcome, carrying with them a very great number of electors: we know that in the present Parliament Mr. Higg and Mr. Bunce sit for the Borough of Newcome. Having had monetary transactions with Sir Barnes Newcome, and entered largely into railway speculations with him, the Messrs. Higg had found reason to quarrel with the Baronet, accuse him of sharp practices to the present day, and have long stories to tell which do not concern us about Sir Barnes's stratagems-grasping and extortion. They and their following, deserting Sir Barnes whom they had supported in previous elections, voted for the Colonel, although some of the opinions of that gentlema were rather too extreme for such sober persons.

Not exactly knowing what his politics were when he conmenced the canvass, I can't say to what opinions the pc Colonel did not find himself committed by the time what the election was over. The worthy gentleman felt hims not a little humiliated by what he had to say and to uns by having to answer questions, to submit to familiarities

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ilitary I familianty, and expected from common people the sort of escrence which he had received from his men in the regi-tent. The contest saddened and mortified him: he selt ut he was using wrong means to obtain an end that per-aps was not right (for so his secret conscience must have old him); he was derogating from his own honour in tamering with political opinions, submitting to familiarities, ondescending to stand by whilst his agents solicited vulgar iffrages or uttered clap-traps about retrenchment and reirm. "I felt I was wrong," he said to me in after days, though I was too proud to own my error in those times, nd you and your good wife and my boy were right in prosting against that mad election." Indeed, though we little new what events were speedily to happen, Laura and I felt cry little satisfaction when the result of the Newcome election as made known to us, and we found Sir Barnes Newcome

nird and Col. Thomas Newcome second upon the poll.

Ethel was absent with her children at Brighton. She was lad, she wrote, not to have been at home during the elecon. Mr. and Mrs. C. were at Bughton too. Ethel had een Mrs. C. and her child once or twee. It was a very fine hild. "My brother came down to us," she wrote, "after I was over. He is furious against M. de Montcontour, who, e says, persuaded the Whigs to vote against him, and turned in election."

CHAPTER XXXII.

CHILTERN HUNDREDS.

We shall say no more regarding Thomas Newcome's political loings, his speeches against Barnes, and the Baronet's eplies. The nephew was beaten by his stout old uncle.

In due time the Gazette announced that Thomas New-

ome, Esq., was returned as one of the Members of Pariament for the borough of Newcome; and, after triumphant dinners, speeches, and rejoicings, the member came back to

his family in London, and to his affairs in that city.

The good Colonel appeared to be by no means elated by his victory. He would not allow that he was wrong in engaging in that family war, of which we have just seen the issue; though it may be that his secret remorse on this account in part occasioned his disquiet. But there were other reasons, which his family not long afterwards came to understand, for the gloom and low spirits which now

oppressed the head of their home.

It was observed (that is, if simple little Rosey took the trouble to observe) that the entertainments at the Colonel's mansion were more frequent and splendid even than before; the silver cocoa-nut tree was constantly in requisition, and around it were assembled many new guests, who had not formerly been used to sit under those branches. Mr. Sherrick and his wife appeared at those parties, at which the proprietor of Lady Whittlesea's chapel made himself perfectly familiar. Sherrick cut jokes with the master of the house, which the latter received with a very grave acquiescence. He ordered the servants about, addressing the butler as "Old Corkscrew," and bidding the footman, whom he loved to call by his Christian name, to "look alive." He called the Colonel "Newcome" sometimes, and facetiously speculated upon the degree of relationship subsisting between them now that his daughter was married to Clive's uncle, the Colonel's brother-Though I dare say Clive did not much relish receiving news of his aunt, Sherrick was sure to bring such intelligence when it reached him, and announced, in due time, the birth of a little cousin at Boggley Wollah, whom the fond parents designed to name "Thomas Newcome Honeyman."

A dreadful panic and ghastly terror seized poor Clive on an occasion which he described to me afterwards. Going out from home one day with his father, he beheld a wine merchant's cart, from which hampers were carried down the area-gate into the lower regions of Colonel Newcome's house. "Sherrick & Co., Wine Merchants, Walpole Street," was painted upon the vehicle.

"Good heavens, sir! do you get your wine from him?"

Clive cried out to his father, remembering Honeyman's prousions in early times. The Colonel, looking very gloomy, and turning red, said, "Yes, he bought wine from Sherrick, who had been very good-natured and serviceable, and who and who, you know, is our connection now." When informed of the circumstance by Clive, I too, as I confess, thought the incident alarming.

Then Clive, with a laugh, told me of a grand battle which had taken place in consequence of Mrs. Mackenzie's behaviour to the wine merchant's wife. The Campaigner had treated this very kind and harmless but sulgar woman with extreme hauteur-had talked loud during her singing, the beauty of which, to say truth, time had considerably impaired -had made contemptuous observations regarding her upon more than one occasion. At length the Colonel broke out in great wrath against Mrs. Mackenzie-bade her to respect that lady as one of his guests-and, if she did not like the company which assembled at his house, hinted to her that there were many thousand other houses in London where she could find a lodging. For the sake of her child and her adored grandchild, the Campaigner took no notice of this hint, and declined to remove from the quarters which she had occupied ever since she had become a grandmamma. I myself dined once or twice with my old friends, under

the shadow of the pickle-bearing cocoa-nut tree, and could not but remark a change of personages in the society assembled. The manager of the City branch of the B. B. C. was always present-an ominous-looking man, whose whispers and compliments seemed to make poor Clive, at his end of the table, very melancholy. With the City manager came the City manager's friends, whose jokes passed gaily round, and who kept the conversation to themselves. Once I had the happiness to meet Mr. Ratray, who had returned filled with rupees from the Indian bank, who told us many anecdotes of the splendour of Rummun Loll at Calcutta, and who complimented the Colonel on his fine house and grand dinners with sinister good-humour. Those compliments did not seem to please our poor friend; that familiarity choked him-A brisk little chattering attorney, very intimate with ick, with a wife of dubious gentility, was another

He enlivened the table by his jokes, and recounted choic stories about the aristocracy, with certain members of whom the little man seemed very familiar. He knew to a shifting how much this lord owed, and how much the creditor allowed to that marquis. He had been concerned with such and such a nobleman, who was now in the Queen's Bench He spoke of their lordships affably and without their titles-calling upon "Louisa, my dear," his wife, to testify to the day when Viscount Tagrag dined with them, and Earl Bare acres sent them the pheasants. F. B., as sombre and down cast as his hosts now seemed to be, informed me demurel that the attorney was a member of one of the most eminen firms in the City-that he had been engaged in procuring th Colonel's parliamentary title for him-and in various important matters appertaining to the B. B. C.; but my knowledg of the world and the law was sufficient to make me awar that this gentleman belonged to a well-known firm of money lending solicitors, and I trembled to see such a person i the home of our good Colonel. Where were the general and the judges? Where were the fogeys and their respect able ladies? Stupid they were, and dull their company; bu better a stalled ox in their society, than Mr. Campion's joke over Mr. Sherrick's wines.

After the little rebuke administered by Colonel Newcome Mrs. Mackenzie abstained from overt hostilities against an guests of her daughter's father-in-law, and contented herse by assuming grand and princess-like airs in the company of the new ladies. They flattered her and poor little Rosey in tensely. The latter liked their company, no doubt. To a ma of the world looking on, who has seen the men and morals of many cities, it was curious, almost pathetic, to watch that pool little innocent creature, fresh and smiling, attired in bright colours and a thousand gewgaws, simpering in the midst of these darkling people—practising her little arts and coque ries with such a court round about her. An unconscioul little maid, with rich and rare gems sparkling on all he fingers, and bright gold rings as many as belonged to the late Old Woman of Banbury Cross—still she smiled an

prattled innocently before these banditti: I thought of Ze

lina and the Brigands, in "Fra Diavolo."

Walking away with F. B. from one of these parties of the Colonel's, and senously alarmed at what I had observed these. I demanded of Bayham whether my conjectures were not correct, that some misfortune overhung our old friend's house? At first Bayham denied stoutly, or pretended ignorance, but at length, having reached the Haunt together, which I had not visited since I was a married man, we en ered that place of entertainment, and were greeted by its old landlady and waitress, and accommodated with a quiet parlour. And here F. B., after groaning-after sighingafter solacing himself with a prodigious quantity of bitter beer-fairly burst out, and, with tears in his eyes, made a full and sad confession respecting this unlucky Bundelcund Banking Company. The shares had been going lower and lower, so that there was no sale now for them at all. To meet the liabilities the directors must have underrone the createst sacrifices. He did not know-he did not like to think what the Colonel's personal losses were. The respectable solicitors of the Company had retired long since, after having secured payment of a most respectable bill, and had given place to the firm of dubious law agents of whom I had that evening seen a partner. How the returng partners from India had been allowed to withdraw, and to bring fortunes along with them, was a mystery to Mr. Frederick Bayham The great Indian millionaire was in his, F. B's eyes, "a confounded old mahogany-coloured heathen humbug." These fine parties which the Colonel was giving, and that fine carriage which was always flaunting about the Park with poor Mrs. Clive and the Campaigner, and the nurse and the baby, were, in F. B.'s opinion, all decoys and shams. He did not mean to say that the meals were not paid, and that the Colonel had to plunder for his horses' corn; but he knew that Shertick, and the attorney, and the manager insisted upon the necessity of giving these parties, and keeping up this state and grandeur, and opined that it was at the special instance of these advisers that the Colonel had contested the borough for which he was now returned. "Do you know how much that contest cost?" asks F. B. "The sum, sir, was awful! and we have ever so much of it to pay. I came up from Newcome myself to Campion and Sherrick abo

betray no secrets—F. B., sir, would die a thousand deaths before he would tell the secrets of his benefactor!—but, Pendennis, you understand a thing or two. You know what o'clock it is, and so does yours truly, F. B., who drinks your health. I know the taste of Sherrick's wine well enough. F. B., sir, fears the Greeks and all the gifts they bring. Confound his Amontillado! I had rather drink this honest malt and hops all my life than ever see a drop of his abominable golden sherry. Golden? F. B. believes it is golden—and a precious deal dearer than gold too;" and herewith, ringing the bell, my friend asked for a second pint of the just-named and cheaper fluid.

I have of late had to recount portions of my dear old friend's history which must needs be told, and over which the writer does not like to dwell. If Thomas Newcome's opulence was unpleasant to describe, and to contrast with the bright goodness and simplicity I remembered in former days, how much more painful is that part of his story to which we are now come perforce, and which the acute reader

f novels has, no doubt, long foreseen? Yes, sir or madam, ou are quite right in the opinion which you have held all along regarding that Bundelcund Banking Company, in which our Colonel has invested every rupee he possessessolvuntur rupees, etc. I disdain, for the most part, the tricks and surprises of the novelist's art. Knowing, from the very beginning of our story, what was the issue of this Bundelcund Banking concern, I have scarce had patience to keep my counsel about it; and whenever I have had occasion to mention the Company, have scarcely been able to refrain from breaking out into fierce diatribes against that complicated enormous outrageous swindle. It was one of many similar cheats which have been successfully practised upon the simple folks, civilian and military, who toil and struggle-who fight with sun and enemy-who pass years of long exile and gallant endurance in the service of our empire in India. Agency houses after agency houses have been established, and have flourished in splendour and magnificence, and have paid fabulous dividends-and have enormously enriched two or three wary speculators-and then have burst in bankruptcy, involving widows, orphans, and countless simple people who trusted their all to the keeping of these unworthy treasurers.

The failure of the Bundelcund Bank which we now have o record, was one only of many similar schemes ending in uin About the time when Thomas Newcome was chaired is Member of Parliament for the borough of which he bore he name, the great Indian merchant who was at the head of the Bundelcund Banking Company's affairs at Calcutta suddenly died of cholera at his palace at Barrackpore. He and been giving of late a series of the most splendid banquets with which Indian prince ever entertained a Calcutta ociety. The greatest and proudest personages of that arisocratic city had attended his feasts. The fairest Calcutta beauties had danced in his halls. Did not poor F. B. ransfer from the columns of the Bengal Hurkaru to the Pall Mall Gazette the most astounding descriptions of those Asiatic Nights' Entertainments, of which the very grandest vas to come off on the night when cholera seized Rummun Loll in its grip? There was to have been a masquerade outvying all European masquerades in splendour. The two ival queens of the Calcutta society were to have appeared auch with her court around her. Young civilians at the college, and young ensigns fresh landed, had gone into awful expenses, and borrowed money at fearful interest from the B. B. C. and other banking companies, in order to appear with befitting splendour as knights and noblemen of Henrietta Maria's Court (Henrietta Maria, wife of Hastings Hicks, Esq. Sudder Dewanee Adamlut), or as princes and warriors surrounding the palanoum of Lalla Rookh (the lovely wife of Hon. Cornwallis Bobus, Member of Council), all these plendours were there. As carriage after carriage drove up rom Calcutta, they were met at Rummun Loll's gate by shastly weeping servants, who announced their master's demise.

On the next day the Bank at Calcutta was closed; and the lay after, when heavy bills were presented which must be paid, although by this time Rummun Loll was not only do but buried, and his widows howling over his grave, announced throughout Calcutta that but 800 rupe left in the treasury of the B, B, C, to meet engage

THE NEWCOMES. the amount of four lakhs then immediately due; and sixt days afterwards the shutters were closed at No. 175 Loth 366 bury, the London offices of the B. B. C. of India, an £35,000 worth of their bills refused by their agents, Mess

Baines, Jolly & Co., of Fog Court.

When the accounts of that ghastly bankruptcy arrive from Calcutta, it was found, of course, that the merchan prince Rummun Loll owed the B. B. C. twenty-five lakhs rupees, the value of which was scarcely even represented his respectable signature. It was found that one of auditors of the bank, the generally esteemed Charley Con (a capital fellow, famous for his good dinners and for play omedy characters at the Chowringhee Theatre) wa

d to the bank in £90,000; and also it was discov the revered Baptist Bellman, Chief Registrar of utta Tape and Sealing Wax Office (a most valuable erful amateur preacher who had converted two na whose serious soirees were thronged at Calcutta ned himself to £73,000 more, for which he settled akruptcy Court before he resumed his duties in his justice to Mr. Bellman, it must be said that he ve had no idea of the catastrophe impending or B. C. For, only three weeks before that great osed its doors, Mr. Bellman, as guardian of the chil s widowed sister, Mrs. Colonel Green, had sold the the late Colonel's property out of Company's pa ivested it in the bank, which gave a high interest, ills of which, drawn upon their London corresp ne had accommodated Mrs. Colonel Green when ner departure for Europe with her numerous little

And now you have the explanation of the titl board the Burrumpooter. chapter, and know wherefore Thomas Newcome no Parliament. Where are our dear old friends now are Rosey's chariots and horses? where her j gewgaws? Bills are up in the fine new house. Hebrew gentlemen with their hats on are walking

drawing rooms, peering into the bedrooms, we poising the poor old silver cocoa-nut tree, eyein and crystal, thumbing the damask of the curta specting ottomans, murrors, and a hundred articles of splendid trumpery. There is Rosey's boudoir, which her THE NEWCOMES. father-in-law loved to ornament; there is Clive's studio, with a hundred sketches, there is the Colonel's bare room at the top of the house, with his little iron bedstead and ships drawers, and a carnel trunk or two which have accompanied him on many an Indian march, and his old regulation sword, and that one which the native officers of his regiment gave

in when he bade them farewell I can fancy the brokers as they look over this camp wardrobe, and that the ices as they look over this camp wardrobe, and that the niforms will not fetch much in Holywell Street. There is he old one still, and that new one which he ordered and gore when poor little Rosey was presented at Court. I had not the heart to examine their plunder, and go amongst those wreckers F. B. used to attend the sale regularly, and report wreckers r. B. used to attend the sale regularly, and report its proceedings to us with eyes full of teats. A fellow laughed at me," says F B., "because when I came into the dear old drawing-room I took my hat off I told him that if he dared say another word I would knock him down," I think F. B. may be pardoned in this instance for emulating think F. B. may be pardoned in this instance for emulating the office of auctioneer. Where are you, perty Rosey, and poor little helpless baby? Where are you, dear Clive—stallant young friend of my youth? Ah it is a sad story—a melancholy page to pen Let us pass it over quickly; I amelancholy page to pen Let us pass it over quickly; I love not to think of my friend in pain.

CHAPTER XXXIII

IN WHICH MRS. CLIVE NEWCOUE'S CARRIAGE IS ORDERED

ALL the friends of the Newcome family, of course, knew th disaster which had befallen the good Colonel, and I was aware for my own part, that not only his own but almo the whole of Rosa Newcome's property was involved in the common ruin. Some proposals of temporary relief we made to our friends from more quarters than one, but we made to our friends from more quarters than one, but we thankfully rejected; and we were led to hope that t Colonel, having still his pension secured to him, which law could not touch, might hve comfortably enough im-

retirement to which, of course, he would betake himself when the melancholy proceedings consequent on the bank-ruptcy were brought to an end. It was shown that he had been egregiously duped in the transaction; that his credulity had cost him and his family a large fortune; that he had given up every penny which belonged to him; that there could not be any sort of stain upon his honest reputation. The judge before whom he appeared spoke with feeling and regard of the unhappy gentleman; the lawyer who examined him respected the grief and fall of that simple old man. Thomas Newcome took a little room near the court where his affairs and the affairs of the company were adjudged; lived with a frugality which never was difficult to him; and once, when perchance I met him in the City, avoided me, with a bow and courtesy that was quite humble though proud, and somehow inexpressibly touching to me. Fred Bayham was the only person whom he admitted. Fred always faithfully insisted upon attending him in and out of court. J. J. came to me immediately after he heard of the disaster, eager to place all his savings at the service of his friends. Laura and I came to London, and were urgent with similar offers. Our good friend declined to see any of us. F. B., again, with tears trickling on his rough cheeks, and a break in his voice, told me he feared that affairs must be very bad indeed, for the Colonel absolutely denied himself a cheroot to smoke. Laura drove to his lodgings and took him a box, which was held up to him as he came to open the door to my wife's knock by our smiling little boy. He patted the child on his golden head and kissed him. My wife wished he would have done as much for her; but he would not, though she owned she kissed his hand. He drew it across his eyes and thanked her in a very calm and stately manner; but he did not invite her within the threshold of his door, saying simply that such a room was not a fit place to receive a lady-"as you ought to know very well, Mrs. Smith," he said to the landlady, who had accompanied my wife up the stairs. "He will eat scarcely anything," the woman told us-"his meals come down untouched; his candles are burning all night, almost, as he sits poring over his papers." "He was bent—he who used to walk so uprightly," Laura said. He seemed to have

grown many years older, and was, indeed, quite a decrepit old man.

"I am glad they have left Clive out of the bankruptcy," the Colonel said to Bayham; it was almost the only time when his voice exhibited any emotion. "It was very kind of them to leave out Clive, poor boy, and I have thanked the lawyers in court." Those gentlemen, and the judge himself, were very much moved at this act of gratitude. The judge made a very feeling speech to the Colonel when he came up for his certificate. He passed very different comments on the conduct of the manager of the bank, when that person appeared for examination. He wished that the law had power to deal with those gentlemen who had come home with large fortunes from India, realized but a few years before the bankruptcy. Those gentlemen had known how to take care of themselves very well, and as for the manager, is not his wife giving elegant balls at her elegant house at Cheltenham at this very day?

What weighed most upon the Colonel's mind, F. B. magined, was the thought that he had been the means of inducing many poor friends to embark their money in this luckless speculation. "Take J J's money, siter he had persuaded old Ridley to place Jeoo in Indian shares! Good God, he and his family should rather pensh than he would bouch a farthing of it!" Many force words were uttered to him by Mrs. Mackenize, for instance; by her angry son-halw at Musselburgh, Josey's husband, by Mr. Smee, R.A., and two or three Indian officers, friends of hims who had two or three Indian officers, friends of himself.

tims time from Honeyman in India, saying that he was doing well; that of course he knew of his benefactor's misfortune; and that he sent a remittance which, D V., should be annual, in payment of his debt to the Colonel, and his good sister at Brighton. "On receipt of this letter," said F. B., "the old ran was fairly beat; the letter, with the bill in it, dropped out of his hands. He chaped them both together, shaking

in every limb, and his head dropped down on his breast as he said, 'I thank my God Almighty for this!' And he sent the cheque off to Mrs. Honeyman by the post that night, sir, every shilling of it; and he passed his old arm under mine, and we went out to Tom's Coffee House, and he ate some dinner for the first time for ever so long, and drank a couple of glasses of port wine; and F. B. stood it, sir, and would stand his heart's blood for that dear old boy."

It was on a Monday morning that those melancholy shutters were seen over the offices of the Bundelcund Bank in Lothbury, which were not to come down until the rooms were handed over to some other, and, let us trust, more fortunate speculators. The Indian bills had arrived, and been protested in the City on the previous Saturday. Campaigner and Mrs. Rosey had arranged a little party to the theatre that evening, and the gallant Captain Goby had agreed to quit the delights of the Flag Club, in order to accompany the ladies. Neither of them knew what was happening in the City, or could account, otherwise than by the common domestic causes, for Clive's gloomy despondency and his father's sad reserve. Clive had not been in the City on this day. He had spent it, as usual, in his studio, boude by his wife, and not disturbed by the mess-room raillery of the Campaigner. They dined early, in order to be in time for the theatre. Goby entertained them with the latest jokes from the smoking-room at the Flag; and was in his turn amused by the brilliant plans for the season which Rosey and her mamma sketched out: the entertainments which Mrs. Clive proposed to give; the ball-she was dying for a masked ball—just such a one as that described in the Pall Mall Gazette of last week, out of that paper with the droll title, the Bengal Hurkaru, which the merchant prince, the head of the bank, you know, in India, had given at Calcutta. "We must have a ball, too," says Mrs. Mackenzie; "society demands it of you." "Of course it does," echoes Captain Goby, and he bethought him of a brilliant circle of young fellows from the Flag, whom he would bring in splendid uniform to dance with the pretty Mrs. Clive Newcome.

After the dinner (they little knew it was to be their last in

that fine house), the ladies retired to give a parting kiss to baby-a parting look to the tollettes with which they proposed to fascinate the inhabitants of the pit and public boxes at the Olympic. Goby made vigorous play with the claret bottle during the brief interval of potation allowed to himne, too, little deeming that he should never drink bumper here again; Clive looking on with the melancholy and silent acquiescence which had, of late, been his part in the houserold. The carriage was announced; the ladies came down -pretty capotes on, the lovely Campaigner, Goby vowed, looking as young and as handsome as her daughter, by Jove; and the hall door was opened to admit the two gentlemen and ladies to their carriage, when, as they were about to step in, a hansom cab drove up rapidly, in which was perceived Thomas Newcome's anxious face. He got out of the vehicle -his own carriage making way for him-the ladies still on the steps. "Oh, the play! I forgot," said the Colonel.

"Of course we are going to the play, papa," cries little Rosey, with a gay little tap of her hand.

"I think you had best not," Coionel Newcome said

The Colonel for reply bade his coachman drive to the stables, and come for further orders; and, turning to his daughter's guest, expressed to Captain Goby his regret that the proposed party could not take place on that evening, as he had matter of very great importance to communicate to his family. On hearing these news, and understanding that his further company was not desirable, the Captain, a man of great presence of mind, arrested the hansom cabman, who was about to take his departure, and who blithely, knowing the Club and its inmates full well, carried off the jolly Captain to finish his evening at the Flag

"Has it come, father?" said Clive, with a sure prescience,

looking in his father's face.

ont. entere bottle still standing amidst the dessert. He bade the butl retire, who was lingering about the room and sideboard, ar only wanted to know whether his master would have dinner that was all. And, this gentleman having withdrawn, Colon Newcome finished his glass of sherry and broke a biscuithe Campaigner assuming an attitude of surprise and indign

tion, whilst Rosey had leisure to remark that papa looked very ill, and that something must have happened.

The Colonel took both her hands and drew her toward him and kissed her; whilst Rosey's mamma, flouncing dow on a chair, beat a tattoo upon the table cloth with her fa "Something has happened, my love," the Colonel said ve

sadly; "you must show all your strength of mind, for a gre misfortune has befallen us."

darling, and enveloping her in her robust arms. "What can have happened? don't agitate this darling child, sir," and shoked indignantly towards the poor Colonel.

"We have received the very worst news from Calcutta—

"Good heavens, Colonel! what is it? don't frighten n beloved child!" cries the Campaigner, rushing towards he

confirmation of the news by the last mail, Clivy, my boy."
"It is no news to me. I have always been expecting

father," says Clive, holding down his head.

"Expecting what? What have you been keeping bac from us? In what have you been deceiving us, Colon Newcome?" shrieks the Campaigner, and Rosey, crying or "O mamma, mamma!" begins to whimper.

"The chief of the bank in India is dead," the Colon went on. "He has left its affairs in worse than disorde We are, I fear, ruined, Mrs. Mackenzie," and the Colon went on to tell how the bank could not open on Monda

morning, and its bills to a great amount had already been protested in the City that day.

Rosey did not understand half these news, or compreher the calamity which was to follow; but Mrs. Mackenzi rustling in great wrath, made a speech, of which the ang gathered as she proceeded, in which she vowed and pr tested that her money, which the Colonel, she did not kno

from what motives, had induced her to subscribe, should n

THE NEWCOMES. iot, the next Monday morning; that her daughter had a fortune of her own which her poor dear brother James should have divided, and would have divided, much more fairly, bad he not been wrongly influenced—she would not say by whom; and she commanded Colonel Newcome upon that instant, if he was, as he always pretended to be, an honourable man, to give an account of her blessed darling's property, and to pay back her own, every sixpence of it—she would not lend it for an hour longer. And to see that that dear blessed child now sleeping unconsciously upstairs, and his dear brothers and sisters who might follow-for Rosey was a young woman, a poor innocent creature, too young to be married, and never would have been married had she listened to her mamma's advice-she demanded that baby, and all succeeding babies, should have their rights, and should be looked to by their grandmother, if their father's father was so unkind, and so wicked, and so unnatural, as to give their money to rogues, Rosey began to cry more loudly than ever during the and deprive them of their just bread.

utterance of mamma's sermon, so loudly that Clive peevishly cried out, "Hold your tongue;" on which the Campaigner, clutching her daughter to her breast again, turned on her son-in-law, and abused him as she had abused his father before him, calling out that they were both in a conspirac to defraud her child, and the little darling upstairs, of it bread—and she would speak, yes, she would, and no power should prevent her-and her money she would have o Monday, as sure as her poor dear husband, Captain Me kenzie, was dead-and she never would have been chear so, yes, cheated, if he had been alive.

At the word "cheated" Chie broke out with an exec tion, the poor Colonel with a groan of despair; the wide storm continued; and above that howling tempest of we rose Mrs. Clive's piping scream, who went off into downr hysterics at last, in which she was encouraged by her mot and in which she gasped out frantic ejaculations regar

baby-dear, darling, ruined baby, and so forth. The sorrow-stricken Colonel had to quell the wor tongues and shrill anger, and his son's wrathful replies, could not bear the weight of Mrs. Mackenzie upon him it was not until these three were allayed, that Thomas Newcome was able to continue his sad story, to explain what had happened, and what the actual state of the case was, and to oblige the terror-stricken women at length to hear something like reason.

He then had to tell them, to their dismay, that he would inevitably be declared a bankrupt in the ensuing week; that the whole of his property in that house, as elsewhere, would be seized and sold for the creditors' benefit; and that his daughter had best immediately leave a home where she would be certainly subject to humiliation and annoyance. I would have Clive, my boy, take you out of the country, id—and return to me when I have need of him, and shall and for him," the father said fondly, in reply to a rebellious ok in his son's face. "I would have you quit this house; soon as possible. Why not to-night? The law blood-ounds may be upon us ere an hour is over—at this moment ir what I know."

At that moment the door-bell was heard to ring, and the omen gave a scream apiece, as if the bailiffs were actually ming to take possession. Rosey went off in quite a series i screams, previshly repressed by her husband, and always accuraged by mamma, who called her son-in-law an unfeeling retch. It must be confessed that Mrs. Clive Newcome did of exhibit much strength of mind, or comfort her husband such at a moment when he needed consolation.

From angry rebellion and fierce remonstrance, this pair of omen now passed to an extreme terror and desire for inantaneous flight. They would go that moment—they would rap that blessed child up in its shawls, and nurse should ke it anywhere—anywhere, poor neglected thing. "My unks," cries Mrs. Mackenzie, "you know are ready packed. am sure it is not the treatment which I have received; it nothing but my duty and my religion, and the protection hich I owe to this blessed, unprotected—yes, unprotected, and robbed, and cheated, darling child—which have made me ay a single day in this house. I never thought I should ave been robbed in it, or my darlings with their fine fortunes ung naked on the world. If my Mack was here, you never ad dared to have done this, Colonel Newcome—no, never.

He had his faults—Mackenzie had—but he would never have robbed his own children! Come away, Roser, my blessed love, come let us pack your things, and let us go and hide our love, come let us pack your things, and let us go and hide our hings, and let us go and hide our hards in sorrow somewhere. of all painters, and that Clarence was a true gentleman, and loved you with all his heart, and would never have cheated you out of your money, for which I will have justice as sure

During this outhurst the Colonel sat utterly scared and as there is justice in England?" silent, supporting his poor head between his hands. the harem had departed he turned sadly to his son. Clive did not believe that his father was a cheat and a rogue. No, thank God! The two men embraced with tender cordiality and almost happy emotion on the one side and the other, Never for one moment could Clive think his dear old father meant wrong, though the speculations were unfortunate in which he had engaged—though Clive had not liked them: it was a relief to his mind that they were now come to an end; they should all be happier now, thank God! those clouds of distrust being removed. Clive felt not one moment's doubt but that they should be able to meet fortune with a hrave face, and that happier, much happier days were in store for him than ever they had known since the penod of this confounded prosperity.

is comounted prospertly, "Here's a good end to it," says Clive, with flashing eyes and a flushed face, "and here's a good health till tomorrow, father!" and he filled into two glasses the wine still remaining in the flask. "Good-bye to our fortune, and bad luck go with her-I puff the prostitute away... Si celeres qualit pennas—you renember what we used to say at Grey Friars? resigno que dedit, et mea rertute me involvo, probamque fouresigno quie acuit, es meu treuie noc incoros, provianque reur-periem sine dote quarro." And he pledged his father, who drank his wine, his hand shaking as he raised the glass to his lps, and his kind voice trembing as he uttered the well known old school words with an emotion that was as sacre as a prayer. Once more, and with hearts full of lore, the two men embraced. Clive's voice would tremble now if two men emnraced. Curves voice would the in happy told the story, as it did when he spoke it to me in happy times, one calm summer evening when we sat toget

talked of dear old days.

Thomas Newcome explained to his son the plan which, to his mind as he came away from the City after the day's misfortunes, he thought it was best to pursue. The women and the child were clearly best out of the way. "And you too, my boy, must be on duty with them until I send for you, which I will do if your presence can be of the least service to me, or is called for by—by—our honour," said the old man with a drop in his voice. "You must obey me in this, dear Clive, as you have done in everything, and been a good, and dear, and obedient son to me. God pardon me for having trusted to my own simple old brains too much, and not to you who know so much better. You will obey me this once more, my boy—you will promise me this," and the old man as he spoke took Clive's hand in both his, and fondly caressed it.

Then with a shaking hand he took out of his pocket his old purse with the steel rings, which he had worn for many and many a long year. Clive remembered it, and his father's face how it would beam with delight, when he used to take that very purse out in Clive's boyish days, and tip him just after he left school. "Here are some notes and some gold," "It is Rosey's, honestly, Clive dear, her half-year's dividend, for which you will give an order, please, to Sherrick. He has been very kind and good, Sherrick. All the servants were providentially paid last week-there are only the outstanding week's bills out-we shall manage to meet those, I dare say. And you will see that Rosey only takes away such clothes for herself and her baby as are actually necessary, won't you, dear? the plain things, you know-none of the fineries—they may be packed in a petara or two, and you will take them with you-but the pomps and vanities, you know, we will leave behind-the pearls and bracelets, and the plate, and all that rubbish-and I will make an inventory of them to-morrow when you are gone and give them up, every rupee's worth, sir, every ana, by Jove, to the creditors."

The darkness had fallen by this time, and the obsequious butler entered to light the dining-room lamps. "You have been a very good and kind servant to us, Martin," says the Colonel, making him a low bow, "I should like to shake you by the hand. We must part company now, and I have no

doubt you and your fellow-servants will find good places, all of you, as you merit, Martin—as you merit. Great losses have fallen upon our family—we are ruined, sir, we are ruined! The great Bundelcund Banking Company has stopped payment in India, and our branch here must stop on Monday. Thank my friends downstains for their kindness to me and my family." Martin bowed in silence with great respect. He and his commades in the servants' hall had been expecting this catastrophe quite as long as the Colonel himself, who thought he had kept his affairs so profoundly secret.

Clive went up into his women's apartments, looking with but little regret. I dare say, round those cheerless nuptial chambers with all their gaudy fittings, the fine looking-

and his wife, and his wife's mother, busily engaged with a multiplicity of boves—with flounces, feathers, fal-lals, and finery which they were stowing away in this trunk and that; while the baby lay on its little pink pillow breathing softly, a little pearly fist placed close to its mouth. The aspect of the

sternly bade her to be silen, and not wake the child. His words were not to be questioned when he spoke in that manner. "You will take nothing with you, Rosey, but what is strictly necessary—only two or three of your plainest dresses, and what is required for the boy. What is in this trunk?" Mrs. Mackenzie stepped forward and declared, and the nurse wowed upon her honour, and the lady's mind asserted really now upon her honour on that three was nothing but what was most strictly necessary in that trunk, to which affidavits, when Clive applied to his wife, she gave a rather timid assent.

"Where are the keys of that trunk?" Upon Mrs. Mackenzie's exclamation of "What nonsense!" Clive, putting his foot upon the flimsy oil-covered box, vowed he would kick the hid off unless it was instantly opened. Obey

ing this grim summons, the fluttering women produced th

keys, and the black box was opened before him.

The box was found to contain a number of objects which Clive pronounced to be by no means necessary to his wife and child's existence. Trinket boxes and favourite litting imcraeks, chains, rings, and pearl necklaces, the tiara poor Rosey had worn at Court—the feathers and the gorgeout train which had decorated the little person—all these were found packed away in this one receptacle; and in another box, I am sorry to say, were silver forks and spoons (the butler wisely judging that the rich and splendid electrotype ware might as well be left behind)—all the silver forks.

spoons, and ladles, and our poor old friend the eocoa-nutree, which these female robbers would have carried out the premises.

Mr. Clive Newcome burst out into fierce laughter when I

saw the cocoa-nut tree; he laughed so loud that baby wok and his mother-in-law called him a brute, and the nurse rato give its accustomed quietus to the little screaming infan Rosey's eyes poured forth a torrent of little protests, and sh would have cried yet more loudly than the other baby, he not her husband, again fiercely checking her, sworn with dreadful oath that unless she told him the whole truth, "I heavens, she should leave the house with nothing but wh covered her." Even the Campaigner could not make her against Clive's stern resolution, and the incipient insurretion of the maids and the mistresses was quelled by his spir. The lady's-maid, a flighty creature, received her wages ar took her leave; but the nurse could not find it in her heat to quit her little nursling so suddenly, and accompanie

Clive's household in the journey upon which those poor foll were bound. What stolen goods were finally discover when the family reached foreign parts were found in Mi Maekenzie's trunks, not in her daughter's—a silver filigo basket, a few teaspoons, baby's gold coral, and a costly crisson velvet-bound copy of the Hon. Miss Grimstone's Chur. Service; to which articles, having thus appropriated them Mrs. Maekenzie henceforward laid claim as her own.

So when the packing was done a cab was called to recei the modest trunks of this fugitive family; the coachman w bidden to put his horses to again; and for the last time poor Rosey Newcome sate in her own carriage, to which the Colonel conducted her with his courtly old bow, kissing the baby as it slept once more unconscious in its nurse's embrace. and bestowing a very grave and polite parting salute upon the Campaigner.

Then Clive and his father entered a cab, on which the trunks were borne, and they drove to the Tower Stairs, where

house to watch and to think of his ruined fortunes, and to pray that he might have courage under them, that he might bear his own fate honourably, and that a gentle one might be dealt to those beloved beings for whom his life had been sperificed in vain.

CHAPTER XXXIV

RELISARIUS.

WHEN the sale of Colonel Newcome's effects took place, a friend of the family bought in, for a few shillings, those two swords which

chamber, and heart to hid.

which had always kept its place in the young man's studio, together with a lot of his oil sketchings, easels, and painting apparatus, were purchased by the faithful J. J., who kept them until his friend should return to London and rectain them, and who showed the most generous solicitude in Clive's behalf. J. J. was elected of the Royal Academy this year, and Clive, it was evident, was working hard at the pretty little piece, called "The Stranded Boat," got a fair place on the Exhibition walls, and, you may be sure, was loudly praised by a certain critic in the Pall Mall Gazette. The picture was sold on the first day of the Exhibition at the price of twenty-five pounds, which the artist demanded; and when the kind J. J. wrote to inform his friend of this satisfactory circumstance, and to say that he held the money at Clive's disposal, the latter replied with many expressions of sincere gratitude, at the same time begging him directly to forward the money, with our old friend Thomas Newcome's love, to Mrs. Sarah Mason, at Newcome. But J. J. never informed his friend that he himself was the purchaser of the picture; nor was Clive made acquainted with the fact until some time afterwards, when he found it hanging in Ridley's studio.

I have said that we none of us were aware at this time what was the real state of Colonel Newcome's finances, and hoped that, after giving up every shilling of his property which was confiscated to the creditors of the bank, he had still, from his retiring pension and military allowances, at least enough reputably to maintain him. On one occasion, having business in the City, I there met Mr. Sherrick. Affairs had been going ill with that gentleman: he had been let in terribly, he informed me, by Lord Levant's insolvency, having had large money transactions with his lordship. "There's none of them so good as old Newcome," Mr. Sherrick said with a sigh; "that was a good one—that was an honest man if ever I saw one-with no more guile, and no more idea of business, than a baby. Why didn't he take my advice, poor old cove?—he might be comfortable now. Why did he sell away that annuity, Mr. Pendennis? I got it done for him when nobody else perhaps could have got it done for him-for the security ain't worth twopence if Newcome wasn't an honest man; but I know he is, and would rather starve and eat the nails off his fingers than not keep to his word, the old trump. And when he came to me, a good two months before the smash of the bank, which I knew it, sir, and saw that it must come-when he came and raised three thousand pounds to meet them d-d electioneering bills, having to pay lawyers, commission, premium, life-insurance-you know the whole game, Mr. P .- I as good

as went down on my knees to him-I did-at the North and South American Coffee house, where he was to meet the party about the money, and said, 'Colonei, don't raise it; I tell you, let it stand over—let it go in along with the bank-

mission-I would, by Jove-only times is so bad, and that rascal Levant has let me in. It went to my heart to take the old cock's money, but it's gone—that and ever so much more—and Lady Whittlesea's chapel too, Mr. P. Hang that

young Levant!"

Squeezing my hand after this speech, Sherrick ran across the street after some other capitalist who was entering the Diddlesex Insurance Office, and left me very much grieved and dismayed at finding that my worst fears in regard to Thomas Newcome were confirmed. Should we confer with his wealthy family respecting the Colonel's impoverished condition? Was his brother Hobson Newcome aware of st? As for Sir Barnes, the quarrel between him and his uncle had been too fierce to admit of hopes of relief from that quarter. Barnes had been put to very heavy expenses in the first contested election; had come forward again immediately on his uncle's resignation, but again had been beaten by a more liberal candidate, his quondam former friend, Mr. Higg-who formally declared against Sir Barnes, and who drove him finally out of the representation of Newcome.

work-nearly

seventy years old. "Oh, why did those cruel academicians refuse Clive's pictures?" cries Laura. "I have no patience with them. Had the pictures been exhibited, I know who I might have bought them; but that is vain now. He would suspect at once, and send her money away. O Pen! why, why didn't he come when I wrote that letter to Brussels?"

From persons so poorly endowed with money as ourselves, any help, but of the merest temporary nature, was out of the

question. We knew our friends too well not to know that they would disdain to receive it. It was agreed between me and Laura that at any rate I should go and see Clive. Our friends indeed were at a very short distance from us, and having exiled themselves from England, could yet see its coasts from their windows upon any clear day. Boulogne was their present abiding place—refuge of how many thousands of other unfortunate Britons—and to this friendly port I betook myself speedily, having the address of Colonel Newcome. His quarters were in a quiet grass-grown old street of the Old Town. None of the family were at home when I could be street of the Old Thorough indeed to street of the Old Thorough indeed when I called. There was indeed no servant to answer th bell, but the good-natured French domestic of a neighbour ing lodger told me that the young Monsieur went out every day to make his designs, and that I should probably find the elder gentleman upon the rampart, where he was in the

custom of going every day. I strolled along by those pretty old walks and bastions, under the pleasant trees which shadow them, and the grey old gabled houses from which you look down upon the gay new city, and the busy port, and the piers stretching into the shining sea, dotted with a hundred white sails or black smoking steamers, and bounded by the friendly lines of the bright English shore. There are few prospects more charming than the familiar view from those old French walls—few places where young children may play, and ruminating old age repose, more pleasantl I found our dear old friend seated on one of the benche than on those peaceful rampart gardens. a newspaper on his knees, and by his side a red-cheeked lit French lass, upon whose lap Thomas Newcome the youn lay sleeping. The Colonel's face flushed up when he

me. As he advanced a step or two towards me, I could that he trembled in his walk. His hair had grown alm quite white. He looked now to be more than his agewhose carriage last year had been so erect, whose figure been so straight and manly. I was very much move meeting him, and at seeing the sad traces which pair grief had left in the countenance of the dear old man.

"So you are come to see me, my good young fr cried the Colonel, with a trembling voice. "It is ver kind of you. Is not this a pretty drawing room to receive our friends in? we have not many of them now. Boy and I come and sit here for hours every day. Hasn't he grown a fine boy? He can say several words now, sir, and can walk surprisingly well. Soon he will be able to walk with his grandfather, and then Mare will not have the trouble to wait upon either of us." He repeated this sentiment in his pretty old French, and turning with a bow to Marie. The girl said Monsieur knew very well that she did not desire better than to come out with baby; that it was better than staying at home, pardies; and, the clock striking at this moment, she rose up with her child, crying out that it was time to return, or Madame would scoll.

"Mrs. Mackenzie has rather a short temper," the Colonel said, with a gentle smile. "Poor thing, she has had a great deal to bear in consequence, Pen, of my imprudence, I am glad you never took shares in our bank. I should not be so glad to see you as I am now, if I had brought losses upon you as I have upon so many of my friends." I, for my part, trembled to hear that the good old man was under the domination of the Campargner.

"Bayham sends me the paper regularly; he is a very kind faithful creature. How glad I am that he has got a snug berth in the City! His company really prospers, I am happy to think, unlike some companes you know of, Pen. I have read your two speeches, Sir, and Clive and I liked them very much. The poor boy works all day at his pictures. You know he has sold one at the Exhibition, which bas given us a great deal of heart—and he has completed two or three more—and I am sitting to him now for—what do you think, sir? for Belisarus. Will you give Belisarus and the Obolus kind word?"

"My dear, dear old friend," I said in great emotion, "if you will do me the kindness to take my obolur, or to use my services in any way, you will give me more pleasure than ever I had from your generous bounties in old days. Look, sir, I wear the watch which you gave me when you went India. Did you not tell me then to look over Clive and

serve him if I could? Can't I serve him now?" and I on further in this strain, asseverating with great warmth

truth that my wife's affection and my own were most sincere for both of them, and that our pride would be to be able to

help such dear friends.

The Colonel said I had a good heart, and my wife had, though—though— He did not finish this sentence, but I could interpret it without need of its completion. My wife and the two ladies of Colonel Newcome's family never could be friends, however much my poor Laura tried to be inti-mate with these women. Her very efforts at intimacy caused a frigidity and hauteur which Laura could not overcome. Little Rosey and her mother set us down as two aristocratic personages; nor for our parts were we very much disturbed

at this opinion of the Campaigner and little Rosey.

I talked with the Colonel for half an hour or more about his affairs, which indeed were very gloomy, and Clive's prospects, of which he strove to present as cheering a view as possible. He was obliged to confirm the news which Sherrick had given me, and to own, in fact, that all his pension was swallowed up by a payment of interest and life insurance for sums which he had been compelled to borrow. How could he do otherwise than meet his engagements? Thank God, he had Clive's full approval for what he had done; had communicated the circumstance to his son almost immediately after it took place, and that was a comfort to him-an immense "For the women are very angry," said the poor Colonel. "You see they do not understand the laws of honour, at least as we understand them; and perhaps I was wrong in hiding the truth, as I certainly did, from Mrs. Mackenzie; but I acted for the best-I hoped against hope that some chance might turn in our favour. God knows, I had a hard task enough in wearing a cheerful face for months, and in following my little Rosey about to her parties and balls; but poor Mrs. Mackenzie has a right to be angry, only I wish my little girl did not side with her mother so entirely, for the loss of her affection gives me great pain."

So it was as I suspected. The Campaigner ruled over this family, and added to all their distresses by her intolerable presence and tyranny. "Why, sir," I ventured to ask, "if, as I gather from you—and I remember," I added with a laugh, "certain battles royal which Clive described to me in old days—if you and the Campai—Mrs. Mackenzie do not agree, why should she continue to live with you, when you would all be so much happier apart?"

"She has a right to live in the house," says the Colonel; "it is I who have no right in it. I am a poor old pensioner, don't you see, subsisting on Rosey's bounty. We live on the hundred a year secured to her at her marriage; and Mrs. Mackenzie has her forty pounds of pension, which she adds to the common stock. It is I who have made away with every shilling of Rosey's £17,000, God help me I and with £1,500 of her mother's. They put their little means together, and they keep us-me and Clive. What can we do for a living? Great God I what can we do? Why, I am so useless that even when my poor boy earned £25 for his picture, I felt we were bound to send it to Sarah Mason; and you may fancy, when this came to Mrs. Msckenzie's ears, what a life my boy and I led. I have never spoken of these things to any mortal soul-I even don't speak of them with Clive; but seeing your kind honest face has made me talk -you must pardon my garrulity-I am growing old, Arthur. This poverty and these quarrels have beaten my spirit down -there, I shall talk on this subject no more. I wish, Sir, I could ask you to dine with us, but"-and here he smiled-

"we must get the leave of the higher powers."

Mrs. Mackennie and her daughter. Rosey blushed up a little
-looked st her manuma-and then greated me with a hand
and a cuttsy. The Campaigner also saluted me in a majestic
but amicable manner, made no objection even to my sattering
her apartments and seeing the condition to which they were
reduced: this phrase was uttered with particular emphasis
and a significant look towards the Colonel, who bowed his

me to dine and partake, if so fashionable a gentleman would condescend to partake, of a humble exile's fare. No fare was perhaps very pleasant to me in company with that woman; but I wanted to see my dear old Clive, and gladly accepted his voluble mother-in-law's not disinterested hospitality. She beckoned the Colonel aside; whispered to him, putting something into his hand; on which he took his hat and went away. Then Rosey was dismissed upon some other pretext, and I had the felicity to be left alone with Mrs.

Captain Mackenzie.

She instantly improved the occasion, and with great eagerness and volubility entered into her statement of the present affairs and position of this unfortunate family. She described darling Rosey's delicate state, poor thing-nursed with tenderness and in the lap of luxury-brought up with every delicacy and the fondest mother-never knowing in the least how to take care of herself, and likely to fall down and perish unless the kind Campaigner were by to prop and protect her. She was in delicate health-very delicate-ordered cod-liver oil by the doctor. Heaven knows how he could be paid for those expensive medicines out of the pittance which the imprudence-the most culpable and designing imprudence, and extravagance, and folly of Colonel Newcome had reduced them! Looking out from the window as she spoke, I saw-we both saw-the dear old gentleman sadly advancing towards the house, a parcel in his hand. Seeing his near approach, and that our interview was likely to come to an end, Mrs. Mackenzie rapidly whispered to me that she knew I had a good heart-that I had been blest by Providence with a fine fortune, which I knew how to keep better than some folks-and that if, as no doubt was my intention-for with what other but a charitable view could I have come to see them-"and most generous and noble was it of you to come, and I always thought it of you, Mr. Pendennis, whatever other people said to the contrary,"-if I proposed to give them relief, which was most needful-and for which a mother's blessings would follow me-let it be to her, the Campaigner, that my loan should be confided; for as for the Colonel, he is not fit to be trusted with a shilling, and has already flung away immense sums upon some old woman he keeps in the

country, leaving his darling Rosey without the actual necessaries of life.

The woman's greed and rapacity-the flattery with which she chose to belabour me at dinner, so choked and disgusted me, that I could hardly swallow the meal, though my poor old friend had been sent out to purchase a pate from the pastry-cook's for my especial refection. Clive was not at the dinner. He seldom returned till late at night on sketching days. Neither his wife nor his mother-in-law seemed much to miss him; and seeing that the Campaigner engrossed the entire share of the conversation, and proposed not to leave me for five minutes alone with the Colonel, I took leave rather speedily of my entertainers, leaving a message for Clive, and a prayer that he would come and see me at my hotel.

CHAPTER XXXV.

IN WHICH BELISARIUS RETURNS FROM EXILE.

I was sitting in the dusk in my room at the Hôtel des Bains, when the visitor for the person of Clive.

and a shaggy beard,

of painter to assume warm, and our talk, which extended far into the night, very friendly and confidential. If I make my readers confidents in Mr. Clive's private affairs, I ask my friend's pardon for narrating his history in their behoof. The world had gone very ill with my poor Clive, and I do not think that the pecuniary losses which had visited him and his father afflicted him near so sorely as the state of his home. In a pique with the woman he loved, and from that generous weakness which formed part of his character, and which led him to acquiesce in most wishes of his good father, the young man had gratified the darling desire of the Colonel's heart, and taken the wife whom his two old friends brought to him. Rosey, who was also, as we have shown, of a v obedient and ductile nature, had acquiesced gladly en in her mamma's opinion that she was in love with th

and handsome young Clive, and accepted him for better c worse. So undoubtedly would this good child have accepted Captain Hoby, her previous adorer, having smilingly promised fidelity to the Captain at church, and have made a verigood, happy, and sufficient little wife for that officer—ha not mamma commanded her to jilt him. What wonder that these elders should wish to see their two dear young one united? They began with suitable age, money, good temperand parents' blessings. It is not the first time that with a these excellent helps to prosperity and happiness a marriag has turned out unfortunately—a pretty, tight ship gone to wreck that set forth on its voyage with cheers from the shore and every prospect of fair wind and fine weather.

We have before quoted poor Clive's simile of the shoes wit which his good old father provided him-as pretty a little pa of shoes as need be, only they did not fit the wearer. I they pinched him at first, how they blistered and torture him now! If Clive was gloomy and discontented even whe the honeymoon had scarce waned, and he and his family sat at home in state and splendour under the boughs of th famous silver cocoa-nut tree, what was the young man's cor dition now in poverty, when they had no love along wit a scant dinner of herbs; when his mother-in-law grudge each morsel which his poor old father ate; when a vulgar coarse-minded woman pursued with brutal sarcasm an deadly rancour one of the tenderest and noblest gentleme in the world; when an ailing wife, always under some one domination, received him with helpless hysterical cries an reproaches; when a coarse female tyrant, stupid, obstinate utterly unable to comprehend the son's kindly genius or th father's gentle spirit, bullied over both, using the intolerabl undeniable advantage which her actual wrongs gave her t tyrannize over these two wretched men! He had neve heard the last of that money which they had sent to Mr. Mason, Clive said. When the knowledge of the fact cam to the Campaigner's ears, she raised such a storm as almos killed the poor Colonel and drove his son half mad. Sh seized the howling infant, vowing that its unnatural fathe and grandfather were bent upon starving it; she console and sent Rosey into hysterics; she took the outlawed parso

to whose church they went, and the choice society of bankrupt captains, captains' ladies, fugitive stockbrokers' wives, and dingy frequenters of billiard-rooms, and refugees from the Bench into her counsels; and in her daily visits amongst these personages and her walks on the pier, whither she trudged with poor Rosey in her train, Mrs. Mackenzie made known her own wrongs and her daughter's-showed how the Colonel, having robbed and cheated them previously, was now living upon them, insomuch that Mrs. Bolter, the levanting auctioneer's wife, would not make the poor old man a bow when she met him; that Mrs. Captain Kitely, whose husband had lain for seven years past in Boulogne whose nutrain and that for seven years past in boulding inli, ordered her son to cut Clive; and when, the child being sick, the poor old Colonel went for arrowroot to the chemist's, young Snooks, the apothecary's assistant, refused to allow him to take the powder away without previously depositing the money.

said, and the good man owned, as he are his scanty crust, and bowed his noble old head in silence under that cowardly persecution.

the noblest heart that ever beat-the tomb and prison of a

gallant warrior who had ridden in twenty battles—whose course through life had been a bounty wherever it had passed-whose name had been followed by blessings, and whose career was to end here—here—in a mean room, in with

man lived, Clive said. Some of the woman's taunts ar jibes, as he could see, struck his father so that he gasped ar started back as if some one had lashed him with a whi "He would make away with himself," said poor Clive, "b he deems this is his punishment, and that he must bear it: long as it pleases God. He does not care for his own losse as far as they concern himself; but these reproaches of Mr Mackenzie, and some things which were said to him in th Bankruptcy Court by one or two widows of old friends, wh were induced through his representations to take shares that infernal bank, have affected him dreadfully. him lying awake and groaning at night, God bless hir Great God! what can I do—what can I do?" burst o the young man, in a dreadful paroxysm of grief. tried to get lessons; I went to London on the deck of steamer, and took a lot of drawings with me; tried pictur dealers, pawnbrokers, Jews-Moss, whom you may remer ber at Gandish's, and who gave me, for forty-two drawing £18. I brought the money back to Boulogne. It w enough to pay the doctor, and bury our last poor little de: baby. Tenez, Pen, you must give me some supper; I have had nothing all day but a pain de deux sous. I can't stand at home. My heart's almost broken; you must give n some money, Pen, old boy. I know you will. I thoug of writing to you, but I wanted to support myself, you se When I went to London with the drawings, I tried George chambers, but he was in the country. I saw Crackthorl on the street, in Oxford Street; but I could not face him, ar bolted down Hanway Yard. I tried, and I could not a him, and I got the £18 from Moss that day, and came hon with it."

Give him money? of course I would give him money—n dear old friend! And as an alterative and a wholeson shock to check that burst of passion and grief in which the poor fellow indulged, I thought fit to break into a very fier and angry invective on my own part, which served to diguise the extreme feeling of pain and pity that I did no somehow choose to exhibit. I rated Clive soundly, are taxed him with unfriendliness and ingratitude for not having sooner applied to friends who would think shame of ther

selves whilst he was in need. Whatever he wanted was his as much as mine. I could not understand how the necessity of the family should, in truth, be so extreme as he described it, for after all many a poor family lived upon very much less; but I uttered none of these objections, checking them with the thought that Clive, on his first arrival at Boulogne, entitely ignorant of the practice of economy, might have imprudently engaged in expenses which had reduced him to this present destitution."

I took the liberty of asking about debts, and of these Clive gave me to understand there were none—at least none of his or his father's contracting. "If we were too proud to borrow—and I think we were wrong, Pen, my dear old boy; I think we were wrong now—at least we were too proud to owe. My colourman takes his bill out in drawings, and I think owes me a trifle. He got me some lessons at fifty sous a ticket—a pound the ten—from an economical swell who has taken a chiteau here, and has two flunkes in livery. He has four daughters who take advantage of the lessons, and screws ten per cent. upon the poor colourmaris pencils and drawing paper. It's pleasant work to give the lessons to the children, and to be patronized by the swell; and not expensive to him, is it, Pen? But I don't mind that, if I could but get lessons enough, for, you see, besides our expenses here, we must have some more money, and the dear old governor would die outtreht if poor old Sarah Mason did not

And now there arrived a plentiful supper, and a bottle of good wine, of which the giver was not sorry to partake after the meagre dimer at three o'clock to which I had been invited by the Campaigner. And it was midnight when I walked back with my fined to his house in the upper town, and all the stars of heaven were shining cheenily, and my dear Clive's face wore an expression of happiness such as I remembered in old days, as we shook hands and parted with a "God blessy you."

get her £,50 a year

 I did not know at the time that Mrs. Mackenzie had taken entire superintendence of the family treasury, and that this exemplary woman was putting away, as she had done previously, sundry httle sums to meet puny days.

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To Clive's friend, revolving these things in his mind as he lay in one of those most snug and comfortable beds at the excellent Hôtel des Bains, it appeared that this town o Boulogne was a very bad market for the artist's talents; and that he had best bring them to London, where a score of old friends would assuredly be ready to help him. And if the Colonel, too, could be got away from the domination of the Campaigner, I felt certain that the dear old gentleman could but profit by his leave of absence. My wife and I at this time inhabited a spacious old house in Queen's Square Westminster, where there was plenty of room for father and son. I knew that Laura would be delighted to welcome these guests—may the wife of every worthy gentleman who reads these pages be as ready to receive her husband's friends—it was the state of Rosey's health, and the Campaigner's authority and permission, about which I was in doubt, and whether this lady's two slaves would be allowed to go away.

These cogitations kept the present biographer long awake and he did not breakfast next day until an hour before noon I had the coffee-room to myself by chance, and my meal wa not yet ended when the waiter announced a lady to visit Mr Pendennis, and Mrs. Mackenzie made her appearance. No signs of care or poverty were visible in the attire or counter nance of the buxom widow. A handsome bonnet decorated within with a profusion of poppies, bluebells, and ears of corn; a jewel on her forehead, not costly, but splendid in appearance, and glittering artfully over that central spot from which her wavy chestnut hair parted to cluster in ringlet round her ample cheeks; a handsome India shawl, smar gloves, a rich silk dress, a neat parasol of blue with palryellow lining, a multiplicity of glittering rings, and a ver splendid gold watch and chain, which I remembered in for mer days as hanging round poor Rosey's white neck—al these adornments set off the widow's person, so that you might have thought her a wealthy capitalist's lady, and neve could have supposed that she was a poor, cheated, ruined robbed, unfortunate Campaigner.

Nothing could be more gracious than the accueil of this lady. She paid me many handsome compliments about my literary works, asked most affectionately for dear Mrs

Pendemis and the dear children, and then, as I expected, coming to business, contrasted the happiness and genteel position of my wife and family with the misery and wrongs of her own blessed child and grandson. She never could call that child by the colous name which he received at his baptism. I knew what bitter reasons she had to dislike the name of Thomas Newcome.

She again rapidly enumerated the wrongs she had received at the hands of that gentleman; mentioned the vast sums of money out of which she and her soul's darling had been tricked by that poor, muddle-headed creature, to say no worse of him; and described finally their present pressing need. The doctors, the burnal, Rosey's delicate condution, the cost of sweethereds, calf's-foot jelly, and codilver oil, were again passed in a rapid calculation before me; and she ended her speech by expressing her gratification that I had attended to her advice of the previous day, and not given Clive Newtome a direct loan; that the family wanted it the

obvious-namely, that Mr. Pendennis should administer a donation to herself.

I had brought but a small sum of money in my pocketbook, though Mrs. Mackenzie, intimate with bankers, and having, thank Heaven, in spite of all her misfortunes, the utmost confidence of all her tradesmen, hinted a perfect willingness on her part to accept an order upon her friends, Hobson Brothers of London.

This direct thrust I gently and smilingly parried by asking

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other bankers. Her countenance fell at this remark, nor was her cheerfulness much improved by the tender of one of the two bank-notes which then happened to be in my possession. I said that I had a use for the remaining note, and that it would not be more than sufficient to pay my

bill and the expenses of my party back to London.

My party? I had here to divulge, with some little trepidation, the plan which I had been making overnight; to explain how I thought that Clive's great talents were wasted at Boulogne, and could only find a proper market in London; how I was pretty certain, through my connection with booksellers, to find some advantageous employment for him, and would have done so months ago had I known the state of the case; but I had believed, until within a very few days since, that the Colonel, in spite of his bankruptcy, was still in the enjoyment of considerable military pensions.

This statement, of course, elicited from the widow a number of remarks not complimentary to my dear old Colonel. He might have kept his pensions had he not been a fool; he was a baby about money matters—misled himself and

everybody-was a log in the house, etc., etc., etc.

I suggested that his annuities might possibly be put into some more satisfactory shape; that I had trustworthy lawyers with whom I would put him in communication; that he had best come to London to see to these matters; and that my wife had a large house, where she would most gladly enter-

tain the two gentlemen.

This I said with some reasonable dread, fearing, in the first place, her refusal; in the second, her acceptance of the invitation with a proposal, as our house was large, to come herself, and inhabit it for a while. Had I not seen that Campaigner arrive for a month at poor James Binnie's house in Fitzroy Square, and stay there for many years? Was I not aware that when she once set her foot in a gentleman's establishment, terrific battles must ensue before she could be dislodged? Had she not once been routed by Clive? and was she not now in command and possession? Do I not, finally, know something of the world; and have I not a weak, easy temper? I protest it was with terror that I awaited the widow's possible answer to my proposal.

To my great relief, she expressed the utmost approval of both my plans. I was uncommonly kind, she was sure, to interest myself about the two gentlemen, and for her blessed Rosey's sake a fond mother thanked me. It was most advisable that Clive should earn some money by that horrid profession which he had chosen to adopt—trade she called

it. She was clearly anxious to get rid both of father and son, THE NEWCOMES.

and agreed that the sooner they went the better. We valked back arminarm to the Colonel's quarters in the old town-Mrs. Mackenzie, in the course of our walk, doing me the honour to introduce me by name to several dings acquaintances whom we met sauntering up the street, and imparting to me, as each mored away, the pecuniary and impairing to the accuminate away, the Springer Commany of the temporary residence in Boulegne. Rosey's deleaste state of health, Mrs. Mackenne did not accuming the state of health, Mrs. Mackenne did not accuming the state of the state hesitate to heak the news to her of the gentlements probable nestate to break the news to ner of the gentiuments probable departure, abruptly and eagerly, as if the intelligence was likely to please her; and it did, rather than otherwise. young woman being in the habit of letting mamma judge for her, continued it in this instance; and whether her husband stayed or went, seemed to be equally content or "And is it not most kind and generous of dear Mr. and Mrs. Pendennis to propose to receive Mr. Newcome and the Colonel?" This opportunity for gratitude being pointed out to Rosey, she acquesced in it straightway; it washers was kind of me, Rosey was sure. "And don't you ask was very kind to me, along the dear children, you poor, after dear Mrs. Pendennis and the dear children, you poor, deat, suffering, darling child?" Rosey, who had neglected this inquiry, immediately hoped Mrs. Pendennis and the children were well. The overpowering mother had taken utter possession of this poor little thing. Rosey's eyes foluncer possession or uns poor name uning accopy seem to lowed the Campaigner about, and appealed to her at all moments. She sat under Mrs. Mackende as a bird before a box constrictor—doomed, fluttening, fascinated, scared and

fawning as a whipped spanel before a keeper. The Colonel was on his accustomed bench on the rampar at this sunny hour. I repaired thither, and found the old gentleman scated by his grandson, who lay, as yesterday, o genueumn scarcu by as grandson, who my, as yearchay, of the little bonne's lap, one of his little purple hands close round the grandfather's finger. "Hush!", says the good man the property of the purple hands close to the purple hands close to the purple hands close to the purple hands round the grandsaners unger.

Thus it is any sure good the fifting up his other finger to his moustache as I approache it Boy's aleep. Heet hier joil quand if dort, le Boy, n'est le Boy's aleep. The mad beheved Monseur well—the pas Marie? was a tirtle angel. "This maid is a most trustworthy, value was a tirtle angel. "This maid is a most trustworthy, value person, Pendennis," the Colonel said, with much person, Pendennis," The boa constrictor had fascinated him too: the lash of that woman at home had cowed that helpless, gentle, noble spirit. As I looked at the head so upright and manly, now so beautiful and resigned, the year of his past life seemed to pass before me somehow in a flash of thought. I could fancy the accursed tyranny, the dumb acquiescence, the brutal jeer, the helpless remorse, the sleepless nights of pain and recollection, the gentle heart lacerated with deadly stabs, and the impotent hope. I own I burst into a sob at the sight, and thought of the noble, suffering creature, and hid my face and turned away.

He sprang up, releasing his hand from the child's, and placing it—the kind, shaking hand—on my shoulder. "What is it, Arthur, my dear boy?" he said, looking wistfully in my face. "No bad news from home, my dear?

Laura and the children well?"

The emotion was mastered in a moment. I put his arm under mine, and as we slowly sauntered up and down the sunny walk of the old rampart, I told him how I had come with special commands from Laura to bring him for a while to stay with us, and to settle his business, which I was sure had been woefully mismanaged, and to see whether we could not find the means of getting some little out of the wreck of the property for the boy yonder.

At first Colonel Newcome would not hear of quitting Boulogne, where Rosey would miss him—he was sure she would want him—but before the ladies of his family, to whom we presently returned, Thomas Newcome's resolution was quickly recalled. He agreed to go; and Clive coming in at this time was put in possession of our plan, and gladly acquiesced in it. On that very evening I came with a carriage to conduct my two friends to the steamboat. Their little packets were made and ready. There was no pretence of grief at parting on the women's side; but Marie, the little maid, with Boy in her arms, cried sadly; and Clive heartily embraced the child; and the Colonel, going back to give it one more kiss, drew out of his neckcloth a little gold brooch which he wore, and which, trembling, he put into Marie's hand, bidding her take good care of Boy till his return.

"She is a good girl—a most faithful, attached girl, Arthur, do you see?" the kind old gentleman said; "and I had no money to give her—no, not one single rupee."

CHAPTER XXXVI.

IN WHICH CLIVE EEGINS THE WORLD.

We are ending our history, and yet poor Clire is but beginning the world. He has to earn the bread which he eats henceforth; and as I saw his labours, his trials, and his disappointments, I could not but compare his calling with

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ments are set forth with great employed, who great truth, by those who speak of us; but there are advantages belonging to our trade which are passed over, I think, by some of those who exercise it and describe it, and for which, in striking the balance of our accounts, we are not always duly thankful. We have no patron, so to speak—we sit in antechambers no more, waiting the present of a few guiness from my lord in return for a fulsome dedication. We sell our wares to the book purveyor, between whom and us there is no greater obligation than between him and his paper maker or printer. In the great towns in our country immense stores of books are provided for us, with librarians to class them, kind attendants to wait upon us, and comfortable appliances for study. We require scarce any capital wherewith to exercise our trade. What other so-called learned profession is equally fortunate? A doctor, for example, after carefully and expensively educating himself, must invest in house and famiture, horses, carriage, and men-servants, before the public patient will think of calling him in. I am told that such gentlemen have to coax and wheedle dowagers, to humour hypochondriacs, to practise a score of little subsidiary arts in order to make that of healing profitable. How many, many hundreds of pounds

barrister to sink upon his stock-in-trade before his returns ire available? There are the costly charges of university education—the costly chambers in the Inn of Court—the clerk and his maintenance—the inevitable travels on circuit -certain expenses all to be defrayed before the possible dient makes his appearance, and the chance of fame or com-The prizes are great, to be sure, in the petency arrives. law; but what a prodigious sum the lottery ticket costs! a man of letters cannot win, neither does he risk so much. Let us speak of our trade as we find it, and not be too eager

in calling out for public compassion.

The artists, for the most part, do not cry out their woes as loudly as some gentlemen of the literary fraternity, and yet I think the life of many of them is harder, their chances even more precarious, and the conditions of their profession less independent and agreeable than ours. I have watched -Smee, Esq., R.A., flattering and fawning, and at the same time boasting and swaggering, poor fellow, in order to secure a sitter. I have listened to a Manchester magnate talking about fine arts before one of J. J.'s pictures, assuming the airs of a painter, and laying down the most absurd laws respecting the art. I have seen poor Tomkins bowing a rich amateur through a private view, and noted the eager smiles on Tomkins's face at the amateur's slightest joke, the sickly twinkle of hope in his eyes as Amateur stopped before his own picture. I have been ushered by Chipstone's black servant through hall after hall peopled with plaster gods and heroes, into Chipstone's own magnificent studio, where he sat longing vainly for an order, and justly dreading his landlord's call for the rent. And seeing how severely these gentlemen were taxed in their profession, I have been grateful for my own more fortunate one, which necessitates cringing to no patron; which calls for no keeping up of appearances; and which requires no stock in trade save the workman's industry, his best ability, and a dozen sheets of paper.

Having to turn with all his might to his new profession, Clive Newcome, one of the proudest men alive, chose to revolt, and to be restive at almost every stage of his training. He had a natural genius for his art, and had acquired in his desultory way a very considerable skill. His drawing was

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better than his painting (an opinion which, were my friend present, he of course would utterly contradict); his designs ind sketches were far superior to his finished compositions. and sectores were tar superior to ms minimat compositions. His friends presuming to judge of this artist's qualifications, rentured to counsel him accordingly, and were thanked for their pains in the usual manner. We had, in the first place to builty and browbeat Clive most fiercely before he would take fitting ludgings for the execution of those designs which we had in view for him. "Why should I take expensive odgings?" says Clive, slapping his fist on the table; "I am I pauper, and can scarcely afford to live in a garret. Why should you pay me for drawing your portrait and Laura's and the children? What the deuce does Warrington want with the effigy of his grim old mug? You don't want them a bit; you only want to give me money. It would be much more honest of me to take the money at once and own that I am a beggar; and I tell you what, Pen-the only money which I feel I come honestly by is that which is paid me by a little printseller in Long Acre, who buys my drawings, one with another, at fourteen shillings apiece, and out of whom I can

regiment came, like good fellows as they are, and sent me five pounds apiece for their heads; but I tell you I am ashamed to take the money" Such used to be the tenor of

another, at fourteen similings appear, and one of the earn pretty nearly two hundred a year. I am doing Mail Coaches for him, sir, and Charges of Cavalry—the public like the Mail Coaches best—on a dark paper—the horses and milestones picked out white—yellow dust—cobalt distance,

from our little ones at home, to whom he became greatly endeared during his visit to us, and who always hailed him when he came to see us with smiles and caresses and agreet infantile welcome. On that day when he went aw

rent up and kissed him with tears in her eyes. "You know low long I have been wanting to do it," this lady said to her jusband. Indeed I cannot describe the behaviour of the old man during his stay with us—his gentle gratitude, his weet simplicity and kindness, his thoughtful courtesy. There vas not a servant in our little household but was eager to vait upon him. Laura's maid was as tender-hearted at his leparture as her mistress. He was ailing for a short time, vhen our cook performed prodigies of puddings and jellies o suit his palate. The youth who held the offices of butler and valet in our establishment—a lazy and greedy youth whom Martha scolded in vain-would jump up and leave his supper to carry a message to ou Colonel. My heart is full is I remember the kind words which he said to me at parting, and as I think that we were the means of giving a little comfort to that stricken and gentle soul.

Whilst the Colonel and his son stayed with us, letters of course passed between Clive and his family at Boulogne, but my wife remarked that the receipt of those letters appeared to give our friend but little pleasure. They were read in a minute, and he would toss them over to his father, or thrust them into his pocket with a gloomy face. "Don't you see," groans out Clive to me one evening, "that Rosey scarcely writes the letters? or if she does, that her mother is standing over her? That woman is the Nemesis of our life, Pen. How can I pay her off? Great God! how can I pay her off?" And so having spoken, his head fell between his hands, and as I watched him I saw a ghastly domestic picture before me of helpless pain, humiliating discord, stupid

lyranny.

What, I say again, are the so-called great ills of life com-

pared to these small ones?

The Colonel accompanied Clive to the lodgings which we had found for the young artist, in a quarter not far removed from the old house in Fitzroy Square, where some happy years of his youth had been spent. When sitters came to Clive—as at first they did in some numbers, many of his early friends being anxious to do him a service—the old gentleman was extraordinarily cheered and comforted. We could see by his face that affairs were going on well at the

40T studio. He showed us the rooms which Rosey and the boy studio. He stored as the rooms which korey and the different and their were to occupy. were to occupy, see produce to our consumer and start mother, who was never used of hearing him, about his grant mother, who was never used of hearing him, about his grant mother, who was never used of hearing him, about his grant mother, who was never used of hearing him, and the product of the product o mother, who was never tred of hearing him, about his grand, son. He filled up the future nursely with a bundful cheap son. He filled up the future nursely with soudcful cheap hickness of his own contriving and with woods full own contriving and with worder future and the second future of the hearth of the hearth in his walks about future of the hearth of the heart knickracks of his own contriving and win wonderful cheap bargains which he borght in his walks about Tottenham pargains which he oragin in his walks about Toutenham.

Out. Road. He pasted a most elaborate book of prints.

Out. about. for Day.

The pasted a most elaborate book of prints. COURT KROAD. He pasted a most elaborate book of prints and sketches for Boy. It was assembling that notice Boy and sketches for Boy. It was assembling that position of the genited for the prints of aiready took of pictures. He would have an the genus of his father. Would be had had a better grandfather than the ms tamer. Would be due hand all belonging to him! foolish old man, who had runed an octonights so multindon.
However much they like each other, men n, the sort that.
The place is so was that. worns see mer menus unt senom. The place is 50 rast that the calls of hunness, society, even next door is distant; the calls of hunness, society, even next door is distant; the calls of hunness, society, even next door is distant; the calls of hunness, society, even next door is distant. even next good is distant, the calls of austress, society, pleasure, so multifarious that more friendship can get or give piessure, so minutarious that mere mentanin can get or gives but an occasional shake of the hand in the hurried moments out an occumental susce of the pane in the normal moments of passage. Men must live their tires, and see perforce of passage. Men must live their lives, and are perforce selfish, but not uniformily. At a great need you to you so look for you friend, and he that he is secure of your to look for you friend, and he that he is secure of your fire of your to look for your inered, and he mai he is secure of you. So
I went very little to Howland Street, where Cire now lived! went very mint to riving a process where the new ment and freed War. very senson to Lamo Court, where my dear old mend was ingon still safe in his old chambers, though our meetings nugion still safe in his old chambers, though our meetings, which safe in his old chambers, though our meetings when they occurred, and our trust were none the less condial when they occurred, and our trust were none the less condial when they occurred. were none the less cordul when they occurred, and our trust in one another always the same. m one anomer aways the same some tones say in e wong is nearness; he was says so enter praise commonplaces the most filedy and charatable suggestion) or is hearless him most filedy and charatable suggestion) most harry and character speciality or is meanines our self, or is most singular and unfortunate in having made n seth of 15 mean annual area on able mortal cannot have of the mortal tannot have of the mortal t nienos , alany such a reasonable moral cannot have of nature, i think, not sufficing for that sort of polygamy. many Persons would you have to deplore Yould our heath whose death would you wish to deplore? Could our he whose death would you wish to deplore? Could our he whose death would you wish to deplore? whose death would you wish to deporter to out our nelections the meet chair, let in such a harem of door friendships, the mere chainties and recurrences of grief and mourning would be followed and texturences of grief and mourning fin a word we carry and texturence of grief and that value and texturence and texturence and texturence are harden in the world, court and controlled to the world. and tax our lives beyond their value. In a word, see carry our own brides in the world; gush and struggle—Libugh, our own affairs are pinched by our own affairs are pinched by our own affairs are pinched by for own affairs are pinched by any forces corrections commonly and affairs are pinched on any forces corrections commonly the structure of our own snaurs; are pinciped of our own snowments some rieven loring we should not stop and lorget ourselves sometimes, when a friend cries out in his discusse or we can help times, when a friend ones out in his distress, or we can use a poor stricken wanderer in his way. As for good won, as poor stricken wanderer, are different from us; the nut, a these, my worthy reader, are different from us;

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these is to love, and to do kind offices, and devise untiring charities; so I would have you to know that though Mr. Pendennis was parcus suorum cultor et infrequens, Mrs. Laura found plenty of time to go from Westminster to Bloomsbury, and to pay visits to her Colonel and her Clive, both of whom she had got to love with all her heart again, now misfortune was on them, and both of whom returned her kindness with an affection blessing the bestower and the receiver, and making the husband proud and thankful whose wife had earned such a noble regard. What is the dearest praise of all to a manhis own, or that you should love those whom he loves? I see Laura Pendennis ever constant and tender and pure, ever ministering in her sacred office of kindness, bestowing love and followed by blessings. Which would I have, think you-that priceless crown hymeneal, or the glory of a Tenth Edition?

Clive and his father had found not only a model friend in the lady above mentioned, but a perfect prize landlady in their happy lodgings. In her house, besides those apartments which Mr. Newcome had originally engaged, were rooms just sufficient to accommodate his wife, child, and servant, when they should come to him, with a very snug little upper chamber for the Colonel, close by Boy's nursery, where he liked best to be. "And if there is not room for the Campaigner, as you call her," says Mrs. Laura, with a shrug of her shoulders, "why, I am very sorry, but Clive must try and bear her absence as well as possible. After all, my dear Pen, you know he is married to Rosa and not to her mamma; and so—and so I think it will be quite best that they shall have their ménage as before."

The cheapness of the lodgings which the prize landlady let, the quantity of neat new furniture which she put in, the consultations which she had with my wife regarding these supplies, were quite singular to me. "Have you pawned your diamonds, you reckless little person, in order to supply all this upholstery?" "No, sir, I have not pawned my diamonds," Mrs. Laura answers; and I was left to think (if I thought on the matter at all) that the landlady's own benevolence had provided these good things for Clive. For the wife of Laura's husband was perforce poor, and

she asked me for no more money at this time than at any other.

At first, in spite of his grumbling, Clive's affairs looked so prosperous, and so many sitters came to him from amongst his old friends, that I was half inclined to believe with the Colonel and my wife that he was a prodigious genius, and . ra was for

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the prosperity. "Let us see whether the Academy will have his pictures this year, and what a place they will give him," said Ridley. To do him justice, Clive thought far more humbly of his compositions than Ridley did. Not a little touching was it to us, who had known the young men in former days, to see them in their changed positions. It was Ridley, whose genius and industry had put him in the rank of a patron—Ridley, the good, industrious apprentice, who had won the prize of his art; and not one of his many ad-mirers saluted his talent and success with such a hearty recognition as Cluve, whose generous soul knew no envy, and who always fired and kindled at the success of his friends.

When Mr. Clive used to go over to Boulogne from time to time to pay his dutiful visits to his wife, the Colonel did not accompany his son, but during the latter's absence would dine with Mrs. Pendennis.

Though the preparations were complete in Howland Street, and Clive dutifully went over to Boulogne, Mrs. Pendennis remarked that he seemed still to hesitate about bringing his

wife to London.

Upon this Mr. Pendennis observed that some gentlemen were not particularly antions about the society of their wives, and that this pair were perhaps better apart. Upon which Mrs. Pendennis, drubbing on the ground with a little foot, said, "Nonsense! for shame, Arthur! How can you speak so fippontly? Did he not swear before Heaven to love and cherish her, never to leave her, sir? Is not his duty his duty, sir?" (a most emphatic stamp of the foot.) "Is she not his for better or for worse?"

"Including the Campaigner, my dear?" says Mr. .

"Don't laugh, sir! She must come to him. There is no

room in Howland Street for Mrs. Mackenzie."

"You artful, scheming creature! We have some spare rooms. Suppose we ask Mrs. Mackenzie to come and live with us, my dear; and we could then have the benefit of the garrison anecdotes and mess jocularities of your favourite, Captain Goby."

"I could never bear the horrid man!" cried Mrs. Pen-

dennis. And how can I tell why she disliked him?

Everything being now ready for the reception of Clive's

little family, we counselled our friend to go over to Boulogne and bring back his wife and child, and then to make some final stipulation with the Campaigner. He saw as well as we that the presence and tyranny of that fatal woman destroyed his father's health and spirits; that the old man knew peace or comfort in her neighbourhood, and was actually bastening to his grave under that dreadful and unremitting persecution. Mrs. Mackenzie made Clive scarcely less wretched than his father: she governed his household, took away his weak wife's allegiance and affection from him, and caused the wretchedness of every single person round about her. They ought to live apart. If she was too poor to sub-sist upon her widow's pension, which, in truth, was but a very small pittance, let Clive give up to her say the half of his wife's income of £100 a year. His prospects and present means of earning money were such that he might afford to o without that portion of his income; at any rate, he and father would be cheaply ransomed at that price from to this intolerable person. "Go, Clive."

"and bring back your wife and child, py together." For, you see, those we had written over to Mrs. Clive would have come with the Cam-

ve like a man of courage—and himself to be such in two or ossed the water to bring back onel agreed to dine at our n's absence. I have said old there; and he was

THE NEWCOMES. 405 kind enough to say afterwards that no woman had made

him so happy as Laura. We did not tell him-I know not from what reticence—that we had advised Clive to offer a bribe of £50 a year to Mrs. Mackenzie, until about a fortnight after Clive's absence, and a week after his return, when news came that poor old Mrs. Mason was dead at Newcome, whereupon we informed the Colonel that he had another pensioner now in the Campaigner.

Colonel Newcome was thankful that his dear old friend had gone out of the world in comfort and without pain. She had made a will long since leaving all her goods and chattels to Thomas Newcome; but having no money to give, the Colonel handed over these to the old lady's faithful attendant Keziah.

Although many of the Colonel's old friends had parted from him or quarrelled with him in consequence of the ill success of the B. B. C., there were two old ladies who yet remained faithful to him-Miss Cann, namely, and honest little Miss Honeyman of Bnghton, who, when she heard of the return to London of her nephew and brother-in-law, made a railway journey to the Metropolis (being the first time she ever engaged in that kind of travelling), rustled into Clive's apartments in Howland Street in her neatest silks,

dear Colonel was as ignorant as a baby-she gave them both to understand that she had a little sum at her bankers' at their disposal, and besought the Colonel to remember that her house was his, and that she should be proud and happy to receive him as soon and as often and for as long a time as he would honour her with his company. "Is not my house full of your presents?" cried the stout little old lady. "Have I not reason to be grateful to all the Newcomes--yes, to all the Newcomes?-for Miss Ethel and her family have

come to me every year for months, and I don't quarrel with them, and I won't, although you do, sir. Is not this shawl, are not these jewels that I wear," she continued, pointing to those well-known ornaments, "my dear Colonel's gift? Did you not relieve my brother Charles in this country and

procure for him his place in India? Yes, my dear friend and though you have been imprudent in money matters, my obligations towards you, and my gratitude and my affection are always the same." Thus Miss Honeyman spoke, with somewhat of a quivering voice at the end of her little oration but with exceeding state and dignity; for she believed that

her investment of two hundred pounds in that unlucky B. B. C., which failed for half a million, was a sum of con siderable importance, and gave her a right to express her opinion to the Managers.

Clive came back from Boulogne in a week, as we have said; but he came back without his wife, much to our alarm, and looked so exceedingly fierce and glum when we demanded the reason of his return without his family, that we saw wars and battles had taken place, and thought that

in this last Continental campaign the Campaigner had beer too much for her friend.

happened-not all the battles, which no doubt raged at breakfast, dinner, supper, during the week of Clive's visit to Boulogne, but the upshot of these engagements. Rosey, not unwilling in her first private talk with her husband to come to England with him and the boy, showed hersel irresolute on the second day at breakfast, when the fire was opened on both sides; cried at dinner, when fierce assaults took place, in which Clive had the advantage; slept soundly but besought him to be very firm, and met the enemy at breakfast with a quaking heart; cried all that day, during which, pretty well without cease, the engagement lasted and when Clive might have conquered and brought her off but the weather was windy and the sea was rough, and he was pronounced a brute to venture on it with a wife ir Rosey's situation.

The Colonel, to whom Clive communicated, though with us the poor lad held his tongue, told my wife what had

Behind that "situation" the widow shielded herself. She clung to her adored child, and from that bulwark discharged abuse and satire at Clive and his father. He could not rou her out of her position. Having had the advantage on the first two or three days, on the four last he was beaten, and lost ground in each action. Rosey found that in her situa tion she could not part from her darling mamma. The Campaigner, for her part, awered that she might be reduced to beggary; that she might be robbed of her last farthing and swindled and cheated; that she might see her daughter's fortune flung away by unprincipled adventurers, and her blessed child left without even the comforts of life; but desert her in such a situation she never would—no, never! Was not dear Rosecy's health already unpaired by the various shocks which she had undergone? Did she not require every comfort, every attendance? Monster! ask the doctor! She would stay with her darling child in spite of insult and rudeness and vulgarity. (Rosecy's father was a king's officer, not a company's officer, thank God') She would stay as

—convulsive sobs—clenched knuckles—flashing eyes—embraces rapidly clutched—laughs—stamps—snorts, from the dishevelled Campaigner—granding teeth—livid fury and repeated breakages of the third commandment by Clive—I can fancy the whole scene. He returned to London without his wife, and when she came she brought Mrs. Mackenzie with her.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

FOUNDER'S DAY AT GREY FRIARS.

Roszy came, bringing discord and wretchedness with her, to her husband, and the sentence of death or exile to his dear old father, all of which we foresaw—all of which Clive's friends would have longed to prevent—all of which were inevitable under the circumstances Clive's domestic affairs were often talked over by our little set. Warrington and F. B. knew of his unhappiness. We three had strongly opined that the women, being together at Boulogne, should stay there and hive there, Clive sending them over pecuniary aid as his means permitted. "They must hate each other

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pretty well by this time," growls George Warrington. "Why on earth should they not part?" "What a woman that Mrs. Mackenzie is!" cries F. B. "What an infernal tartar and catamaran! She who was so uncommonly smiling and soft-spoken, and such a fine woman, by jingo! What puzzles all women are." F. B. sighed, and drowned further reflection in beer.

On the other side, and most strongly advocating Rosey's return to Clive, was Mrs. Laura Pendennis, with certain arguments for which she had chapter and verse, and against which we of the separatist party had no appeal. "Did he marry her only for the days of her prosperity?" asked Laura. "Is it right, is it manly, that he should leave her now she is unhappy, poor little creature? No woman had ever more need of protection; and who should be her natural guardian save her husband? Surely, Arthur, you forget—have you forgotten them yourself, sir?—the solemn vows which Clive made at the altar. Is he not bound to his wife to keep only unto her so long as they both shall live, to love her, comfort her, honour her, and keep her in sickness and health?"

"To keep her, yes—but not to keep the Campaigner," cries Mr. Pendennis. "It is a moral bigamy, Laura, which

you advocate, you wicked, immoral young woman!"

But Laura, though she smiled at this notion, would not be put off from her first proposition. Turning to Clive, who was with us, talking over his doleful family circumstances, she took his hand and pleaded the cause of right and religion with sweet artless fervour. She agreed with us that it was a hard lot for Clive to bear. So much the nobler the task, and the fulfilment of duty in enduring it. A few months too would put an end to his trials. When his child was born Mrs. Mackenzie would take her departure. It would even be Clive's duty to separate from her then, as it now was to humour his wife in her delicate condition, and to soothe the poor soul, who had had a great deal of ill-health, of misfortune, and of domestic calamity to wear and shatter her. Clive acquiesced with a groan, but with a touching and generous resignation, as we both thought. "She is right, Pen," he said; "I think your wife is always right. I will try, Laura, and bear my part, God help me! I will do my duty,

and strive my best to soothe and gratify my poor dear butle woman. They will be making caps and things, and will not interrupt me in my studio. Of nights I can go to Clipstone Street and work at the Life. There's nothing like the Life, Pen. So you see I shart to much at home except at mealtimes, when by nature I shall have my mouth full, and no opportunity of quarrelling with poor Mrs. Mack." So he went home, followed and cheeted by the love and pity of my dear wife, and determined stoutly to bear this heavy yoke which fate had put on him.

To do Mrs. Mackenzie justice, that lady backed up with all her might the statement which my wife had put forward, with a view of soothing poor Clive-namely, that the residence of his mother-in-law in his house was only to be temporary. "Temporary?" eries Mrs. Mack (who was kind enough to make a call on Mrs. Pendennis, and treat that lady to a piece of her mind). "Do you suppose, madam, that it could be otherwise? Do you suppose that worlds would induce me to stay in a house where I have received such treatment; where, after I and my daughter had been tobbed of every shilling of our fortune, we are daily insulted by Colonel Newcome and his son? Do you suppose, ma'am, that I do not know that Clive's friends hate me, and give themselves airs, and look down upon my darling child, and try and make differences between my sweet Rosey and me-Rosey, who might have been dead, or might have been staryme, but that her dear mother came to her rescue? No. I would never stay. I loathe every day that I remain in the house. I would rather beg my bread-I would rather sweep the streets and starve-though, thank God, I have my pension'as the widow of an officer in Her Majesty's service, and I can live upon that. And of that Colonel Newcome cannot rob me; and when my darling love needs a mother's care no longer, I will leave her. I will shake the dust off my feet and leave that house, I will. And Mr. Newcome's friends may then sneer at me and abuse me, and blacken my darling child's heart towards me if they choose. And I thank you, Mrs. Pendennis, for all your kindness towards my daughter's family, and for the furniture which you have sent into the house, and for the trouble you have taken about our family

arrangements. It was for this I took the liberty of calling upon you; and I wish you a very good-morning." So speaking, the Campaigner left my wife; and Mrs. Pendennis enacted the pleasing scene with great spirit to her husband afterwards, concluding the whole with a splendid curtsy and toss of the head, such as Mrs. Mackenzie performed as her

parting salute. Our dear Colonel had fled before. He had acquiesced humbly with the decree of fate, and, lonely, old, and beaten, marched honestly on the path of duty. It was a great blessing, he wrote to us, to him to think that in happier days and during many years he had been enabled to benefit his kind and excellent relative, Miss Honeyman. He could thankfully receive her hospitality now, and claim the kindness and shelter which this old friend gave him. No one could be more anxious to make him comfortable. The air of Brighton did him the greatest good; he had found some old friends, some old Bengalees there, with whom he enjoyed himself greatly, etc. How much did we, who knew his noble spirit, believe of this story? To us Heaven had awarded health, happiness, competence, loving children, united hearts, and modest prosperity. To yonder good man, whose long life shone with benefactions, and whose career was but kindness and honour, fate decreed poverty, disappointment, separation, a lonely old age. We bowed our heads, humiliated at the contrast of his lot and ours, and prayed Heaven to enable us to bear our present good fortune meekly, and our evil days, if they should come, with such a resignation as this good Christian showed.

I forgot to say that our attempts to better Thomas Newcome's money affairs were quite in vain, the Colonel insisting
upon paying over every shilling of his military allowances
and retiring pension to the parties from whom he had
borrowed money previous to his bankruptcy. "Ah! what a
good man that is," says Mr. Sherrick, with tears in his eyes;
"what a noble fellow, sir! He would die rather than not
pay every farthing over. He'd starve, sir, that he would.
The money ain't mine, sir, or if it was, do you think I'd
take it from the poor old boy? No, sir; by Jove I honour
and reverence him more now he ain't got a shilling in his

pocket, than ever I did when we thought he was a-rolling in money."

My wife made one or two efforts at Samaritan visits in Howland Street, but was received by Mrs. Clive with such a faint welcome, and by the Campaigner with so grim a countenance, so many success, insules almost, that Laura's charity was beaten back, and she ceased to press good offices thus thanklessly received. If Clive came to

true, but work sufficient. He was reserved, uncommunicative, unlike the frank Clave of former times, and oppressed by his circumstances, as it was easy to see. I did not press the confidence which he was unwilling to offer, and thought best to respect his silence. I had a thousand affairs of my own; who has not in London? If you die to-morrow, your dearest friend will feel for you a hearly pang of sorrow, and go to his business as usual. I could drivine, but would not care to describe, the hie which my poor Clive was now leading; the rulgar misery, the sordid home, the cherless toll, and lack of friendly companionship which darkened his kind soul. I was glad Clive's father was away. The Colonel wrote to us twice or thrice; could it be three months ago?—bless me, how time flies! I he was happy, he wrote, with Miss Honeyman, who took the best care of him.

this history of the Grey Frans School—where the Colonel and Clive and I had been brought up—an ancient foundation of the time of James I., still subsisting in the heart of London city. The death-day of the founder of the place is still kept solemnly by Cestercians. In their chapel, where assemble the boys of the school, and the fourscore old men of the Hospital, the founder's tomb stands, a huge edifice, emblaconed with heraldic decorations and clumpy, carred allegories. This is an old Hall, a beautiful specimen of the architecture of James's tume. An old Hall? many old halls,

old staircases, old passages, old chambers decorated wi

Mention has been made once or twice in the course of

portraits, walking in the midst of which we walk, as it were, in the early seventeenth century.

To others than Cistercians Grey Friars is a dreary place possibly. Nevertheless, the pupils educated there love to revisit it, and the oldest of us grow young again for an hour or two as we come back into

The custom of the school is, that on the 12th of December, those scenes of childhood. the Founder's Day, the head gown-boy shall recite a Latin oration, in praise Fundatoris Nostri, and upon other subjects, and a goodly company of old Cistercians is generally brought together to attend this oration; after which we go to chapel and hear a sermon; after which we adjourn to a great dinner where old condisciples meet, old toasts are given, and speeches are made. Before marching from the oration-hall to chapel, the stewards of the day's dinner, according to old-fashioned rite, have wands put into their hands, walk to church at the head of the procession, and sit there in places of honour. The boys are already in their seats, with smug fresh faces, and shining white collars; the old black-gowned pensioners are on their benches; the chapel is lighted, and Founder's Tomb, with its grotesque carvings, monsters, heraldries, darkles and shines with the most wonderful shadows and lights. There he lies, Fundator Noster, in his ruff and gown, awaiting the great Examination Day. We oldsters, be we ever so old, become boys again as we look at that familiar old tomb, and think how the seats are altered since we were here, and how the doctor—not the present doctor, the docto of our time—used to sit yonder, and his awful eye used t frighten us shuddering boys, on whom it lighted; and ho the boy next us would kick our shins during service tim and how the monitor would cane us afterwards because o shins were kicked. Yonder sit forty cherry-cheeked bo thinking about home and holidays to-morrow. Yonder some threescore old gentlemen pensioners of the hospi listening to the prayers and the psalms. You hear the coughing feebly in the twilight—the old reverend bla gowns. Is Codd Ajax alive, you wonder?—the Cister lads called these old gentlemen Codds, I know not where I know not wherefore—but is old Codd Ajax aliv wonder? or Codd Soldier? or kind old Codd Gentlema has the grave closed over them? A plenty of candles light memories, and pompous death. How solemn the well-remembered prayers are, here uttered again in the place where in childhood we used to hear them! How beautiful and decorous the rite; how noble the ancient words of the supplications which the priest utters, and to which generations of fresh children, and troops of bygone seniors, have cried Amen under those arches 1 The service for Founder's Day is a special one, one of the psalms selected being the thirty-seventh, and we hear—

22. The steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord; and he delighteth in his way. 24. Though he fall, he shall not be atterly cast down : for the Lord

upholdeth him with his hand.

25. I have been young, and now am old; yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread.

As we came to this verse, I chanced to look up from my book towards the swarm of black-coated pensioners, and

amongst them—amongst them state Thomas Newcome His dear old head was bent down over his prayer-book; there was no mistaking him. He wore the black gown of the pensioners of the Hospital of Grey Frars. His order of the Bath was on his breast. He stood there amongst the poor brethren, uttering the responses to the psalm. The steps of this good man had been ordered hither by Heaven's decree—to this Almshouse! Here it was ordained that a life all love, and kindness, and honour should end! I heard no more of prayers, and psalms, and sermon, after that. How dared I to be in a place of mark, and he, he yonder among the poor? O pardon, you noble soul! I ask forgiveness of you for being of a world that has so treated you—you my better, you the honest, and gentle, and good! I thought the service would never end, or the organist's voluntaries, or the preacher's homily.

The organ played us out of chapel at length, and I waited in the ante-chapel until the pensioners took their turn to quit it. My dear, dear old friend 1 I ran to him with a warmth and eagerness of recognition which no doubt showed

themselves in my face and accents as my heart was moved at the sight of him. His own wan face flushed up when he saw me, and his hand shook in mine. "I have found a home, Arthur," said he. "Don't you remember, before I went to India, when we came to see the old Grey Friars, and visited Captain Scarsdale in his room?-a poor brother like me-an old Peninsular man. Scarsdale is gone now, sir, and is where the 'wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest;' and I thought then, when we saw him,-here would be a place for an old fellow, when his career was over, to hang his sword up, to humble his soul, and to wait thankfully for the end, Arthur. My good friend, Lord H., who is a Cistercian like ourselves, and has just been appointed a governor, gave me his first nomination. Don't be agitated, Arthur, my boy; I am very happy. I have good quarters, good food, good light and fire, and good friends; blessed be God! my dear kind young friend-my boy's friend. You have always been so, sir; and I take it uncommonly kind of you, and I thank God for you, sir. Why, sir, I am as happy as the day is long." He uttered words to this effect as we walked through the courts of the building towards his room, which in truth I found neat and comfortable, with a brisk fire crackling on the hearth, a little tea-table laid out, a Bible and spectacles by the side of it, and over the mantelpiece a drawing of his grandson by Clive.

"You may come and see me here, sir, whenever you like, and so may your dear wife and little ones, tell Laura, with my love; but you must not stay now. You must go back to your dinner." In vain I pleaded that I had no stomach for it. He gave me a look, which seemed to say he desired to be alone, and I had to respect that order and leave him.

Of course I came to him on the very next day; though not with my wife and children, who were in truth absent in the country at Rosebury, where they were to pass the Christmas holidays, and where, this school-dinner over, I was to join them. On my second visit to Grey Friars my good friend entered more at length into the reasons why he had assumed the Poor Brother's gown; and I cannot say but that I acquiesced in his reasons, and admired that noble humility and contentedness of which he gave me an example.

"That which had caused him most grief and pain," he said, "in the issue of that unfortunate bank, was the thought that poor friends of his had been induced by his representations to invest their little capital in that speculation. Good Miss Honeyman, for instance, meaning no harm, and in all respects a most honest and kindly-disposed old lady, had nevertheless alluded more than once to the fact that her money had been thrown away, and these allusions, sir, made her hospitality somewhat hard to bear," said the Colonel.
"At home—at poor Clivy's, I mean—it was even worse," he continued. "Mrs Mackenzie, for months past, by her complaints, and-and her conduct, has made my son and me so miserable, that flight before her, and into any refuge, was the best course. She too does not mean ill, Pen. Do not waste any of your oaths upon that poor woman," he added, holding up his finger, and smiling sadly. "She thinks I deceived her, though Heaven knows it was myself I deceived. She has great influence over Rosey. Very few persons can resist that violent and headstrong woman, sir. I could not bear her reproaches, or my poor sick daughter, whom her mother leads almost entirely now And it was with all this grief on my mind that, as I was walking one day upon Brighton cliff, I met my schoolfellow, my Lord H., who has ever been a good friend of mine, and who told me how he had just been appointed a governor of Grey Friars. He asked me to dine with him on the next day, and would take no refusal. He knew of my pecuniary musfortunes, of course, and showed himself most poble and liberal in his offers of help. I was very much touched by his goodness, Pen, and made a clean breast of it to his lordship, who at first would not hear of my coming to this place, and offered me out of the purse of an old brother schoolfellow and an old brother soldier as much-as much as should last me my time. Wasn't it noble of him, Arthur? God bless him! There are good men in the world, sir, there are true friends, as I have found in these later days. Do you know, sir"here the old man's eyes twinkled-"that Fred Bayham fixed up that bookcase yonder, and brought me my lit picture to hang up? Boy and Clive will come a 500n."

a sweet, kind smile. "They think I am visiting his lordship in Scotland. Ah! they are good people! When we had had our talk downstairs over our bottle of claret—where my

"Do you mean they do not come?" I cried.
"They don't know I am here, sir," said the Colonel, with

old commander-in-chief would not hear of my plan-we went upstairs to her ladyship, who saw that her husband was disturbed, and asked the reason. I dare say it was the good claret that made me speak, sir, for I told her that I and her husband had had a dispute, and that I would take her lady ship for umpire. And then I told her the story over-that I had paid away every rupee to the creditors, and mortgaged my pensions and retiring allowances for the same end; that I was a burden upon Clivy, who had work enough, poor boy, to keep his own family and his wife's mother, whom my imprudence had impoverished; that here was an honourable asylum which my friend could procure for me, and was no that better than to drain his purse? She was very much moved, sir. She is a very kind lady, though she passed for being very proud and haughty in India-so wrongly are people judged. And Lord H. said, in his rough way, 'that by Jove, if Tom Newcome took a thing into his obstinate old head, no one could drive it out.' And so," said the Colonel with his sad smile, "I had my own way. Lady H. was good enough to come and see me the very next day; and do you know, Pen, she invited me to go and live with them for the rest of my life-made me the most generous, the most deli cate offers. But I knew I was right, and held my own. am too old to work, Arthur; and better here, whilst I am to stay, than elsewhere. Look! all this furniture came from H. House; and that wardrobe is full of linen, which she sent me. She has been twice to see me, and every officer in this hospital is as courteous to me as if I had my fine house.

this hospital is as courteous to me as if I had my fine house. I thought of the psalm we had heard on the previou evening, and turned to it in the opened Bible, and pointed to the verse, "Though he fall, he shall not be utterly cas down: for the Lord upholdeth him." Thomas Newcome seeing my occupation, laid a kind, trembling hand on my shoulder, and then, putting on his glasses, with a smile, ben over the volume. And who that saw him then, and knew

bim and loved him as I did-who would not have humbled his own heart, and breathed his inward prayer, confessing and adoring the Divine Will, which ordains these trials, these triumphs, these bumiliations, these blessed griefs, this crowning Love? --- of belower Con and his little boy to

the child's cry of calling the boy's

name, as I closed the door upon that meeting; and by the night's mail I went down to Newcome, to the friends with whom my own family was already staying.

Of course, my conscience-keeper at Rosebury was anxious to know about the school-dinner, and all the speeches made, and the guests assembled there; but she soon ceased to inquire about these when I came to give her the news of the discovery of our dear old friend in the habit of a Poor Brother of Grey Friars. She was very glad to hear that Clive and his little son had been reunited to the Colonel, and appeared to imagine at first that there was some wonderful merit upon my part in bringing the three together. "Well, no great merit, Pen, as you will put it," says the

Confessor; "but it was kindly thought, sir-and I like my husband when he is kind best; and don't wonder at your having made a stupid speech at the dinner, as you say you did, when you had this other subject to think of. That is a beautiful psalm. Pen, and those verses which you were reading

when you saw him, especially beautiful."

"But in the presence of eighty old gentlemen, who have all come to decay, and have all had to beg their bread in a manner, don't you think the clergyman might choose some other psalm?" asks Mr. Pendennis. mat farmifian attente Author " pare the Tanna

I then fell to a description of Howland Street. Clive, whom I had found there over his work.

maid scanned my appearance rather eagerly when I asked to see him. I found a picture-dealer chaffering with him over a bundle of sketches, and his little boy, already pencil in hand, lying in one corner of the room, the sun playing about his yellow hair. The child looked languid and pale, the father worn and ill. When the dealer at length took his bargains away, I gradually broke my errand to Clive, and told him from whence I had just come.

He had thought his father in Scotland with Lord H., and

was immensely moved with the news which I brought.

"I haven't written to him for a month. It's not pleasant letters I have to write, Pen, and I can't make them pleasant. Up, Tommykin, and put on your cap." Tommykin jumps up. "Put on your cap, and tell them to take off your pinafore, and tell grandmamma—"

At that name Tommykin begins to cry.

"Look at that!" says Clive, commencing to speak in the French language, which the child interrupts by calling out in

that tongue, "I speak also French, papa."

"Well, my child! You will like to come out with papa, and Betsy can dress you." He flings off his own paint-stained shooting-jacket as he talks, takes a frock-coat out of a carved wardrobe, and a hat from a helmet on the shelf. He is no longer the handsome, splendid boy of old times. Can that be Clive, with that haggard face and slouched hand-kerchief? "I am not the dandy I was, Pen," he says bitterly.

A little voice is heard crying overhead, and giving a kind of gasp, the wretched father stops in some indifferent speech he was trying to make. "I can't help myself," he groans out; "my poor wife is so ill she can't attend to the child. Mrs. Mackenzie manages the house for me—and—here! Tommy, Tommy! papa's coming!" Tommy has been crying again; and flinging open the studio door, Clive calls out, and dashes upstairs.

I hear scuffling, stamping, loud voices, poor Tommy's scared little pipe, Clive's fierce objurgations, and the Campaigner's voice barking out, "Do, sir, do! with my child-suffering in the next room. Behave like a brute to me, do. He shall not go out. He shall not have the hat."—"He shall."—"Ah—ah!" A scream is heard. It is Clive tear-

ing a child's hat out of the Campaigner's hands, with which, and a flushed face, he presently rushes downstairs, bearing little Tommy on his shoulder.

"You see what I am come to, Pen," he says with a heartbroken voice, trying, with hands all of a tremble, to tie the hat on the boy's head. He laughs bitterly at the ill-success of his endeavours. "Oh, you silly papa!" laughs Tommy, too.

The door is fung open, and the red-faced Campaigner appears. Her face is mottled with wrath, her bandeaux of hur are disarranged upon her forehead; the ornaments of her cap, cheap, and duty, and numerous, only give her a wilder appearance. She is in a large and dingy mapper; very different from the lady who had presented herself a few months back to my wife—how different from the smiling Mrs. Mackenie of old days!

"He shall not go out of a winter day, sir," she breaks out.
"I have his mother's orders, whom you are killing. Mr.
Pendennis!" She stars, perceiving me for the first time, and her breast heaves, and she prepares for combat, and looks at me over her shoulder.

100xs at me over her shoulder.
"You and his father are the best judges upon this point, ma'am," says Mr. Pendennis, with a bow.

"The child is delicate, sir," cries Mrs. Mackenzie, "and this winter---"

"Enough of this," says Clive, with a stamp, and passes through her guard with Tommy, and we descend the stairs, and at length are in the free street. Was it not best not to describe at full length this portion of poor Clive's history?

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

CHRISTMAS AT ROSEBURY

We have known our friend Florae under two aristocratic names, and might now salute him by a third, to which he was entitled, although neither he nor his wife ever chose to assume it. His father was lately dead, and M. Paul de Florae might sign himself Duc d'Bry if he chose; but by indifferent as to the matter, and his wife's friends inc.

at the idea that their kinswoman, after having been a Princess, should descend to the rank of a mere Duchess. So Prince and Princess these good folks remained, being exceptions to that order, inasmuch as their friends could certainly put their trust in them.

On his father's death Florac went to Paris, to settle the affairs of the paternal succession; and having been for some time absent in his native country, returned to Rosebury for the winter, to resume that sport of which he was a distinguished amateur. He hunted in black during the ensuing season; and, indeed, henceforth laid aside his splendid attire and his allures as a young man. His waist expanded, or was no longer confined by the cestus which had given it a shape. When he laid aside his black, his whiskers, too, went into a sort of half-mourning, and appeared in grey. "I make myself old, my friend," he said pathetically; "I have no more neither twenty years nor forty." He went to Rosebury Church no more, but, with great order and sobriety, drove every Sunday to the neighbouring Catholic chapel at C—— Castle. We had an ecclesiastic or two to dine with us at Rosebury, one of whom I am inclined to think was Florac's director.

A reason, perhaps, for Paul's altered demeanour was the presence of his mother at Rosebury. No politeness or respect could be greater than Paul's towards the Countess. Had she been a sovereign princess, Madame de Florac could not have been treated with more profound courtesy than she now received from her son. I think the humble-minded lady could have dispensed with some of his attentions; but Paul was a personage who demonstrated all his sentiments, and performed his various parts in life with the greatest vigour. As a man of pleasure, for instance, what more active roué than he? As a jeune homme, who could be younger, and for a longer time? As a country gentleman, or an homme d'affaires, he insisted upon dressing each character with the most rigid accuracy, and an exactitude that reminded one somewhat of Bouffé, or Ferville, at the play. I wonder whether, when he is quite old, he will think proper to wear a pigtail, like his old father? At any rate, that was a good part which the kind fellow was now acting, of rever-

nce towards his widowed mother, and affectionate respect or her declining days. He not only felt these amiable

ie; and when Maname the second till me, with streaming types, that his mother was an angel. "Her life has been but long trial, my friend," he would say. "Shall not 1, who have caused het to shed so many tears, endeavour to wome?" Of course, all the friends who liked him best enourated him in an intention so pious

The reader has already been made acquainted with this addy by letters of here, which came into my possession some lime after the events which I am at present narrating. My wife, through our kind frend, Colonel Newcome, had also add the honour of an introduction to Madame de Florac at Paris; and, on coming to Rosebury for the Christmas holisms, I found Laura and the children greatly in favour with he good Countess. She treated her son's wife with a perfect hough distant courtesy. She was thankful to Madame de Montcontour for the latter's great goodness to her son, armiliar with but very few persons, the could scarcely be numate with her homely daughter-in-law. Madame de milled the son was the same of her, and, to do

ad a Letium ---

who came to her trustingly, and, as it was the habitual melanchyl of her eyes vanished as they lighted gon young faces and infantile smiles. A sweet love beamed out of her countenance, an angele amile shone over her faces as she hent towards them and caressed them. Her demeanar then—nay, her looks and ways at other times—a certain gracious sudness, a sympathy with all greef, and pity for all sain; a gentle heart, yearning towards all children, and, for er own especially, feeling a love that was almost an are

on the affairs of the common world only a dignified a cence, as if her place was not in it, and her thoughts her Home elsewhere,—these qualities, which we had s emplified in another life, Laura and her husband watched in Madame de Florac, and we loved her because she was like our mother. I see in such women the good and pure, the patient and faithful, the tried and meek, the followers of Him whose earthly life was divinely sad and tender.

But, good as she was to us and to all, Ethel Newcome was the French lady's greatest favourite. A bond of extreme tenderness and affection united these two. The elder friend made constant visits to the younger at Newcome; and when Miss Newcome, as she frequently did, came to Rosebury, we used to see that they preferred to be alone, divining and respecting the sympathy which brought those two faithful hearts together. I can imagine now the two tall forms slowly pacing the garden walks, or turning, as they lighted on the young ones in their play. What was their talk? I never asked it. Perhaps Ethel never said what was in her heart, though, be sure, the other knew it. Though the grief of those they love is untold, women hear it; as they soothe it with unspoken consolations! To see the elder lady embrace her friend as they parted was something holy—a sort of saint-like salutation.

Consulting the person from whom I had no secrets, we had thought best at first not to mention to our friends the place and position in which we had found our dear Colonel: at least to wait for a fitting opportunity on which we might break the news to those who held him in such affection. told how Clive was hard at work, and hoped the best for Good-natured Madame de Montcontour was easily satisfied with my replies to her questions concerning our friend. Ethel only asked if he and her uncle were well, and once or twice made inquiries respecting Rosey and her child. And now it was that my wife told me, what I need no longer keep secret, of Ethel's extreme anxiety to serve her distressed relatives, and how she, Laura, had already acted as Miss Newcome's almoner in furnishing and hiring those apartments which Ethel believed were occupied by Clive and his father, and wife and child. And my wife further informed me with what deep grief Ethel had heard of her uncle's misfortune, and how, but that she feared to offend his pride, she longed to give him assistance. She had even ventured to offer to send him pecuniary help; but the Colonel (who never mentioned the circumstance to me or any other of his friends), in a kind but very cold letter, had declined to be

beholden to his niece for help

So I may have remained some days at Rosebury, and the real position of the two Newcomes was unknown to our friends there. Christmas Eve was come, and, according to a long-standing promise, Ethel Newcome and her two children had arrived from the Park, which deray mansion, since his double defeat, Sir Barnes scarcely ever visited. Christmas was come, and Rosebury hall was decorated with bolly. Florac did his best to welcome his friends, and strove to make the meeting gay, though in truth it was rather mulancholy. The children, however, were happy; they had pleasure enough in the school festival, in the distribution of cloaks and blankets to the poor, and in Madame de Montcontour's gardens, delightful and beautiful though winter was there.

It was only a family meeting, Madame de Florac's widowhood not permitting her presence in large companies. Paulace at his table between his mother and Mr. Pendennis, Mr. Pendennis opposite to him, with Ethel and Madame de Montcontour on each side. The four children were placed between those personages, on whom Madame de Florac looked with her tender glances, and to whose little wants the kindest of hosts ministered with uncommon good-nature and affection. He was very soft-hearted about children. "Pour-

He! pourquoi n'en avons-

his wife by her Christian ced kindly at her husband,

and then gave a sigh, and turned and beaped cake upon the plate of the child next to her. No manma or Aunt Ethel could interpose. It was a very light, wholesome cake. Brown made it on purpose for the children, "the little dartings!" cries the Princess.

The children were very happy at being allowed to sit up so late to dinner, at all the kindly amusements of the at the holly and mistletoe clustering round the lamp

mistletoe, under which the gallant Florac, skilled

British usages, vowed he would have his privilege. But the mistletoe was clustered round the lamp, the lamp was over the centre of the great round table—the innocent gratification which he proposed to himself was denied to M. Paul.

In the greatest excitement and good-humour, our host at the dessert made us des speech. He carried a toast to the charming Ethel; another to the charming Mistriss Laura; another to his good fren', his brave fren', his 'appy fren', Pendennis-'appy as possessor of such a wife, 'appy as writer of works destined to the immortality, etc., etc. The little children round about clapped their happy little hands, and laughed and crowed in chorus. And now the nursery and its guardians were about to retreat, when Florac said he had yet a speech, yet a toast-and he bade the butler pour wine into every one's glass—yet a toast—and he carried it to the health of our dear friends, of Clive and his father, the good, the brave Colonel! "We who are happy," says he, "shall we not think of those who are good? We who love each other, shall we not remember those whom we all love?" He spoke with very great tenderness and feeling. "Ma bonne mère, thou too shalt drink this toast!" he said, taking his mother's hand and kissing it. She returned his caress gently, and tasted the wine with her pale lips. Ethel's head bent in silence over her glass; and as for Laura, need I say what happened to her? When the ladies went away my heart was opened to my friend Florac, and I told him where and how I had left my dear Clive's father.

The Frenchman's emotion on hearing this tale was such that I have loved him ever since. Clive in want! Why had he not sent to his friend? Grands Dieux! Clive, who had helped him in his greatest distress. Clive's father, ce preucchevalier, ce parfait gentilhamme! In a hundred rapid en clamations Florac exhibited his sympathy, asking of Fat why such men as he and I were sitting surrounded the splendours—before golden vases—crowned with flowers-with valets to kiss our feet—(these were merely figures speech in which Paul expressed his prosperity)—whilst of friend the Colonel, so much better than we, spent his ledays in poverty, and alone.

I liked Florac none the less, I own, because that one

the conditions of the Colonel's present life, which appeared the hardest to most people, affected Florac but little. To be a Pensioner of an Ancient Institution? Why not? Might not any officer retire without shame to the Invalides

nor Florac's, nor his mother's, that the Colonel demeaned, nimself at all by accepting that bounty; and I recollect Warrington sharing our sentiment and trolling out those noble lines of the old poet :-

"His rolden locks Time bath to silver turned : O Time too swift, O swiftness never ceasing!

His helmet now shall make a hive for bees, And lovers' songs be turned to holy usalms t A man at arms must now serve on his knees, And feed on prayers, which are old age's alms,"

These, I say, respected our friend whatever was the coat he wore; whereas, among the Colonel's own kinsfolk, dire which they expressed

they were pleased to e's dear mother-in-law as over a pauper, and ! inquired of Heaven what she had done that her blessed

child should have a mendicant for a father? And Mrs. Hobson, in subsequent confidential communication with the writer of these memours, improved the occasion religiously, as her wont was : referred the matter to Heaven too, and thought fit to assume that the celestial powers had decreed this humiliation, this dreadful treat for the Newcome family, as a too much puffed

too much u on

ady . recei chastisement in Barnes's punishment, and Lady Cla falling away? They had taught her a lesson.

Colonel's lamentable errors had confirmed—the vanity of rusting in all earthly grandeurs! Thus it was this worthy woman plumed herself, as it were, on her relatives misfortunes; and was pleased to think the latter were designed for the special warning and advantage of her private family. But Mrs. Hobson's philosophy is only mentioned by the way. Our story, which is drawing to its close, has to busy itself

with other members of the house of The Newcomes.

My talk with Florac lasted for some time. At its close when we went to join the ladies in the drawing-room, w found Ethel cloaked and shawled, and prepared for he departure with her young ones, who were already asleep. The little festival was over, and had ended in melancholy even in weeping. Our hostess sat in her accustomed seat by her lamp and her work-table; but, neglecting her needle, she was having perpetual recourse to her pocket-handkerchief, and uttering ejaculations of pity between the intervals of her gushes of tears. Madame de Florac was in her usual place, her head cast downwards and her hands folded. My wife was at her side, a grave commiseration showing itself in Laura's countenance, whilst I read a yet deeper sadness in Ethel's pale face. Miss Newcome's carriage had been announced; the attendants had already carried the young ones asleep to the vehicle, and she was in the act of taking leave. We looked round at this disturbed party, guessing very likely what the subject of their talk had been, to which, however,

Miss Ethel did not allude; but, announcing that she had intended to depart without disturbing the two gentlemen, she bade us farewell and good-night. "I wish I could say merry Christmas," she added gravely, "but none of us, I fear, can hope for that." It was evident that Laura had told the Madame de Florac rose up and embraced Miss Newcome last chapter of the Colonel's story. and, that farewell over, she sank back on the sofa exhausted and with such an expression of affliction in her countenance that my wife ran eagerly towards her. dear," she said, giving a cold hand to the younger lady, an sate silent for a few moments, during which we heard Florac voice without, crying, "Adieu!" and the wheels of Miss Ner

come's carriage as it drove away.

She gave her hand to her son, and a faint blush rose up out of the past, as it were, and trembled upon her wan check. "He was the first friend I ever had in the world, Paul," she said; "the first and the best. He shall not want, shall he, my son?"

be eye tea for

mother and son embraced each other, and clung together in a sacred union of love, before which we, who had been admitted

as spectators of that scene, stood bushed and respectful. That night Laura told me how, when the ladies left us, their talk had been entirely about the Colonel and Cline. Madame de Florac had spoken especially, and much more freely than was her wont. She had told many remnuteenees of Thomas Nercome and his early days, how her father taught him mathematics when they were quite poor, and living in their dear little cottage as Blackheatt, how hand wing in their dear little cottage as Blackheatt, how hand wing to the start of the start

History of India—the History of Orme. "He read it, and I read it also, my daughter," the French lady said, turning to Fthel; "ah, I may say so after so many years."

Ethel remembered the book as belonging to her grandmother, and now in the hierry at Newcome. Doubless the same sympathy which caused me to speak about Thomas Newcome that evening impelled my wife likewise. She told her friends, as I had told Florac, adi the Colonel's story; and it was while these good women were under the impression of the melancholy history, that Florac and the guest found them.

Retired to our rooms, Laura and I talked on the same



"Yes, it is, sir, to honest people!" she cried out. "My brother and uncle will respect it as Mrs. Newcome's dying wish. They must respect it."

brother and incie will respect it as Airs. Newcome's dying wish. They must respect it."

The paper in question was a letter in ink that had grown yellow from time, and was addressed by the late Mrs. New-

come to "my dear Mr. Luce."

"That was her solicitor, my solicitor still," interposes Miss Ethel.
"The Hermitage, March 14, 182-.

"My DEAR MR. Luce" (the defunct lady wrote),--- "My

though he has no claims upon me, and I know is sufficiently provided for by his father, Lieutenant-Colonel Newcome, CB., of the East India Company's Service, I am sure my late dear husband will be pleased that I should leave his grandson, Cinve Newcome, a token of peace and goadurily and I can do so with the more readiness, as it has pleased Heaven greatly to increase my means since my husband was called away hence.

"I desire to bequeath a sum equal to that which Mr. Newcome willed to my eldest son, Brian Newcome, Esq. to Mr. Newcome's grandson, Clive Newcome; and furthermore, that a token of my esteem and affection, a ring, or a piece of plate, of the value of £100, be given to Laeutenant-Colonel Thomas Newcome, my step-son, whose excellent conduct for

and misbehaviour, before he quitted England against my will, and entered the military service.

"I beg you to prepare immediately a codicil to my will,

providing for the above bequests; and desire that the amount of these legacies should be taken from the property bequeathed to my eldest son. You will be so good as to prepare the necessary document, and bring it with you when you come on Saturday, to

"Yours very truly,

Tuesday night. "SOPHIA ALETHEA NEWCOME."

I gave back the paper with a sigh to the finder. "It is but a wish of Mrs. Newcome, my dear Miss Ethel," I said. "Pardon me if I say, I think I know your elder brother too

well to suppose that he will fulfil it."

THE WAY

"He will fulfil it, sir; I am sure he will," Miss Newcome said in a haughty manner. "He would do as much without being asked—I am certain he would—did he know the depth of my dear uncle's misfortune. Barnes is in London now, and——"

"And you will write to him? I know what the answer

will be."

"I will go to him this very day, Mr. Pendennis! I will go to my dear, dear uncle. I cannot bear to think of him in that place," cried the young lady, the tears starting into her honest eyes. "It was the will of Heaven. Oh, God be thanked for it! Had we found my grandmamma's letter earlier, Barnes would have paid the legacy immediately, and the money would have gone in that dreadful bankruptcy. I will go to Barnes to-day. Will you come with me? Won't you come to your old friends? We may be at his—at Clive's house this evening; and oh, praise be to God! there need be no more want in his family."

"My dear friend, I will go with you round the world on such an errand," I said, kissing her hand. How beautiful she looked! the generous colour rose in her face, her voice thrilled with happiness. The music of Christmas church bells leaped up at this moment with joyful gratulations; the face of the old house, before which we stood talking, shone

out in the morning sun.

"You will come? thank you! I must run and tell Madame de Florac," cried the happy young lady, and we entered the house together. "How came you to be kissing Ethel's hand, sir; and what is the meaning of this early visit?" asks Mrs. Laura, as soon as I had returned to my own apartments.

"Martha, get me a carpet bag! I am going to London in an hour," cries Mr. Pendennis. If I had kissed Ethel's hand just now, delighted at the news which she brought to me, was not one a thousand times dearer to me as happy as her friend? I know who prayed with a thankful heart that day as we sped, in the almost solitary train, towards London.

CHAPTER XL

IN WHICH THE AUTHOR GOES ON A PLEASANT ERRAND.

Before I parted with Miss Newcome at the station, she made me promise to see her on the morrow at an early hour at her brother's house; and having bidden her farewell and repaired to my own solitary tesdence, which presented but a dreary aspect on that festive day, I thought I would pay Howland Street a visit, and, if invited, cat my Christmas dinner with Chre.

I found my friend at home, and at work still, in spite of the day. He had promised a pair of pictures to a dealer for the morrow. "He pays me pretty well, and I want all the money he will give me, Pen," the painter said, rubbing on at his canvas. "I am pretty easy in my mind since I have become acquainted with a virtuous dealer. I sell myself to him, body and soul, for some half-dozen pounds a week. I know I can get my money, and he is regularly supplied with his pictures. But for Rosey's illness we might carry on well enough."

Rosey's illness? I was sorry to hear of that; and poor Clipe, entering into particulars, told me how he had spent upon doctors rather more than a fourth of his year's earnings. "There is a soletin fellow, to whom the women have taken a funcy, who lines but a few doors off in Gower Street, and who for his last sixteen crisis has taken sixteen pounds sixteen shullings out of my pocket with the most admirable gravity, and as if guineas grow there. He talks the fishions to my mother-in-law. My poor wife hangs on every word he syst—Look! There is his carriage coming up now! and there is his fee, confound him!" says Citve, casting a rueful look towards a little packet lying upon the mantelpiece, by the adde of that skinned figure in plaster of Paris which we have seen in most studies.

I looked out of window, and saw a certain Fashionable Doctor tripping out of his chanot—that Ladies' Delight who has subsequently migrated from Bloomsbury to Belgra and who has his polite foot now in a thousand nurseries & bouldoirs. What Confessors were in old times Quackenb and his like are in our Protestant country. What secrets they know! into what mystic chambers do they not enter! I suppose the Campaigner made a special toilette to receive her fashionable friend; for that lady, attired in considerable splendour, and with the precious jewel on her head, which I remembered at Boulogne, came into the studio two minutes after the doctor's visit was announced, and made him a low curtsy. I cannot describe the overpowering civilities of that woman.

Clive was very gracious and humble to her. He adopted a lively air in addressing her. "Must work, you know, Christmas Day and all; for the owner of the pictures will call for them in the morning. Bring me a good report about Rosey, Mrs. Mackenzie, please; and if you will have the kindness to look by the *écorché* there, you will see that little packet which I have left for you." Mrs. Mack, advancing, took the money. I thought that plaster of Paris figure was

not the only écorché in the room.

"I want you to stay to dinner. You must stay, Pen, please," cried Clive; "and be civil to her, will you? My dear old father is coming to dine here. They fancy that he has lodgings at the other end of the town, and that his brothers do something for him. Not a word about Grey Friars. It might agitate Rosey, you know. Ah! isn't he noble, the dear old boy, and isn't it fine to see him in that place?" Clive worked on as he talked, using up the last remnant of the light of Christmas Day, and was cleaning his palette and brushes when Mrs. Mackenzie returned to us.

Darling Rosey was very delicate, but Dr. Quackenboss was going to give her the very same medicine which had done the charming young Duchess of Clackmannanshire so much

good, and he was not in the least disquiet.

On this I cut into the conversation with anecdotes concerning the family of the Duchess of Clackmannanshire, remembering early days, when it used to be my sport to entertain the Campaigner with anecdotes of the aristocracy, about whose proceedings she still maintained a laudable curiosity. Indeed, one of the few books escaped out of the wreck of Tyburn Gardens was a Peerage, now a well-worn volume, much read by Rosey and her mother.

The anecdotes were very politely received; perhaps it was assessed which made Mrs. Mack and her sonimian on more than ordinarily good terms. When, turning to the Campaigner, Clive said he wished that she could persuade me to paigner, the same is wished that she could persuade me to stay to dinner, she acquieseed graciously and at once in that proposal, and wowed that her daughter would be delighted if Proposite and voice that her augment would be delighted if it is a dinner as you have seen at her house, with six side dishes the finite that already and the state of the sta two flanks, that splendid epergne, and the silver dishes top and bottom; but such as my Rosey har she offers with a will-

"And Tom may sit to dinner, mayn't he, grandmamma?" ing heart," cries the Campaigner.

asks Clive, in a humble voice. "His grandfather will like to sit by him," said Clivewill go out and meet him; he comes through Guildford Street and Russell Square," says Chve.—" Will you walk, Pen?"

"Oh, pray don't let us detain you," says Mrs Mackenzie, with a toss of her head; and when she retreated, Clive whispered that she would not want me, for she looked to the

rosting of the beef and the making of the pudding and the

"I thought she might have a finger in it," I said; and we set imought she triight have a linger in it. I sale illy sale sale i and we set the dear old fasher, who presently came, alking very slowly, along the line by which we expected wilking. His stick trembled as it fell on the pavement; so did mince-pie. his voice, as he called out Chve's name; so did his hand, his voice, as he called out Chve's name; so did his hand, as he stretched it to me.

His body was bent and feeble. His body was bent and feeble there was had not weakened him so mut to friends as core of months. I walked by the side of my two friends as scure or months. 1 walked by the side of my two inends as they went onwards, linked lowingly together. How I longed for the morrow, and hoped they might be united once more! Thomas Newcome's voice, once so grave, went up to a treble, and became almost childish, as he asked after Boy. His white hair hung over his collar. I could see it by the gas under which we walked-and Clive's great back and arm, as his father leaned on it, and his brave face turned . towards the old man. O Barnes Newcome, Barnes New 4 come, be an honest man for once, and help your kinsfoli-15 10% . d it 150 thought I.

The Christmas meal went off in a friendly manner enough. The Campaigner's eyes were everywhere: it was evident that the little maid who served the dinner, and had cooked a portion of it under their keen supervision, cowered under them. as well as other folks. Mrs. Mack did not make more than ten allusions to former splendours during the entertainment. or half as many apologies to me for sitting down to a table very different from that to which I was accustomed. Good. faithful F. Bayham was the only other guest. He complimented the mince-pies so that Mrs. Mackenzie owned she had made them. The Colonel was very silent, but he tried to feed Boy, and was only once or twice sternly corrected by the Campaigner. Boy, in the best little words he could muster, asked why grandpapa wore a black cloak. nudged my foot under the table. The secret of the Poor Brothership was very nearly out. The Colonel blushed, and with great presence of mind said he wore a cloak to keep him warm in winter.

Rosey did not say much. She had grown lean and languid; the light of her eyes had gone out; all her pretty freshness had faded. She ate scarce anything, though her mother pressed her eagerly, and whispered loudly that a woman in her situation ought to strengthen herself. Poor

Rosey was always in a situation.

When the cloth was withdrawn, the Colonel, bending his head, said, "Thank God for what we have received," so reverently, and with an accent so touching, that Fred Bayham's big eyes as he turned towards the old man filled up with tears. When his mother and grandmother rose to go away, poor little Boy cried to stay longer; and the Colonel would have meekly interposed, but the domineering Campaigner cried, "Nonsense; let him go to bed!" and flounced him out of the room; and nobody appealed against that sentence. Then we three remained, and strove to talk as cheerfully as we might, speaking now of old times and presently of new. Without the slightest affectation, Thomas Newcome told us that his life was comfortable, and that he was happy in it. He wished that many others of the old gentlemen, he said, were as contented as himself; but some of them grumbled sadly, he owned, and quarrelled with their bread and butter.

· Poor

He, for his part, had everything he could desire; all the officers of the establishment were most kind to him; an ex-cellent physician came to him when wanted; a most atten-tive woman waited on him. "And if I wear a black gown,"

and

and should be quite happy but for my-for my past imprudence, God forgive me. Think of Bayham here coming to our chapel to-day! he often comes.-That was very right, sir-very right."

Clive, filling a glass of wine, looked at F. B. with eyes that said God bless you. F. B gulped down another bumper.
"It is almost a merry Christmas," said I; "and oh, I hope

it will be a happy New Year!"

Shortly after nine o'clock the Colonel rose to depart, saying he must be "in barracks" by ten, and Clive and F. B. went a part of the way with him. I would have followed them, but Clive whispered me to stay and talk to Mrs. Mack, for Heaven's sake, and that he would be back ere long. So I went and took tea with the two ladies; and as we drank it, Mrs. Mackenzie took occasion to tell me she did not know what amount of income the Colonel had from his wealthy brother, but that they never received any benefit from it; and again she computed to me all the sums, principal and interest, which ought at that moment to belong to her darling Rosey. Rosey now and again made a feeble remark. She did not seem pleased or sorry when her husband came in; and presently, dropping me a little curtsy, went to bed under charge of the Campaigner. So Bayham and I and Clive retired to the studio, where smoking was allowed, and where we brought that Christmas Day to an end.

At the appointed time on the next forenoon I called upon Miss Newcome at her brother's house. Sir Barnes Newcome was quitting his own door as I entered it, and he eyed me with such a severe countenance as made me augur but ill of the husiness upon which I came. The expression of Ethel's face was scarcely more cheening: she was standing at the window, stemly looking at Sir Barnes, who yet lin436

gered at his own threshold, having some altercation with his cab-boy ere he mounted his vehicle to drive into the City.

Miss Newcome was very pale when she advanced and gave me her hand. I looked with some alarm into her face,

and inquired what news.

"It is as you expected, Mr. Pendennis," she said, "not as I did. My brother is averse to making restitution. He just now parted from me in some anger. But it does not matter; the restitution must be made, if not by Barnes, by one of our family, must it not?"

"God bless you for a noble creature, my dear, dear Miss

Newcome!" was all I could say.

"For doing what is right? Ought I not to do it? I am the eldest of our family after Barnes; I am the richest after Our father left all his younger children the very sum of money which Mrs. Newcome here devises to Clive; and you know, besides, I have all my grandmother's (Lady Kew's) property. Why, I don't think I could sleep if this act of justice were not done. Will you come with me to my lawyer's? He and my brother Barnes are trustees of my property. And I have been thinking, dear Mr. Pendennis-and you are very good to be so kind, and to express so kind an opinion of me, and you and Laura have always, always been the best friends to me" (she says this, taking one of my hands and placing her other hand over it)-"I have been thinking, you know, that this transfer had better be made through Mr. Luce, you understand, and as coming from the family, and then I need not appear in it at all, you see; and -and my dear good uncle's pride need not be wounded." She fairly gave way to tears as she spoke; and for me, I longed to kiss the hem of her robe, or anything else she would let me embrace, I was so happy, and so touched by the simple demeanour and affection of the noble young lady.

"Dear Ethel," I said, "did I not say I would go to the end of the world with you? and won't I go to Lincoln's

Inn?"

A cab was straightway sent for, and in another half-hour we were in the presence of the courtly little old Mr. Luce, in his chambers in Lincoln's Inn Fields.

He knew the late Mrs. Newcome's handwriting at once.

He remembered having seen the little boy at the Hermitage, and talked with Mr. Newcome regarding his son in India, and had even encouraged Mrs. Newcome in her idea of leavng some token of goodwill to the latter. "I was to have fined with your grandmamma on the Saturday, with my poor wife. Why, bless my soul! I remember the circumstance perfectly well, my dear young lady. There can't be a doubt about the letter; but of course the bequest is no bequest at all, and Colonel Newcome has behaved so ill to your brother that I suppose Sir Barnes will not go out of his way to benefit the Colonel."

"What would you do, Mr. Luce?" asks the young

iady. "H'm! And pray why should I tell you what I should do under the circumstances?" replied the little lawyer. "Upon my word, Miss Newcome, I think I should leave matters as they stand. Sir Barnes and I, you are aware, are not the very best of friends. As your father's, your grandmother's old friend and adviser, and your own too, my dear young lady, I and Sir Barnes Newcome remain on civil terms. But neither is overmuch pleased with the other, to say the fruth; and, at any rate, I cannot be accused—nor can any one else that I know of-of being a very warm partisan of your brother's. But candidly, were his case mine-had I a relation who had called me unpleasant names, and threatened me I don't know with what, with sword and pistol; who had put me to free can't there are the 1's an election more than dear Miss

ome, rather

need not be

Is not that You me ? disclosure,

did you not? You know, perhaps, that he does not like to part with his money, and thought the appearance of this note to me might agitate him. It has been a long time coming to its address; but nothing can be done, con't you see? and be sure Sir Barnes Newcome will not be the least agitated

when I tell him its contents."

"I mean, I am very glad you think my brother is not called upon to obey Mrs. Newcome's wishes, because I need not think so hardly of him as I was disposed to do," Miss Newcome said. "I showed him the paper this morning, and he repelled it with scorn; and not kind words passed between us, Mr. Luce, and unkind thoughts remained in my mind. But if he, you think, is justified, it is I who have been in the wrong for saying that he was self—for upbraiding him as I own I did."

"You called him selfish—you had words with him! Such things have happened before, my dear Miss Newcome,

in the best-regulated families."

"But if he is not wrong, sir, holding his opinions, surely I should be wrong, sir, with mine, not to do as my conscience tells me; and having found this paper only yesterday at Newcome, in the library there, in one of my grandmother's books, I consulted with this gentleman, the husband of my dearest friend, Mrs. Pendennis—the most intimate friend of my uncle and cousin Clive; and I wish, and I desire, and insist, that my share of what my poor father left us girls should be given to my cousin, Mr. Clive Newcome, in accordance with my grandmother's dying wishes."

"My dear, you gave away your portion to your brothers

and sisters ever so long ago!" cried the lawyer.

"I desire, sir, that six thousand pounds may be given to my cousin," Miss Newcome said, blushing deeply. "My dear uncle, the best man in the world, whom I love with all my heart, sir, is in the most dreadful poverty. Do you know where he is, sir? My dear, kind, generous uncle!" And kindling as she spoke, and with eyes beaming a bright kindness, and flushing cheeks, and a voice that thrilled to the heart of those two who heard her, Miss Newcome went on to tell of her uncle's and cousin's misfortunes, and of her wish, under God, to relieve them. I see before me now the figure of the noble girl as she speaks; the pleased little old lawyer, bobbing his white head, looking up at her with his twinkling eyes—patting his knees, patting his snuff-box—as he sits before his tapes and his deeds, surrounded by a great background of tin boxes.

And I understand you want this money paid as coming the family, and not from Miss Newcome?" says Mr. e.

Coming from the family-exactly," answers Miss New-

It. Luce rose up from his old chair—his worn-out old schair chair—where he had sat for half a century, and ned to many a speaker very different from this one. It. Pendennis," he said, "I envy you your journey along 1 this young lady. I envy you the good news you are ylo carry to jour Incends.—And, Miss Newcome, as I am old—old gentleman who have known your family these y years, and saw your father in his long clothes, may I you how heartly and sincerely I—I love and respect you, dear? When should you wish Mr. Clive Newcome to e his legacy?"

'I think I should like Mr. Pendenns to have it this tant, Mr. Luce, please," and the young lady; and her I dropped over her face as she bent her head down and sped her hands together for a moment, as if she was ying.

Mr. Luce laughed at her impetitosity, but said that if she s bent upon having the money, it was at her instant vice; and before we left the room, Mr. Luce prepared to clive Newcome, Esquire, in which he ted that amongst the books of the late Mrs. Newcome at the donly just been found of which a copy was enclosed, if that the family of the late Eir Brian Newcome, bad do honour to the wishes of the late Mrs. Newcome, do do honour to the wishes of the late Mrs. Newcome, bad ceed the sum of £6,000 at the bank of Messrs. H. W—, the disposal of Mr. Clive Newcome, of whom Mr. Luce of the honour to sign himself the most obedient servant,

And the letter approved and copied, Mr. Luce said. Pendennis might be the postman thereof, if Miss New as o willed it; and with this document in my pocket I itted the lawyer's chambers, with my good and beautiful mag companion.

Our cab had been waiting several hours in Lincoln's

n Fields, and I asked Miss Ethel whither I now should nduct her.

THE NEWCOMES.

440 "Where is Grey Friars?" she said. "Mayn't I go to see my uncle?"

CHAPTER XLI.

IN WHICH OLD FRIENDS COME TOGETHER.

WE made the descent of Snowhill, we passed by the miry. pens of Smithfield; we travel through the street of St. John, and presently reach the ancient gateway in Cistercian Square, where lies the old Hospital of Grey Friars. I passed through the gate, my fair young companion on my arm, and made my way to the rooms occupied by Brother Newcome.

As we traversed the court the Poor Brothers were coming from dinner. A couple of score or more of old gentlemen in black gowns issued from the door of their refectory. and separated over the court, betaking themselves to their chambers. Ethel's arm trembled under mine as she looked at one and another, expecting to behold her dear uncle's familiar features. But he was not among the brethren. We went to his chamber, of which the door was open. A female attendant was arranging the room. She told us Colonel. Newcome was out for the day; and thus our journey had; been made in vain.

Ethel went round the apartment and surveyed its simple decorations; she looked at the pictures of Clive and his boy, the two sabres crossed over the mantelpiece, the Bible laid on the table by the old latticed window. She walked slowly up to the humble bed, and sate down on a chair near it. No doubt her heart prayed for him who slept there. She turned round where his black Pensioner's cloak was hanging on the wall, and lifted up the homely garment and kissed it. The servant looked on, admiring, I should think, her melancholy and her gracious beauty. I whispered to the woman that the young lady was the Colonel's niece. "He has a son who comes here, and is very handsome, too," said the attendant.

The two women spoke together for a while. "O miss!" cried the elder and humbler, evidently astonished at some gratuity which Miss Newcome bestowed upon her. "I

t want this to be good to him. Everybody here loves đ h I

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for himself; and I would sit up for him for weeks-that uld." y companion took a pencil from her bag, and wrote iel" on a piece of paper, and laid the paper on the Darkness had again fallen by this time; feeble lights twinkling in the chamber windows of the Poor Brethren s issued into the courts-feeble lights illumining a dim, melancholy old scene. Many a career, once bright, flickening out here in the darkness; many a night was ng in. We went away silently from that quiet place,

in another minute were in the flare and din and tumult andon. The Colonel is most likely gone to Clive's," I said ld not Miss Newcome follow him thither? We cond whether she should go. She took heart, and said "Drive, cabman, to Howland Street." The horse no doubt tired, for the journey seemed extraordinarily

: I think neither of us spoke a word on the way. ran upstairs to prepare our friends for the visit. Clive, wife, his father, and his mother-in-law were seated by a light in Mrs. Clive's sitting-room-Rosey on the sofa, as 1; the little boy on his grandfather's knees.

hardly made a bow to the ladies, so eager was I to comicate with Colonel Newcome. "I have just been to quarters, at Grey Friars, sir," said I. "That is--"

You have been to the Hospital, sir! You need not be med to mention it, as Colonel Newcome is not ashamed there," cried out the Campaigner .- " Pray speak in your

language, Clive, unless there is something not fit for es to hear." Clive was growling out to me in German there had just been a terrible scene, his father having, uarter of an hour previously, let slip the secret about v Friars.

Say at once, Clive," the Campaigner cried, rising in her ht, and extending a great strong arm over her helpless d, "that Colonel Newcome owns that he has gone to, as a pauper in a hospital! He who has squandered his money, he who has squandered my money, he

squandered the money of that darling helpless of

compose yourself, Rosey, my love!—has completed the disgrace of the family by his present mean and unworthyyes, I say mean and unworthy and degraded conduct. O my child, my blessed child! to think that your husbance father should have come to a workhouse!" Whilst the maternal agony bursts over her, Rosey, on the sofa, blea

and whimpers amongst the faded chintz cushions.

I took Clive's hand, which was cast up to his head strikin his forehead with mad, impotent rage whilst this fiend of woman lashed his good father. The veins of his great fi were swollen; his whole body was throbbing and tremblin with the helpless pain under which he writhed. "Colon Newcome's friends, ma'am," I said, "think very different from you, and that he is a better judge than you or any or else of his own honour. We all who loved him in I prosperity love and respect him more than ever for tl manner in which he bears his misfortune. Do you suppo that his noble friend, the Earl of H-, would have cou selled him to a step unworthy of a gentleman; that tl Prince de Montcontour would applaud his conduct as l does if he did not think it admirable?" I can hardly sa with what scorn I used this argument, or what depth of co tempt I felt for the woman whom I knew it would influenc "And at this minute," I added, "I have come from visiting the Grey Friars with one of the Colonel's relatives, who love and respect for him is boundless, who longs to l reconciled to him, and who is waiting below, eager to shall his hand and embrace Clive's wife."

"Who is that?" says the Colonel, looking gently up, as

pats Boy's head.

"Who is it, Pen?" says Clive. I said in a low voi 'Ethel;' and starting up and crying, 'Ethel! Ethel!' he i from the room.

Little Mrs. Rosey started up too on her sofa, clutching h of the table-cover with her lean hand, and the two red sp on her cheeks burning more fiercely than ever. I could what passion was beating in that poor little heart. Heahelp us, what a resting-place had friends and parents pared for it!

"Miss Newcome, is it?-My darling Rosey, get on

"It is Ethel; Ethel is my niece. I used to love her when she was quite a little girl," says the Colonel, patting Boy on the head; "and she is a very good, beautiful little child-a very good child." The torture had been too much for that kind old heart; there were times when Thomas Newcome passed beyond it. What still maddened Clive excited his father no more; the pain yonder woman inflicted only felled

and stupefied him. As the door opened, the little white-headed child trotted forward towards the visitor; and Ethel entered on Clive's arm, who was as haggard and pale as death. Little Boy, looking up at the stately lady, still followed beside her as she approached her uncle, who remained sitting, his head

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wept on his shounder. His consciousness that quite returned ere an instant was over. He embraced her with the warmth of his old affection, uttering many bnef words of love, kindness, and tenderness, such as men speak when strongly moved.

The little boy had come wondering up to the chair whilst this embrace took place, and Chre's tall figure bent over the three. Rosey's eyes were not good to look at as she stared at the group with a ghastl

the scene in a haughty st She tried to take one of

child tore it away, leavir

hands to her face, and crieu-circu as a sice more would break. Ah me, what a story was there what an outburst of pent-up feeling! what a passion of pain! The ring had fallen to the ground; the little boy crept towards

Mamma's With more feeling than I had ever seen her exhibit, she clasped the boy in her wasted arms. Great heaven! what passion, jealousy, grief, despair, were tearing and trying all these hearts, that but for fate might have been happy!

Clive went round, and with the utmost sweetness and tenderness hanging round his child and wife, soothed her with words of consolation that in truth I scarce heard, being ashamed almost of being present at this sudden scene. No one, however, took notice of the witnesses, and even Mrs. Mackenzie's voice was silent for the moment. I dare say Clive's words were incoherent. But women have more presence of mind; and now Ethel, with a noble grace which I cannot attempt to describe, going up to Rosey, seated herself by her, spoke of her long grief at the differences between her dearest uncle and herself; of her early days, when he had been as a father to her; of her wish, her hope that Rosey should love her as a sister; and of her belief that better days and happiness were in store for them all. And she spoke to the mother about her boy so beautiful and intelligent, and told her how she had brought up her brother's children, and hoped that this one too would call her Aunt Ethel. She ould not stay now; might she come again? Would Rosey me to her with her little boy? Would he kiss her?

id so with a very good grace; but when Ethel at parting embraced the child's mother, Rosey's face wore a smile ghastly to look at, and the lips that touched Ethel's cheeks were quite white.

"I shall come and see you again to-morrow, uncle, may I not? I saw your room to-day, sir, and your housekeeper—such a nice old lady—and your black gown. And you shall put it on to-morrow, and walk with me, and show me the beautiful old buildings of the old hospital. And I shall come and make tea for you; the housekeeper says I may. Will you come down with me to my carriage? No, Mr. Pendennis must come;" and she quitted the room, beckoning me after her. "You will speak to Clive now, won't you," she said, "and come to me this evening, and tell me all before you go to bed?" I went back, anxious, in truth, to be the messenger of good tidings to my dear old friends.

Brief as my absence had been, Mrs. Mackenzie had taken-

advantage of that moment again to outrage Clive and his father, and to announce that Rosey might go to see this Miss Newcome, whom people respected because she was rich, but whom she would never visit—no, never! "An insolent, proud, impertuent thing! Does she take me for a house-maid?" Mrs. Mackenze had inquired. "Am I dust to be trampled beneath her fect? Am I a dog that she can't throw me a word?" Her arms were stretched out, and she was making this inquiry as to her own canne qualities as I re-entered the room, and remembered that Ethel had never once addressed a single word to Mrs. Mackenzie in the course of her visit.

I affected not to perceive the incident, and presently said that I wanted to speak to Clive in his studio. Knowing that I had brought my friend one or two commissions for drawings, Mrs. Mackensie was civil to me, and did not object

to our colloquies.

"Will you come too, and smoke a pipe, father?" says Clive.

"Of course your father intends to stay to dinner!" says the Campaigner, with a scornful toss of her head. Clive

I .- "Now, sir,

down with you in the sitter's chair, and smoke the sweetest theroot you ever smoked in your life — My dear, dear old Cive, you need not bear with the Campagner any longer; you may go to bed without this mightmare to-night if you like; you may have your father back under your roof again."

like; you may have your lather back under your rool again."
"My dear Arthur, I must be back at ten, sir, back at ten,
military time; drum beats—no, bell tolls at ten, and gates
close;" and he laughed and shook his old head. "Besides,
I am to see a young lady, sr, and she is coming to make
tea for me, and I must speak to Mrs. Jones to have all things
rady—all things ready;" and agan the old man laughed as

he spoke.

His son looked at him and then at me with eyes full of sad meaning. "How do you mean, Arthur," Clive said, "that he can come and stay with me, and that that woman can go?" my dear Clive by the hand and bade him prepare for good news. I told him how providentially, two days since, Ethel, in the library at Newcome, looking into Orme's History of India, a book which old Mrs. Newcome had been reading on the night of her death, had discovered a paper of which the accompanying letter enclosed a copy, and I gave my friend the letter.

He opened it and read it through. I cannot say that I saw any particular expression of wonder in his countenance, for somehow, all the while Clive perused this document, I was looking at the Colonel's sweet, kind face. "It-it is Ethel's doing," said Clive, in a hurried voice. "There was

no such letter."

"Upon my honour," I answered, "there was. We came up to London with it last night, a few hours after she had found it. We showed it to Sir Barnes Newcome, who-who could not disown it. We took it to Mr. Luce, who recognized it at once, who was old Mrs. Newcome's man of business, and continues to be the family lawyer; and the family recognizes the legacy and has paid it, and you may draw for it to-morrow, as you see. What a piece of good luck it is that it did not come before the B. B. C. time! That confounded Bundelcund Bank would have swallowed up this, like all the rest."

"Father, father! do you remember Orme's History of

India?" cries Clive.

"Orme's History! of course I do; I could repeat whole pages of it when I was a boy," says the old man, and began forthwith: "'The two battalions advanced against each other cannonading, until the French, coming to a hollow way, imagined that the English would not venture to pass it. But Major Lawrence ordered the sepoys and artillery-the sepoys and artillery to halt and defend the convoy against the Morattoes'-Morattoes Orme calls 'em. Ho! ho!] could repeat whole pages, sir."

"It is the best book that ever was written," calls ou The Colonel said he had not read it, but he was informed Mr. Mill's was a very learned history; he intended to read it. "Eh! there is plenty of time now," said the good Colonel. "I have all day long at Grey Friars—after chapel, you know. Do you know, is, when I was a boy I used what they call to the out and run down to a public house in Cistercian Lane—the Red Cow, sir—and buy run there? I was a terrible wild boy, Clivy—you weren't so, sir, thank Heaven—a terrible wild boy; and my poor father flogged me, though I think it was very hard on me. It wasn't the pain, you know, it wasn't the pain; but—"

woman yonder, his head would go. He never replied to her launts; he bore her infernal cruelly without an unkind word. Oh, I can pay her back! thank God I can pay her. But who shall pay her," he said, trembling in every limb, "for what she has made that good man suffer?"

He turned to his father, who still sate lost in his meditations. "You need never go back to Grey Friars, father!"

he cried out.
"Not go back, Clivy! Must go back, boy, to say Adsum

when my name is called—'Newcome!' 'Adsum!' Hey! that is what we used to say—we used to say!"

"You need not go back, except to pack your things, and neturn and live with me and Boy," Clive continued, and he told Colonel Newcome rapidly the story of the legacy. The old man seemed hardly to comprehend it. When he did, the news scarcely elated him; when Clive said "they could now pay Mis. Mackennie," the Colonel replied, "Quite right," and added up the sum, principal and interest, in which they were indebted to her—he knew it well enough, the good old man. "Of course we shall pay her, Clive, when we can!" But in spite of what Clive had said, he did not appear to understand the fact that the debt to Mis.

THE NEWCOMES. "Come, father, come to dinner!" cries Clive. - "And, Pen, you will come too, won't you?" he added; "it may be the last time you dine in such pleasant company. Come 448 along," he whispered hurriedly. "I should like you to be there; it will keep her tongue quiet." As we proceeded to the dining-room, I gave the Colonel my arm; and the good man prattled to me something about Mrs. Mackenzie having taken shares in the Bundelcund Banking Company, and about her not being a woman of business, and fancying we about her money. "And I have always felt a wish that Clivy should pay her—and he will pay her, I know he will," says the Colonel—"and then we shall lead a quiet life, Arthur; for, between ourselves, some women are the deuce when they are angry, sir." And again he laughed as he told me this sly news, and he bowed meekly his gentle old head

That apartment was occupied by little Boy, already seated as we entered the dining-room. in his high chair, and by the Campaigner only, who stood a the mantelpiece in a majestic attitude. On parting with he before we adjourned to Clive's studio, I had made my bo and taken my leave in form, not supposing that I was abo to enjoy her hospitality yet once again. My return did r seem to please her. "Does Mr. Pendennis favour us w his company to dinner again, Clive?" she said, turning her son-in-law. Clive curtly said, Yes, he had asked

"You might at least have been so kind as to give notice," says the Campaigner, still majestic, but ironice Pendennis to stay. "You will have but a poor meal, Mr. Pendennis, and such as I am not accustomed to give my guests."

"Cold beef! what the deuce does it matter?" says (beginning to carve the joint, which hot had served ou

"It does matter, sir! I am not accustomed to tre terday's Christmas table. guests in this way. - Maria! who has been cutting that Three pounds of that beef have been cut away since o'clock to-day," and with flashing eyes and a finge kling all over with rings she pointed towards the guilty Whether Maria had been dispensing secret char

kept company with an occult policeman partial to roa

I do not know; but she looked very much alarmed, and said, Indeed, and indeed, mum, she had not touched a morsel of it-not she !

"Confound the beef 1" says Clive, carving on.

"She has been cutting it !" cries the Campaigner, bringing her fist down with a thump upon the table.- "Mr. Pendennis, you saw the beef yesterday; eighteen pounds it weighed, and this is what comes up of it! As if there was not already ruin enough in the house !"

"D---n the beef!" cnes out Clive.

"No, no; thank God for our good dinner! Benedicti benedicamus, Clivy, my boy," says the Colonel, in a tremulous voice.

"Swear on, sir; let the child hear your oaths! Let my blessed child, who is too ill to sit at table and picks her bit of sweetbread on her sofa-which her poor mother prepares of secondard of the solution o

me, I confess I kept my eyes steadily down upon my plate, nor dared to lift them until my portion of cold beef had

vanished.

No further outbreak took place until the appearance of the second course, which consisted, as the ingenious reader may suppose, of the plum-pudding, now in a gulled state, and the remanent mince-pies from yesterday's meal. Maria, I thought, looked particularly guilty as these delicacies were placed on the table: she set them down hastily, and was for operating an instant retreat.

her, "Who has eaten who has eaten it. an to the kitchen and

I there's pounds of it mince-pies, Mr. Pen-

dennis! you saw yourself there were five went away from table yesterday .- Where's the other two, Maria? You leave the house this night, you thieving, wicked wretch, and I'll thank you to come back to me afterwards for a characict.-Thirteen servants have we had in nine months, Mr.

Pendennis, and this girl is the worst of them all, and the

greatest liar and the greatest thief."

At this charge the outraged Maria stood up in arms, and as the phrase is, gave the Campaigner as good as she got. Go! wouldn't she go? Pay her her wages, and let her go out of that 'ell upon hearth, was Maria's prayer. "It isn't you, sir," she said, turning to Clive. "You are good enough and works hard enough to get the guineas which you give out to pay that Doctor; and she don't pay him—and I see five of them in her purse wrapped up in paper, myself I did—and she abuses you to him—and I heard her, and Jane Black, who was here before, told me she heard her. Go won't I just go! I despises your puddens and pies!" and with a laugh of scorn this rude Maria snapped her black fingers in the immediate vicinity of the Campaigner's nose.

"I will pay her her wages, and she shall go this instant!"

says Mrs. Mackenzie, taking her purse out.

"Pay me with them suvverings that you have got in it wrapped up in paper.—See if she haven't, Mr. Newcome,' the refractory waiting-woman cried out, and again she raised

a strident laugh.

Mrs. Mackenzie briskly shut her porte-monnaie, and rose up from table, quivering with indignant virtue. "Go!" she exclaimed—"go and pack your trunks this instant! You quit the house this night, and a policeman shall see to your boxes before you leave it!"

Whilst uttering this sentence against the guilty Maria, the Campaigner had intended, no doubt, to replace her purse ir her pocket—a handsome filigree gimcrack of poor Rosey's one of the relics of former splendours—but, agitated by Maria's insolence, the trembling hand missed the mark, and

the purse fell to the ground.

Maria dashed at the purse in a moment, with a scream of laughter shook its contents upon the table, and sure enough five little packets wrapped in paper rolled out upon the cloth besides bank-notes and silver and golden coin. "I'm to go am I? I'm a thief, am I?" screamed the girl, clapping he hands.—"I sor 'em yesterday when I was a-lacing of her and thought of that pore young man working night and day

to get the money.-Me a thief, indeed! I despise you, and

I give you warning."
"Do you wish to see me any longer insulted by this woman, Clavel—Mr. Pendennis, I am shocked that you should winness such hornible vulgarity." cries the Campaigner, turning to her guest. "Does the wretched creature suppose that i—I who have given thousands, I who have denied myself encrything. I who have spent my all in support of this house; and Colonel Newcome knows whether I have given thousands or not, and who have spent them, and who

has been robbed, I say, and-" "Here! you! Maria! go about your business," shouted out Clive Newcome, starting up; "go and pack your trunks if you like, and pack this woman's trunks too.-Mrs. Mackenzie, I can bear you no more. Go in peace, and if you wish to see your daughter, she shall come to you; but I will never, so help me God, sleep under the same roof with you, or break the same crust with you, or bear your infernal cruelty, or sit to hear my father insulted, or listen to your wicked pride and folly more. There has not been a day since you thrust your cutsed foot into our wretched house but you have tortured one and all of us. Look here, at the best gentleman and the kindest heart in all the world, you fiend, and see to what a condition you have brought him !- Dearest father, she is going, do you hear? She leaves us, and you will come back to me, won't you?-Great God, woman," he gasped out, "do you know what you have made me sufferwhat you have done to this good man?-Pardon, father, pardon;" and he sank down by his father's side, sobbing with passionate emotion. The old man even now did not seem to comprehend the scene. When he heard that woman's voice in anger, a sort of stupor came over him-

"I am a fiend, am 1?" cres the lady.—"You here 1"-

Live nived in this house and tolled like a slane; I have acted as servant to my blessed child; night after night that each with her; and month after month, when her has

band has been away, I have nursed that poor innocent; and the father having robbed me, the son turns me out of doors!"

A sad thing it was to witness, and a painful proof how frequent were these battles, that as this one raged, the poor little boy sat almost careless, whilst his bewildered grandfather stroked his golden head. "It is quite clear to me, madam," I said, turning to Mrs. Mackenzie, "that you and your son-in-law are better apart; and I came to tell him today of a most fortunate legacy which has just been left to him, and which will enable him to pay you to-morrow morning every shilling—every shilling which he does NOT owe you."

"I will not leave this house until I am paid every shilling of which I have been robbed," hissed out Mrs. Mackenzie;

and she sate down, folding her arms across her chest.

"I am sorry," groaned out Clive, wiping the sweat off his brow, "I used a harsh word; I will never sleep under the same roof with you. To-morrow I will pay you what you claim; and the best chance I have of forgiving you the evil which you have done me is that we never should

act again.—Will you give me a bed at your house, Arthur? Father, will you come out and walk?—Good-night, Mrs. Mackenzie; Pendennis will settle with you in the morning. You will not be here, if you please, when I return; and so

God forgive you, and farewell."

Mrs. Mackenzie in a tragic manner dashed aside the hand which poor Clive held out to her, and disappeared from the scene of this dismal dinner. Boy presently fell a-crying; in spite of all the battle and fury, there was sleep in his eyes.

"Maria is too busy, I suppose, to put him to bed," said Clive, with a sad smile; "shall we do it, father?—Come, Tommy, my son!" and he folded his arms round the child and walked with him to the upper regions. The old man eyes lighted up; his scared thoughts returned to him; followed his two children up the stairs, and saw his grand in his little bed; and as we walked home with him, he me how sweetly Boy said Our Father, and prayed God all those who loved him, as they laid him to rest.

So these three generations had joined in that supplie

the strong man, humbled by trial and grief, whose lovel was yet full of love; the child, of the sweet and it little ones whom the Blessed Speaker of the practical state to come unto Him; and the old man, whose heart was warning as tender and as innocent, and whose day was proaching when he should be drawn to the boson of the Eternal Pity.

CHAPTER XLIL

IN WHICH THE COLONEL SAYS "ADSULT WELL THE TAKE IS CALLED.

THE yow which Clive had uttered, never to the total his mother-in-law, or sleep under the same not vin broken on the very next day. A stronge = 2 man's intervened, and he had to confess the manes wath before that superior power. In the forest of the day following that unlucky danner, I were the banking house, whither Mr Loc's in the banking house, whither Mr Loc's in the same of the banking house, whither Mr Loc's in the same of the banking house, whither Mr Loc's in the same of the banking house, whither Mr Loc's in the same of the banking house, whither Mr Loc's in the same of the banking house, whither Mr Loc's in the same of the banking house, whither Mr Loc's in the same of the banking house, whither Mr Loc's in the same of the banking house, whither Mr Loc's in the same of the banking house, whither Mr Loc's in the banking house, whither Mr Loc's in the same of the banking house, whither Mr Loc's in the banking house, which was a second house of the banking house, whither Mr Loc's in the banking house h and carried away with me the principal see a rime for Campaigner said Colonel Newcone va mine a se with the interest accurately compared and and and went off with a pocket full of money a the see at Free Brother of Grey Friars, and he proceed father, and dine with my wife in Comments ceived a letter from Laura by the the second sector by the express train from Service that a spare bedroom should be promise a series accompanied her.

On reaching Howland Street Cons for the rather to my surprise, by the had received her dismissal on the present agin: and the doctor's carriage drove up as the way of the folial practitioner sped upon the practitioner sped upon the folial practitioner sped upon the folial practition and the folial p The state of the state of the

or reason, with her band-box and bester. I said to

difficulty in recognizing a professional nurse in the new-comer. She, too, disappeared into the sick-room, and left me 经货物 sitting in the neighbouring chamber, the scene of the last

Hither presently came to me Maria, the maid. She said she had not the heart to go away now she was wanted; that night's quarrel. they had passed a sad night, and that no one had been to bed. Master Tommy was below, and the landlady taking care of him; the landlord had gone out for the nurse. Mrs. Clive had been taken bad after Mr. Clive went away the night before. Mrs. Mackenzie had gone to the poor young thing, and there she went on, crying, and screaming, and things are the state of the poor young things are the state of the poor young and the state of the poor young are the state of the poor young are t

stamping, as she used to do in her tantrums, which was most cruel of her, and made Mrs. Clive so ill. And presently the young lady began, my informant told me. She came scream ing into the sitting-room, her hair over her shoulders, calling out she was deserted, deserted, and would like to die. Sh was like a mad woman for some time. She had fit after f of hysterics; and there was her mother, kneeling, and cryin and calling out to her darling child to calm herself-whi it was all her own doing, and she had much better have he own tongue, remarked the resolute Maria Tundante own tongue, remarked the resolute Maria. I understo only too well from the girl's account what had happened, a that Clive, if resolved to part with his mother-in-law, sho not have left her, even for twelve hours, in possession of The wretched woman, whose Self was always

dominant, and who, though she loved her daughter after own fashion, never forgot her own vanity or passion, improved the occasion of Clive's absence—worked her child's weakness, jealousy, ill-health, and driven he doubt, into the fever which yonder physician was call The doctor presently enters to write a prescription lowed by Clive's mother-in-law, who had cast Rosey quell. Cashmere shawl over her shoulders, to hide her d

"You here still, Mr. Pendennis!" she exclaims. Sh I was there. Had not she changed her dress in o "I have to speak to you for two minutes on ir receive me? business, and then I shall go," I replied gravely.

"O sir! to what a scene you have come! To what a state has Clive's conduct last night driven my darling child!"

As the odious woman spoke so, the doctor's keen eyes, looking up from the prescription, caught mine. "I declare before Heaven, madam," I said hotly, "I believe you yourself are the cause of your daughter's present illness, as you

have been of the misery of my friends."

"Is this, sir !" she was breaking out-"is this language to be used to---

"Madam, will you be silent?" I said. "I am come to bid you farewell on the part of those whom your temper has driven into infernal torture. I am come to pay you every halfpenny of the sum which my friends do not owe you, but which they restore. Here is the account, and here is the money to settle it. And I take this gentleman to witness, to whom, no doubt, you have imparted what you call your wrongs" (the doctor smiled, and shrugged his shoulders), "that now you

are paid." "A widow-a poor, lonely, insulted widow!" cries the Campaigner, with trembling hands taking possession of the

notes.

"And I wish to know," I continued, "when my friend's house will be free to him, and he can return in peace."

Here Rosey's voice was heard from the inner apartment,

screaming, "Mamma, mamma !"

"I go to my child, sir," she said. "If Captain Mackenzie had been alive, you would not have dared to insult me so." And carrying off her money, she left us.

"Cannot she be got out of the house?" I said to the doctor. "My friend will never return until she leaves it. It is my belief she is the cause of her daughter's present illness."

"Not altogether, my dear sir. Mrs. Newcome was in a very, very delicate state of health. Her mother is a lady of

impetuous temper strongly, I own.

sions, which no p

been wrought up to a state of-of agitation. Her fever is, i fact, at present very high. You know her condition. _____ apprehensive of ulterior consequences. I have recomm

an excellent and experienced nurse to her. Mr. S

medical man at the corner, is a most able practitioner. I shall myself call again in a few hours; and I trust that, after the event which I apprehend, everything will go well."

"Cannot Mrs. Mackenzie leave the house, sir?" I asked.

"Her daughter cries out for her at every moment. Mrs. Mackenzie is certainly not a judicious nurse, but in Mrs. Newcome's present state I cannot take upon myself to separate them. Mr. Newcome may return, and I do think and believe that his presence may tend to impose silence and restore tranquillity."

I had to go back to Clive with these gloomy tidings. The poor fellow must put up a bed in his studio, and there await the issue of his wife's illness. I saw Thomas Newcome could not sleep under his son's roof that night. That dear meeting, which both so desired, was delayed, who could say for

how long?

"The Colonel may come to us," I thought; "our old house is big enough." I guessed who was the friend coming in my wife's company, and pleased myself by thinking that two friends so dear should meet in our home. Bent upon these plans, I repaired to Grey Friars, and to Thomas Newcome's chamber there.

Bayham opened the door when I knocked, and came towards me with a finger on his lip, and a sad, sad countenance. He closed the door gently behind him, and led me into the court. "Clive is with him, and Miss Newcome. He is very ill. He does not know them," said Bayham with a sob. "He calls out for both of them; they are sitting there, and he does not know them."

In a brief narrative, broken by more honest tears, Fred Bayham, as we paced up and down the court, told me what had happened. The old man must have passed a sleepless night, for on going to his chamber in the morning, his attendant found him dressed in his chair, and his bed undisturbed. He must have sate all through the bitter night without a fire; but his hands were burning hot, and he rambled in his talk. He spoke of some one coming to drink tea with him, pointed to the fire, and asked why it was not made. He would not go to bed, though the nurse pressed him. The bell began to ring for morning chapel. He got up and went towards his

yers, groping towards it as though he could hardly see, mid yen, groping lowards it as mough ne could many see, and at 1 over his shoulders, and would go out. Just be would not it is the could not be shoulders, and would go out. art v over an sanurours, and sound to under had not given him are fallen in the court, if the good nurse had not given him. nave taken in the court, it the food numer has not given had not arm; and the physician of the hospital, passing forther arm; and the physician of the hospital, her arm, and the physician of the hospital, passing torto-nately at this moment, who had always been a frest friend of nativy at this moment, who may always occur a great mend of Colonel Newcome's institled upon leading him back to his Valonet Newcomes, insused upon sessing turn back to his room again, and got him to bed, a cheen the bell stopped, toon agus, and got him to bod.

"When the bad stopped,
he marked to rise once more, and that he was going in
school again," said the nurse, and that he was common vector
Re. Raine, who was schoolmader here ever as many vector. school again, said the nurse, and that he was going in to.

Dr. Raine, who was schoolmaster here ever so many years

ago. So it was, that when happing days seemed to be congood to the order man. They recommended to the contion for the order man. They recommended to the coning for the good man, that represe came too bie. ing for the good man, that reprieve came too late, and years, and humilation, and earc, and cruelty has been and years, and the state of the state o too strong for him, and Thomas Servicine was stricken down. Daylands we turn and a normal control which the toom, over which the 22) DIMMY SHUTY LUTES & CHICAGO HE LUCALING THE AND CHICAGO HE THING THE AND CHICAGO HE T ranger was range and saw the neares of our man senior it sould at each end of the bod. Swared at each city of the occu.

1 he poor our man string it and all first from the occurrence of the borner out the occurrence of the occurrence of the occurrence of the occurrence of the occurrence occurren was causing memorene semences, use to the present grief before him with metheories of further sick, the present gree octore him, with medigence of hirther sick-ness availing him at home. Our hoor patient did not head what List him as home. You must go home to Roseyy, what List his son. The same of how her his hands a way. Tabled said. to its son. Low most for number to assess and son with the still be sure to ask for her husband; and concerns to both dear Chie NUMBRICHES IS UCT, SECURITIES THE THE SECURITIES IS UCT, SECURITIES TO PRESS (COd, he will be better in the will never leave him.

Wesse 4,600, ne will be neither a time.

So Chief duty called him.

So Chief of dumit lidings. I murumb, when you come mack, bo Lives dury mines him to his own sad home; and, the bearer of dismal hidings. w as own say nome; and, me ocare of dismal lidings, I returned to mine. The fires were lit there, and the table, senance to mine. The mes were to inclosine the french av aerer more was to enter my toor. It may be magined that the intelligence which I brought alarmed and afflicted my wife, and Madame de Florie, our who never more was to enter my door. aurmed and affected my wife, and Madame de Florac, our of the first state of the first st brought thence were very bad. Once came to her for a minute or each but Mrs. Mackenile could not set with the country of the third boy home to her for should be country to the burning the lattle boy home to her offer should be comed to her offer a should be compared to the offer of the country of the burning of the burning of the burning of the country of the coun oncound sine nor oring the little way accepted that office fluid saled; and Circe thankfully accepted that office little man stept in our nursery that night, and, was a second to the country that night, and, was a second niner mans success for one new morrow—happy, and new one on the morrow—happy, and of the first process are the first process and the first process are the first process are the first process and the first process are the first process are the first process and the first process are the first process are the first process are the first process and the first process are the first process and the first process are the of the fale impending over his home

Yet two more days passed, and I had to take two advertisements to the Times newspaper on the part of poor Clive. Among the announcements of Births was printed, "On the 28th, in Howland Street, Mrs. Clive Newcome of a son still-And a little lower, in the third division of the same column, appeared the words, "On the 29th, in Howland Street, aged 26, Rosa, wife of Clive Newcome, Esq." So, one day, shall the names of all of us be written there; to be deplored by how many? to be remembered how long? to occasion what tears, praises, sympathy, censure? yet for a day or two while the busy world has time to recollect us who have passed beyond it. So this poor little flower had bloomed for its little day, and pined, and withered, and perished. There was only one friend by Clive's side following the humble procession which laid poor Rosey and her child out of sight of a world that had been but unkind to her. Not many tears were there to water her lonely little grave. A grief that was akin to shame and remorse humbled him as he knelt over her. Poor little harmless lady I no more childish triumphs and vanities, no more hidden griefs, are you to enjoy or suffer, and earth closes over your simple pleasures and tears l The snow was falling and whitening the coffin as they lowered it into the ground. It was at the same cemetery in which Lady Kew was buried. I dare say the same clergyman read the same service over the two graves, as he will read it for you or any of us to-morrow, and until his own turn comes. Come away from the place, poor Clive! Come sit with your orphan little boy, and bear him on your knee, and hug him to your heart. He seems yours now, and all a father's love may pour out upon him. Until this hour, Fate uncontrollable and homely tyranny had separated him from you.

It was touching to see the eagerness and tenderness with which the great strong man now assumed the guardianship of the child, and endowed him with his entire wealth of affection. The little boy now ran to Clive whenever he came in, and sat for hours prattling to him. He would take the boy out to walk, and from our windows we could see Clive's black figure striding over the snow in St. James's Park, the little man trotting beside him, or perched on his father's shoulder. My wife and I looked at them one morning as they were

making their was constrict the City . "He has befored byt THE NEWCONES bring heart from his father. Laura said, "and N is promy over the whole property to his sen.

Cline and the ped sometimes with this med to keep him Grey Frans, where the Colored sell ler his After some days the ferer which had attacked bon left bire; but left bon so weak and enfecthed that he could only go from his had to the chair by his fireside. The season was exceedingly buller? the chamber which he inhabited was warm and specient) if

-as considered unadvisable to more him until he had attained reafer strength, and till narmer neather. The invideal men of the House hoped he might rally in spring. My hinh, Dr. Goodenough, came to him; he hoped two last not will be hoped to a hopeful form. a hopeful face. A chamber, luckly racant, hand by the Colonel's was assigned to his friends, where we atte when we were too many for him Resides his customary attent ant, he had two dear and watchful nurses, who were almost always with him-Ethel and Madame do Florac, Who had passed many a faithful year by an old man's ledshin; whin would have come, as to a work of religion, to any sick come, much more to this one, where he lay for whose life she would

But our Colonel, we all were obliged to acknowledge, was once gladly have given her own no more our friend of old days. He knew us again, and was good to every one round him, as his want was. Pale Hally when Boy came, his old eyes lighted up with simple happe ness, and, with eager trembling hands, he would arek under his bedelothes, or the pockets of his drawing gown, for trys or cakes, which he had caused to be purchased for his grand

There was a little, laughing, rede hecked, white headed boy of the school, to whom the old man had taken a t fancy. One of the symptoms of his returning red usness and recovery, as we lightly was his calling for this d, who pleased our formed by his archiness and menty 13, and who, to the old gentleman's unfailing delight, used and the late of the control of the late of ought to him; and the Colored would have a him o

prattle, almost as childishly, about Dr. Raine and his own early school-days. The boys of the school, it must be said, had heard the noble old gentleman's touching history, and had all got to know and love him. They came every day to hear news of him; sent him in books and papers to amuse him; and some benevolent young souls—God's blessing on all honest boys, say I—painted theatrical characters, and sent them in to Codd Colonel's grandson. The little fellow was made free of gown-boys, and once came thence to his grandfather in a little gown, which delighted the old man hugely. Boy said he would like to be a little gown-boy; and I make no doubt, when he is old enough, his father will get him that post, and put him under the tuition of my friend Dr. Senior.

So weeks passed away, during which our dear old friend still remained with us. His mind was gone at intervals, but would rally feebly; and with his consciousness, returned his love, his simplicity, his sweetness. He would talk French with Madame de Florac, at which time his memory appeared to awaken with surprising vividness, his cheek flushed, and he was a youth again—a youth all love and hope—a stricken old man, with a beard as white as snow covering the noble careworn face. At such times he called her by her Christian name of Léonore; he addressed courtly old words of regard and kindness to the aged lady; anon he wandered in his talk, and spoke to her as if they still were young. Now, as in those early days, his heart was pure; no anger remained in it, no guile tainted it; only peace and goodwill dwelt in it.

Rosey's death had seemed to shock him for a while when the unconscious little boy spoke of it. Before that circumstance Clive had even forborne to wear mourning, lest the news should agitate his father. The Colonel remained silent and was very much disturbed all that day; but he never appeared to comprehend the fact quite, and once or twice afterwards asked why she did not come to see him. She was prevented, he supposed—she was prevented, he said, with a look of terror: he never once otherwise alluded to that unlucky tyrant of his household, who had made his last years so unhappy.

The circumstance of Clive's legacy he never understood,

but more than once spoke of Barnes to Ethel, and sent his compliments to him, and said he should like to shake him by the hand. Barnes Newcome never once offered to touch that honoured hand, though his sister bore her uncle's message to him. They came often from Bryanston Square. Mrs. Hobson even offered to sit with the Colonel and read to him, and brought him books for his improvement. But her presence disturbed him; he cared not for her books, The two nurses whom he loved faithfully watched him; and my wife and I were admitted to him sometimes, both of whom he honoured with regard and recognition. As for F. B., in order to be near his Colonel, did not that good fellow take up his lodging in Cistercian Lane, at the Red Cow? He is one whose errors, let us hope, shall be pardoned quia multum amarit. I am sure he felt ten times more joy at hearing of Clive's legacy, than if thousands had been bequeathed to himself. May good health and good fortune speed him!

The days went on, and our hopes, raised sometimes, began to flicker and fall. One evening the Colonel left his chair for his bed in pretty good spirits, but passed a disturbed

> to amuse him by they were having in the green, and

Grey Friars was in and winning. The Colonel quite understood about it; he would like to see the game; he had played many a game on that green when he was a boy. He grew excited. Clive dismissed his father's little friend, and

Heaven speed you, little friend!

After the child had gone, Thomas Newcon bey to wander more and more. He talked louder word of command; spoke Hindustanec, as

Then he spoke words in French rapidly,

was near him, and crying, "Toujours, toujours!" But was Ethel's hand which he took. Ethel and Clive and tl nurse were in the room with him. The latter came to us wh were sitting in the adjoining apartment; Madame de Flori was there, with my wife and Bayham.

At the look in the woman's countenance Madame of Florac started up. "He is very bad; he wanders a gre deal," the nurse whispered. The French lady fell instant

on her knees, and remained rigid in prayer.

Some time afterwards Ethel came in with a scared face our pale group. "He is calling for you again, dear lady she said, going up to Madame de Florac, who was st kneeling; "and just now he said he wanted Pendennis take care of his boy. He will not know you." She hid h tears as she spoke.

She went into the room, where Clive was at the bed's for The old man within it talked on rapidly for a while; the again he would sigh, and be still. Once more I heard him so hurriedly, "Take care of him when I'm in India;" and the with a heartrending voice, he called out, "Léonore, Léonore She was kneeling by his side now. The patient's voice sar into faint murmurs; only a moan now and then announce is the was not asleep.

At the usual evening hour the chapel bell began to to and Thomas Newcome's hands outside the bed feebly be time. And just as the last bell struck, a peculiar swe smile shone over his face, and he lifted up his head a litt and quickly said, "Adsum!" and fell back. It was the wor we used at school when names were called; and lo, h whose heart was as that of a little child, had answered to h name, and stood in the presence of The Master.

Two years ago, walking with my children in some pleasar fields near to Berne in Switzerland, I strayed from them into a little wood; and, coming out of it presently, told then how the story had been revealed to me somehow, which for three-and-twenty months the reader has been pleased to follow. As I write the last line with a rather sad heart, Perdennis and Laura, and Ethel and Clive, fade away into Fable

land. I hardly know whether they are not true; whether they do not like near us somewhere. They were alive, and I heard their voices; but like minutes since was touched by their grief. And have we parted with them here on a sudden, and without so much as a shake of the hand? I sy onder line (——), which I drew with my own pen, a barrier between me and Hadea, as it were, across which I can se those figures retreating and only dimly glummering? Belor taking leave of Mr. Arthur Pendennis, might he not have told us whether Miss Ethel married anybody finally? I was provoking that he should retire to the shades withou answering that sentimental question.

But though he has disappeared as irrevocably as Eurydice these minor questions may settle the major one above mer tioned. How could Pendennis have got all that information about Ethel's goings-on at Baden, and with Lord Keunless she had told somebody—her husband, for instance who, having made Pendennis an early confidant in his

Lord Fatintosh's mother at one page, and brought her to life again at another, but Rosey, who is so lately consigned to Kensal Green, it is not surely with \$\delta r\$ that Clive is traveling, for then Mrs. Mackenie would probably be with them to a live certainty, and the sour would be by no means pleasant. How could Pendennus have got all those private letters, etc., but that the Colonel kept them in a teak box, which Clive inherited and made over to his Finded? My belief then is, that in Fableland somewhere Rhel and Clive are living most comfortably together; that she is immensely fond of his little boy; and a great deal happer now than they would have been had they married at first, when they took a liking to each other as young people. That picture of J J's of Mrs. Clive Newcome (in the Coystal Palace Exhibition in Tableland) is certainly not in the least lake Rossy, who we read was (ar; but it represents a tall, handsome, dark lady, who must be Mrs. Ethel. Mrs. Direct.

Again, why did Pendennis introduce J. J. with such a flourish giving us, as it were, an overture, and no piece to

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follow it? J. J.'s history, let me confidentially state, ha been revealed to me too, and may be told some of these fine summer months, or Christmas evenings, when the kine reader has leisure to hear.

What about Sir Barnes Newcome ultimately? My impres sion is that he is married again, and it is my fervent hop that his present wife bullies him. Mrs. Mackenzie canno have the face to keep that money which Clive paid over to her beyond her lifetime, and will certainly leave it and he savings to little Tommy. I should not be surprised i Madame de Montcontour lest a smart legacy to the Pen dennis children; and Lord Kew stood godfather in case-in case Mr. and Mrs. Clive wanted such an article. But hav they any children? I, for my part, should like her bes without, and entirely devoted to little Tommy. But for you dear friend, it is as you like. You may settle your Fableland in your own fashion. Anything you like happens in Fable land. Wicked folks die apropos (for instance, that death of Lady Kew was most artful; for if she had not died, don't yo see that Ethel would have married Lord Farintosh the nex week?); annoying folks are got out of the way; the poor ar rewarded, the upstarts are set down, in Fableland: the frobursts with wicked rage, the fox is caught in his trap, th lamb is rescued from the wolf, and so forth, just in the nic of time. And the poet of Fableland rewards and punishe He splendidly deals out bags of sovereigns which won't buy anything; belabours wicked backs with awful blows, which do not hurt; endows heroines with preternatural beauty, and creates heroes, who, if ugly sometimes yet possess a thousand good qualities, and usually end b being immensely rich; makes the hero and heroine happ at last, and happy ever after. Ah, happy, harmless Fableland where these things are! Friendly reader! may you and th author meet there on some future day! He hopes so, as h yet keeps a lingering hold of your hand, and bids you farewe with a kind heart.

Paris, June 28, 1855.

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